THE FABLE OF THE POOR BUT AMBITIOUS BOY

By George Ade



"Guarding the Family Name"

Once there were two Boys growing up in a large City. One had been born with a Silver Spoon in his Mouth.

The other Boy had no Assets to speak of, but he had very wisely chosen to be born under the Stars and Stripes, where the Poor Boy with a gnawing Ambition gets every Show for his White Alley.

This Urchin was named Jimmy, and even at the age of six he was looking forward to the Time when he would be big enough to kill a Policeman.

Jimmy resided with his Parents in a rummy little one-story Shack. He went barefoot every Year as soon as the Frost got out of the Ground, and his favorite Stamping-Ground was the Railway Yards. One of the Joys of his Child-Hood was to get together a Gang of Apaches and throw Alley-Apples at the Brakemen. He was a member of a Tough Ball Team and possessed some suspiciously intelligent Cubes he procured from a Gentleman of Color.

Within a Palace not far away dwelt a Boy who had been handicapped with the Name of F. Lawrence. However, it was hoped that his Money would carry him through. F. Lawrence had been warned against Jimmy.

His Mamma often took him on her Knee and told him how one of his Ancestors turned the Water into Long Island Sound, and that it was his Duty to guard the Family Name and not speak to People who worked by the Day.

So F. Lawrence would stand at the Window and make Faces at Jimmy outside. Whereupon Jimmy would double-dare him to come into the Street; but F. Lawrence remembered about the Family Name and refused to associate with any low-born Characters. But when he went out to take his Dancing Lesson, Jimmy would chase him a few blocks and call him Names that were almost as bad as F. Lawrence!

Jimmy had a Proud Nature, even if his Old Man did work at the Gas-House. The Taunts and Insults heaped upon him by the Young Aristocrat caused him many Bitter Reflections, but likewise it awoke in him a Stern Resolve that some day or other he would make F. Lawrence look like a Yellow Clarionet.

"I have neither Wealth nor Social Station," Jimmy would say to himself. "But I have Youth and Strength and a cast-iron Nerve, and if they expect to keep me down they will have to fix me."

While F. Lawrence was away at the Varsity learning Sanscrit and how to inhale without choking himself, humble Jimmy was circuiting in the Ward, learning the Inner of Citizenship.

Jimmy developed a Right Swing that was calculated to produce slumber. He was a common saying among his Admirers that you could not dent him with an Axe.

And yet, only a few Years before, he had been a barefooted Cub stealing Rides on Number Six.

He was in Demand at all Primary Meetings. Whenever he wanted to be a Delegate to something, his Name went on the Ticket or else there was an Ambulance Call. One Spring, while F. Lawrence was down on the Riviera trying to conceal the Fact that he was born in America, Jimmy stacked the cards on the Pious Element and was elected Alderman.

His real Career now opened up. He gathered about him all the Local Statesmen who were not on earth for their health.

Whenever an Ordinance came up, they held it over a few weeks until they could Investigate and make sure that the Taxpayers were being Protected.

Jimmy acquired a Reputation as a Philanthropist and Friend of the Poor. Every time a downtrodden Porch-Climber was taken in by these Enemies of Society who wear Blue Clothes, Jimmy would go around and fix up the Bail Bond, and explain to the Judge that His Friend was a Working Boy with a Mother dependent on him.

By such unselfish Acts as these he perfected a Private Machine and had on his staff a great many useful Workers who said that they were willing to come to the Front at any time and do anything for him, up to and including Murder.

Jimmy had started out with no Pull or Prestige. He had nothing to carry him through except his Character. And now, at the age of forty-two, he was the Uncrowned King of the Slate-Makers, the Main Blacktop, and the acknowledged Big Noise.

As a Boy his entire Wardrobe stood him about Eighty Cents. Now, his Jewels alone figured up $12,650, and his Clothes had Silk Lining.

And how about F. Lawrence, the pampered Patrician who had been wont to jeer at the Poor Boy and Treat him with Contempt?

He had been leading a Life of Idleness and Luxury, instead of getting out and hustling for the Tax-Payer and Working-Man.

But his Pride was due to get a hard Fall. Humble Jimmy, the Gas-House Lad, had a lovely dose of Poetic Justice all fixed up for F. Lawrence.

It appears that F. Lawrence, after the Death of His Father, succeeded to the Presidency of a Corporation organized to trim the Public. This Corporation needed a renewal of the Franchise. It had to get the Renewal or put up the Green Blinds, and that is why F. Lawrence got busy.

Everyone told him that he would have to see Jimmy. There would be nothing doing until Jimmy had been Seen and Seen Proper. And that is how it came about that the haughty Magnate, who once reviled the ragged Urchin, came with his Hat in his Hand and began to Crawl as soon as he struck the Front Door.

Here was a Grand Opening for Jimmy. He had the Chance of his life to hand out a Hunk of Retribution by saying: "When I was a penniless Lad you mocked my Poverty. Now I'm Well-Off and Powerful and you come to Square yourself. Go!"

Jimmy did nothing of the sort. Large Natures, such as his, are not Capable of Petty Revenge. He was Magnanimous. He seized F. Lawrence by the Undressed Kid and led him to the Back Room.

As soon as he became assured that the Tax-Payers were not going to get the Nub End of the Deal, he agreed to deliver the Goods.

Then he made some Inquiries about the Corporation, and it seemed to be such a fair and above-board Proposition that he took many shares of the Stock.

Today he is one of the Directors and sits at the same Mahogany Table with F Lawrence, showing what a Poor Boy may accomplish in this country if he leaves liquor alone and does not waste his Time.

Moral: If shy on the Family name, pay some Attention to the Pull.

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POTASH ON THE PUBLIC

"I WAS over to see if I could see Max Biggendorf of the Amalgamated Dry Goods Company, Mawruss," Abe Potash said to his partner, Morris Perlmutter.

"And I suppose he was in conference again," Morris Perlmutter remarked.

"Naturally!" Abe said, "A big concern like the Amalgamated Dry Goods Company which has got stores in such a large number of cities, Mawruss has got to have conferences, otherwise how would they be table to suit all their customers in that sized territory? In other words, Mawruss, how would they find out what the public wants?"

"I don't know," Morris replied, "shake dice for it, or say enny, meeny, miny, mo or something, because it's got to such a passage, Abe, what with conferences of executives and reports of heads of departments, y'understand, that the only article a member of the buying public can show his individual taste in selecting, understand me, is his wife, y'understand, but so far as ready-made clothing, moving pictures and meals in big hotels and restaurants is concerned—they are not what the customer wants to wear, see and eat, bu, what a conference of executives thinks he wants."

"But if they don't hold such conferences, Mawruss, how is a big clothing manufacturer, a big hotel or a big moving picture company going to prevent themselves getting stuck?" Abe asked.

"Let 'em not be big and they won't get stuck that way—anyhow not so badly," Morris said, "which if Max Biggendorf conferred with only himself as he used to do when he was running Biggendorf's Emporium in Bridgetown, Pa., Abe, he would be taking a chance on what the public wants to the extent of only one man's rotten judgment, but now he is plunging on what the public wants to the extent of twenty rotten judgments, all of them differ."

"Well, of course, that's one way of looking at it," Abe agreed, "but Biggendorf figures that by taking twenty men's judgment, instead of one he's reducing the chances one twentieth."

"That sound reasonable but it don't work out that way," Morris observed. "For instance, Abe, I don't mean to say that my wife knows more about cooking than the kitchen staff of the Rear Admiral Hotel, which is one of them chains of hotels where everything is run so efficiently, Abe, that every time you signal an elevator to stop for you, you couldn't help feeling guilty on account of balling up the schedule.

"But when the executive heads of that chain of hotels goes into conference over what they are going to get up in the way of food for the people which is occupying their 1,000 rooms with 1,000 communicating baths, Abe, I'll bet a million dollars that compared to the food my wife single-handed and conferring only with herself has picked out, bought and cooked, y'understand, every dish on the bill of fare of the Rear Admiral Hotel is going to be as good as deadly poison.

"Because take the old saying: Too many cooks spoil the soup, Abe, and no doubt it come from the fact that them cooks was in a conference when the soup began to scorch and sent out word by the kitchen boy that they couldn't be disturbed."

"But, what are you going to do with a big hotel like the Rear Admiral—take a vote among the guests to see what they want to eat yet?" Abe asked. "Why, by the time the tellers would of got through counting the votes on Tuesday's election from the thousand odd guests and decided that with only rooms 1,922, 3,170 and 4,531 missing, the returns showed that roast beef had won out against roast lamb by 744 to 255, y'understand, it would be already Friday and not so much as a sardine voted on yet."

"Say! If a hotel proprietor ain't enough of a hotel man to know what human beings consider good food, and if a moving picture manufacturer don't care enough about pictures to be able to feel for himself what is good entertainment, Abe," Morris observed, "then they are in the wrong businesses."

"Sure they are," Abe agreed, "but then very few people which is now in any big business was born and brought up in that business. Such people like Harris Gasnik, president of Accidental Film Corporation, has got nothing better to fall back on when left to himself to find out what the moving picture public wants, than twenty-five years spent in the sausage casing business oder the coat pad business, I forget which.

"There is chains of hotels owned and controlled by people which up to a couple of years ago didn't know no more about the hotel business than they learned from staying at big hotels while seeing New York and Chicago trade with a line of celluloid, smokeless powder, near-leather and imitation ivory toilet articles all manufactured in Wilmington, Delaware.

"In fact, Mawruss, a business man figures nowadays that one business is so much like another, y'understand, that experience in any line fits you for any other line—particularly the moving picture line, and that's why Harris Gasnik has got to have conferences with his executives to find out from their assorted experiences in other businesses, just what it is that the public wants in the way of moving pictures."

"I suppose that if it was left to Gasnik, the ex-sausage casing manufacturer, he would supply the public with pictures which would appeal to large audiences made up exclusively of sausage casing manufacturers," Morris suggested.

"Well, there ain't enough sausage casing manufacturers to make up even a small audience, let alone a large one," Abe said. "And therefore it's a whole lot safer for Gasnik to trust the judgments of his associates so as to get pictures which will appeal to anyhow pants manufacturers, cloak and suit merchants, wholesale clothiers and any other businesses his associates used to was engaged in, and fill up at least one moving picture theayter that way."

"Then if Gasnik expects to fill up several hundred moving picture theayters with his fillums, the only thing for him to do is to get for associates, people which has had experience in every job and business that moving picture audiences all over the United States is engaged in, and hold his conferences in Madison Square Garden," Morris said, "which is not only unpractical because of the expense, Abe, but also, Abe, a conference like that with all the public pretty completely represented in it, would prove to Mr. Gasnik that not only was he no further to finding out what the public really wanted, Abe, but also that the public itself didn't know what it wanted."

"But if a business man wants a bigger and better business, Mawruss," Abe insisted, "he can't run it single handed."

"Say, for my part, Abe, it's always been my opinion,—which don't exactly make such an opinion right neither,—that **Bigger and Better** was not words so closely related as **Corned Beef and Cabbage** or **Mocha and Java**—not to say **Rock and Rye** or **Tom and Jerry**," Morris Perlmutter said.

"Take all these here Bigger and Better New York, Chicago and other Cities Associations, and it don't seem to me that the work which them associations has done in the way of bigness has been equally successful in the way of betterment. In fact, Abe, it wouldn't surprise me in the least if there was brand new societies to spring up like a **Smaller and More Comfortable New York Association**, and the first thing you know they will be building advertising signs at the city limits, reading:

"MOVE AWAY FROM NEW YORK—MAKE YOUR HOME TOWN SMALLER AND MORE COMFORTABLE."

"Well, all I can say is, Mawruss, that it's a good thing you don't believe in them daily conferences with heads of departments," Abe said, "because I give you just two conferences with our head cutter, our foreman and our designer, y'understand, I miss my guess if some one of them wouldn't make you a blue eye on account of your not knowing how to turn down a suggestion without insulting the feller for life."

"Yes?" Morris said. "Well, if you and me was new beginners in the garment business the way Gasnik is in the moving picture business, Abe, maybe I would take suggestions and maybe I wouldn't, y'understand, but you and me has been in the garment business for thirty years already and we should ought to know what the public wants."

"Then in that case, Mawruss," Abe inquired, "What does the public want?"

"You can search me," Morris concluded.

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By Montague Glass

LET EVERYBODY WORK—BUT FATHER

This is Father's Day—dedicated to the Old Man.

You can send him flowers, if you want to—a bunch of violets or lilies of the valley—but the chances are 9¾ to 876 that he'd prefer a good shot of plug tobacco.

Home would be a pretty tough place if it wasn't for dad's pay envelope, which mother always opens.

It is Father who goes out and works his fingers to the bone earning the coin that buys gasoline and phonograph records, not to mention the new bed-hammock on the front porch where Mamie entertains her fellow.

It is Papa who wears his life away supplying the mazuma spent in movie theatre tickets and openwork stockings for thirteen-year-old Jennie.

And it is the Old Man who sends the family away each Summer to the beach, while he stays behind, slaving at the job, and getting no fun out of life at all, except a few poker parties and musical comedies and week-end outings with the boys.

Sometimes you may think that Father doesn't count much in the home, he is so pale and tired in the morning, and he comes home so late at night—after all the rest of the family are in bed.

Perhaps you imagine he doesn't cut much ice in the family, but you are mistaken. Who cuts the ice when there is ice-cream for dinner, and who turns the freezer? Father!

Dad is as brave a man as you'll find outside of a department store. Of course, the real heroes of life are the department store floorwalkers, who are brave enough to tell the women what to do, but, next to these, fathers are the bravest class of men.

You know it once your Dad is brave by the way he comes home at night and repeats what he said to the Boss that day. Only a courageous man would dare to talk so to his employer, and that shows just how brave fathers are.

In fact, every kid big enough to expectorate through his teeth knows that his old man is the bravest guy in the world, and it's nothing to hear a toddling tot of seven or eight telling an infant of thirteen or fourteen that "my father can lick yours."

So this is Father's Day, the occasion when Pop comes into his own—home. He may not have much spare cash, but there is no reason why he shouldn't have a little spare time on his hands, once in awhile.

Every member of the family can and should do something for Dad today.

Everything should be ready when he gets up this morning so he shan't have to do a thing except get his own breakfast.

Maudie can get his shaving water ready; Jennie can dig out his old slippers; Edie can lay his clean shirt on the bed; Gussie can put the cuff studs in the sleeves; Bessie can scratch the egg stains off his vest; Maggie can wipe his safety razor blades; Elsie can polish his glasses, and goodness knows what Gertie and Gracie and Julie and Katie and Stella and Rosie and Susie and Annie and Blanchie and Dottie can't do.

That's what it is to have a family of girls—they're so handy about everything.

Of course, Father will want to go church. All fathers do, and for once in his life permit him to sit in one of the back seats, where they don't notice a person who goes out before the collection is taken.

In the afternoon he especially kind of Father. If he doesn't want to go out, let him hang around the house in his stocking feet, and don't put up a holler if he wants to sit on the front doorsteps in his shirtsleeves and with his collar off.

Carry an easy chair for him down into the cellar and buy him a nice 10-cent cigar, so that he can have the smoke of his life.

By G. K. Hanchett

If he prefers a pipe, fill and light it for him, even if it takes the last safety match in the box.

Exchenge a few merry quips and jests, just to show him that you don't feel at all nervous to see him staying at home all day.

Of course, you should buy Dad some nice little gift as a remembrance of the occasion.

Pipe cleaners are useful and inexpensive, or you might send him a greeting card, with some such sentiment as this:

"The mother-in-law remembers not that she was a daughter-in-law."

The program we have outlined is absolutely informal. A more ceremonious observance of the day might be carried out if wives would invite their relatives in to help Dad celebrate. The Old Man should be kept dressed up for inspection, and the afternoon might be given over to piano recitals, a few choice recitations and several vocal selections.

Father may not like this program as well as the informal affair, but think of the fun everyone else will have.

Son, if your Papa has recently administered blistering chastisement with a barrel stave, go up like a man and tell him that it's all right and that you won't let it happen again—if you can run fast enough.

Daughter, this evening, when your fellow calls, see that he leaves the house before 3 a. m., so that Pop may have a peaceful early-morning rest.

Milkmen, go quietly about your work when dawn is breaking—for this is Father's Day.

BETWEEN THE LINES

I'VE OFTEN wondered.
WHY IT is.
THAT IT'S quite ill right.
FOR A man to brag.
AND MAKE of himself.
A TERRIBLE post.
BECAUSE HE'S shot.
A GAME of golf.
IN EIGHTY-TWO
OR WHATEVER it was.
OR HAS beat someone.
IN A tennis game.
OR PERFORMED some feat.
THAT MAKES no difference.
TO ANYONE.
IN ALL the world.
EXCEPT HIMSELF.
AND IF this same man.
SHOULD FIND someone.
WHO WAS in want.
AND CARE for him.
OR CARE for her.
OR DO someone.
A KINDLY act.
OF ANY sort.
THAT HE should then.
GO ON his way.
AND SAY no word.
OF WHAT he's done.
WHILE IT ALL the time.
IF HE should brag.
OF THE joy he got.
IN DOING good.
IT MIGHT suggest.
TO SOMEONE else.
THAT HE go out.
OR SHE go out.
AND SEEK out want.
AND CARE for it.
AND IN that way.

DO ALL of us.
A LOT of good.
AND I speak of this.
BECAUSE TODAY.
AS I write this.
THERE CAME to me.
A FINE young girl.
WITH BLOSSOM cheeks.
AND WONDROUS health.
AND WHO she was.
I DIDN'T know.

UNTIL SHE told.
AND NOW I'll tel.
AND BRAG of it.
THAT ON a day.
SIX YEARS ago.
I HAD a party.
AT A fair.
FOR CRIPPLED kids.
AND GATHERED them.
THREE HUNDRED strong.
FROM HUMBLE homes.

AND LONG white wards.
AND SOUGHT the help.
OF KINDLY friends.
WITH AUTO cars.
AND TOOK them out.
AND GAVE to them.
WHAT WAS to me.
THE GRANDEST day.
I'D EVER known.
AND IT must be.
IF I felt so.
THAT IT must then.
HAVE BEEN quite grand.
TO ALL of them.
AND ANYWAY.
AT ONE poor home.
A WOMAN called.
A WOMAN rich.
IN WORLDLY things.
AND RICH in love.
OF HUMAN kind.
AND IN this home.
THERE DWELT a girl.
A LITTLE girl.
WITH CROOKED back.
AND SLENDER means.
FOR DOCTOR'S bills,
AND SHE was one.
WHOM I had asked.
TO GO along.
AND SO she came.
IN THE great big car.
OF THE lovely woman.
WHO CALLED for her.
AND IN an hour.
THEY WERE friends.
AND THE next day came.
AND A doctor called.
AND AFTER that.
FOR MANY days.
AND MANY weeks.

Rural Editor's Paragraphs

Hipe Snodgrass says that his experience has led him to believe in the truth of that old mouthful, "Booty is only skin deep," the deeper you skin the more booty you get.

The electric sign display of the Dry Goods Emporium on Main street is temporarily out of commission because a number of the lightning bugs who were the movin' spirits of the sign have took sick an' died. Mos Goldstein, the manager of the store, has an awkward squad of lightning bugs that he is breakin' in to take the places of the dead ones, an' will soon have the sign blinkin' again.

The Main street tailor shop has a sign out, "good sponger wanted" and Eb Hammer is thinkin' of urgin' his wife's Aunt Samanthy to apply for the job, an' he says he'll give her a good recommend, for as a welcome guest his wife's Aunt Samanthy is the best little sponger he knows of.

We see a guy named Piani won a fast bicycle race down Newark way, an' we suppose bike ridin' is his specialty; sort of a Piani forte, as it were, say we.

If a woman is to succeed in the scrap of the political arena, says Danny Green, she must keep her powder dry an' her lipstick wet.

Among the most popular songs of the day is that beautiful ballad entitled, "Culm back, culm back, culm back my miner to me."

Tony Delgado, the bootblack, says he guesses his wife has joined the Mormons, because that's all she keeps sayin' to him ev'ry day, "More mon, more mon."

Hard boileds are comin' in again, an' we have 'em all sizes an' styles—shirts, not eggs.—Adv. Main Street Dry Goods Emporium.

'Most everybody now adays is busy gettin' down the old fishin' tackle an' scouring off the old bait can, lest the mold an' spoil the fish story, say we.

The same dairy has served Miss Sophrony Prune's boardin' house with butter for forty years an' its still goin' strong, say we.

A trained gorilla made a lot of fuss an' noise tryin' to eat a supe in a show the other day, an' that only goes to show that gorillas are gettin' civilized, say we, 'cause don't humans make a lot of noise when they eat supe?

Mos Goldstein has an idea of puttin' some robust grasshoppers in with his lightnin'-bug-display sign to make 'em more energetic. If the lightnin' bugs get to layin' down on the job a few kicks from the grasshoppers will stir 'em up Scintillatin' idee, say we.

With K. C. B.

AND MANY months.
THESE CALLS kept up.
AND EVERY week.
AN AUTO came.
AND THE kindly lady.
CAME WITH it.
AND LITTLE by little.
AND WEEK by week.
THE CROOKED back.
KEPT STRAIGHTENING up.
AND JUST today,
WHEN SHE stood and smiled.
AT MY front door.

THERE WAS no sign.
OF WHAT had been.
AND WHY she came.
WAS TO let me know.
WHAT THE party I gave.
HAD DONE for her.
AND WHY I print it.
IS TO let you know.
THAT YOU never can tell.
HOW BIG an oak.
MAY REAR itself.
FROM A little acorn.
I THANK you.

Advertisement

FATHER FOUND TWO-YEAR-OLD BOY VERY SICK

Was Constipated, Thin, No Appetite, Had Swollen Lips, Stomach Pains

A hardy woodsman and enthusiastic fisherman of Maine, has a very interesting record to report. He writes: "As a boy, thirty-seven years ago, I began to take Dr. True's Elixir, the True Family Laxative and Worm Expeller. Once after six months hauling logs I came out of the woods I found my two-year-old boy very sick. He was thin, had no appetite, had swollen lips, pains in stomach, was suffering from constipation for months.

"I had not been in the house an hour when an elderly lady—a good neighbor—came in and told my wife to get a bottle of Dr. True's Elixir, saying she had seen numbers of similar cases which it had relieved.

"My boy was given a half dozen doses of Dr. True's Elixir, when he passed a lot of worms and right away began to show improvement; he began soon to eat with a relish, play around and look healthy. He did not have to take a full bottle, and in later years, whenever he got off his feed, a few doses would straighten him out quick.

"When I get constipated, a coupe of teaspoons of Dr. True's Elixir, the True Family Laxative and Worm Expeller, fix me O. K.

"My son is grown up now and has a family of six children, and he has practically raised his family on Dr. True's Elixir. The children go out and get hold of something not good for them. It's hard to watch all the children, and so when they eat something they shouldn't and get sick, Dr. True's Elixir, is given and the family is put in good shape again.

"I have read in the papers you have to take half a dozen bottles of some remedies, but you don't have to do this with Dr. True's Elixir. Simply a few doses and then quick relief. The last three generations of my family have been kept healthy by using it."

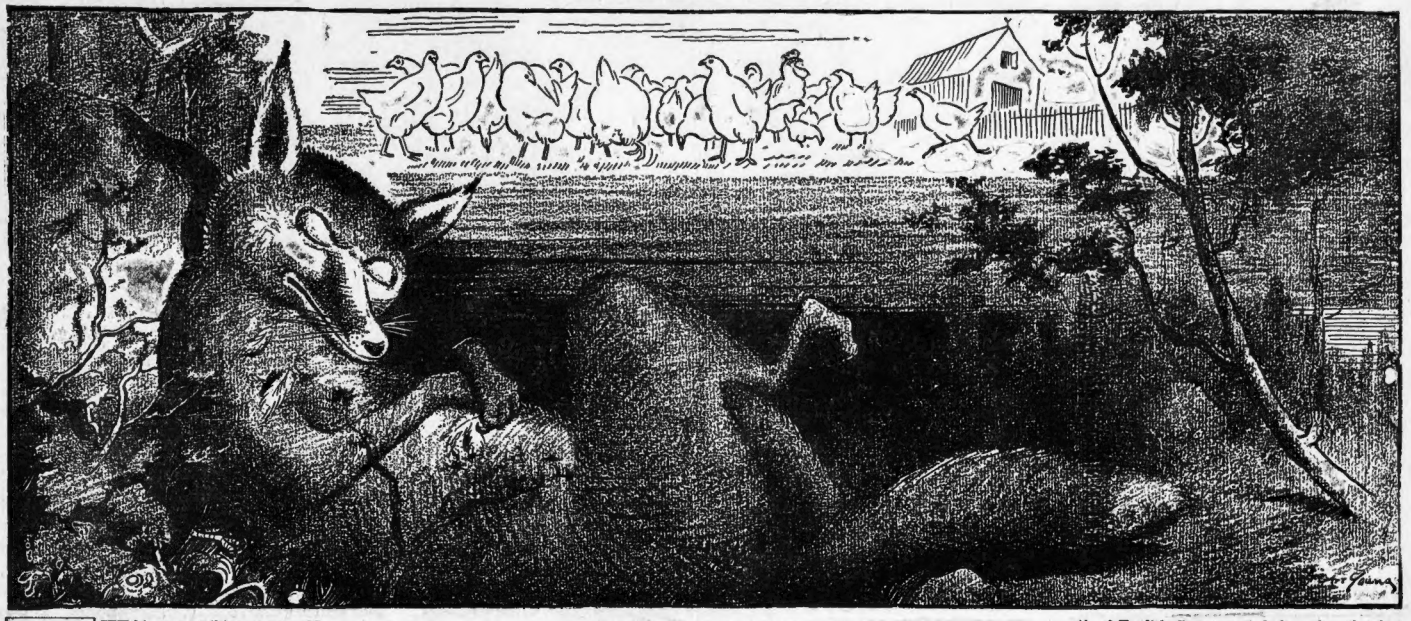
Symptoms of worms: constipation, offensive breath, swollen upper lip, deranged stomach, occasional pains in the bowels, pale, sunken eyes that are dull, short dry cough, grinding of the teeth, red points on the tongue, starting during sleep, slow fever.

Nearly every child and grown-up needs a laxative sometime. The fond parents safeguard the health of their children, as well as their own, by keeping their bowels in condition. In Dr. True's Elixir only pure herbs are used. No harmful drugs. Keep the bowels regular by using Dr. True's Elixir, the True Family Laxative and Worm Expeller. 40c—60c—$1.20.

EDITORIAL SUMMER RESORT, SOCIETY, CITY LIFE, DRAMATIC SECTION
BOSTON SUNDAY ADVERTISER
New England's Greatest Sunday Newspaper BOSTON, SUNDAY, JUNE 18, 1922 New England's Greatest Sunday Newspaper

THE WORKER DREAMS

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To Succeed in Anything You Must Be ALL IN IT. You Must Dream It, Breathe It, Think It, LIVE It. You Have Seen a Sleeping Dog Jump in His Sleep. He Dreams That He Is Hunting. There Is a Lesson for Young Men in the Old Saying That Art Young Quotes:

"A Fox Sleeps, but Counts Hens in His Dreams."

The Fox Is Not an Admirable Creature or One to Be Imitated. But He Sets One Good Example —HE ATTENDS TO HIS JOB.

He Lives It, Waking and Sleeping.

WITH his very striking cartoon, Mr. Arthur Young sends brief comment as follows:

"Most good maxims, like folksongs, spring from the humble workers of the forests, rivers and farms.

"And many of these maxims relate to animal life as if it were human life. This analogy is not always fair to human beings, but we are not yet far enough removed from mere animals to ignore the truth of them.

"The fox is still the favorite symbol of cunning and diligence.

"For keeping an eye on the main chance he has no equal in the animal kingdom.

"For stealth, surreptitious cleverness and persistence he is premier.

"'*Dip a fox seven times in the water, he will still be a fox,*' said 'Old Hickory' (Andrew Jackson).

"I have illustrated here in my cartoon the older maxim:

"'A fox sleeps, but counts hens in his dreams.'

"If everybody exercised the fox part of their brains to the fullest extent and money-making was their end and aim all of the time—even in dreams—there probably would not be a hen left to eat.

"But is it really best for man to be foxy? Admitting some virtues to a fox, isn't there too much glorification of that quality known as cunning?"

* * *

This picture and editorial have this purpose—

To make young men realize that **HALF TRYING** is not enough. There are two men trying to get every dollar, as there are two foxes trying to get every hen.

There are two looking for every good place.

Each man has against him in Life's race another man at least as good as himself. He that runs the hardest, the fastest, the most steadily will win.

Nothing can be accomplished by **HALF** effort. Here the fox lies dreaming. Before the sun is up he will be out seeking what he wants. And he "counts hens in his sleep."

* * *

The man that really means to succeed **DREAMS** of his work, never drops it, never lets go of it, never loses his interest in it. It is no excuse to say, "I have only dull work to do, the same thing every day; nobody could dream about that."

Others have had dull work to do. Benjamin Franklin, for instance, very dull work in the printing shop, and John D. Rockefeller, extremely dull work in the beginning.

Your work is not merely the thing that you do with your hands or your mind. Your most important work is **DEVELOPING YOURSELF, MAKING YOUR MIND MORE EFFICIENT, PACKING MORE USEFUL INFORMATION INTO IT, LEARNING WAYS OF USING WHAT YOU KNOW.**

To know without knowing how **TO USE** your knowledge is not to know at all.

* * *

Of a hundred young men that see this, ninety-nine will admit that they know what it is to think steadily and persistently, also to dream very regularly about some charming young **WOMAN.** They see her face on the wall above the lunch counter, on the sheet of paper on their desk. They never get very far away from it. That is why they win the young person, if they **DO** win her.

Such persistent thought and concentration on a very important matter—the choice of a wife—is wise and commendable.

But why not give the same kind of thought, the same kind of dreaming, the same kind of everlasting persistency to the thing that will make you worth while as a man, as a husband, and as the father of children?

* * *

You travel on the railroad with the scenery flying past, and you look quickly and **EARNESTLY** if you want to see anything. For you know that it will soon be gone. You must **CONCENTRATE** or **MISS.**

That is what **LIFE** is—a flying railroad journey through a few years. Hours, days and months, and opportunities worth seeing and seizing fly by. And unless you concentrate, look keenly, ever alert, you will get to the end of your journey, which is a little marble slab and a quiet little cemetery, and, unlike the fox that counts hens in his sleep, you will very likely not have caught the thing that you are after.

* * *

Some young men will say, "I am tired of hearing the everlasting advice, 'WORK, WORK, WORK.' It is bad enough to work eight hours a day without having to dream about it."

So it is, but there is plenty of room **AT THE BOTTOM,** and there is a very big crowd there. Anybody can get on the first rung of a ladder by simply lifting one foot. But if you want to get to the top you have to keep climbing.

Cartoons are made and editorials are written, not for the million that "don't want to be bothered," but for the few that say, "Just **SHOW** me how and I will do the rest."

The world's work is done by the millions that do the dull part and by the small handful that **DIRECT** the millions.

How often do you suppose Columbus dreamed about crossing the ocean, following out his new idea? Far oftener, you may be sure, than any fox ever dreamed about hens.

How often do you suppose Washington dreamed of a free America, Lincoln of a nation united and free from slavery, before one had got rid of English Government, before the other had rerunited the country and driven slavery from it?

* * *

If a young man were told to-morrow that pirates' treasure amounting to ten thousand dollars in gold lay buried in a certain place, how many minutes do you suppose his mind would be off that gold until he **GOT** it?

He would think about it while waking, talk about it with his friends, dream about it at night, get up early to get after it.

There isn't a normal, average young man that hasn't in his brain a treasure worth more than ten thousand dollars multiplied by ten. Let him take as much interest in his **OWN** hidden treasures, his own work undone, his own possibilities, undeveloped, as he would take in a map with skull and crossbones showing him where the pirate buried his gold.

Also, by the way, the treasure that is in your own mind **IS REAL.** If you think of it, dream of it, and plan about it at meals and between meals, and work at it constantly, the gold that is in your mind you will really get. Pirate treasure is usually as mythical as the treasures of Wall Street and other gambling.

* * *

What can **YOU DO?** Think about that, dream about it, plan about it and worry about it.

HOW can you do it? Think and dream about **THAT.**

Babe Ruth, the baseball player, reappeared the other day with his big body and powerful arms. The police had to regulate crowds that wanted to see him. There are a million young men in the United States, perhaps five million, that have thought more about Babe Ruth and his home runs than they have thought about their **OWN** future, their own possibilities and their approaching **OLD AGE,** during the past year.

How many chickens do you think a fox would catch if he were thinking about Babe Ruth or about another fox that had the record for catching chickens instead of thinking about his **OWN** work and his **OWN** chicken catching?

Have at least **SOME** interest in yourself. And **NOT** in your perfection or in your admirable qualities, as you imagine them, but in your **IMPERFECTIONS,** and in the fact that, with just as good a chance as anybody else, you are watching others catch the chickens of opportunity while you drift and discuss Babe Ruth.

If you don't feel that the thing is worth thinking about, planning about, working for and **DREAMING** about, you won't get it.

"A fox sleeps, but counts hens in his sleep." That is one difference between a fox and a donkey.

News of the Summer Resorts

Flapper Set Is Ruling At Newport

Newport, R. I., June 17.—There are signs on every hand that Newport is going to have the best season it has had since the great war.

The flapper set is the ruling spirit now and includes the Misses Carlota Davemeyer, Louisa Wilson, Helen Corran, Annie Cadley, Marian Pickes, Mary Nicholson, Evelyn and Florence Loew, and such smart young matrons as Mrs. Vincent Astor and the lovely Mrs. Philip Hamelander 2nd.

The dowager, Mrs. Vanderbilt, has already opened The Breakers and is her daughter, Gladys, the Countess Szechenyi, with her for the Summer. Mrs. O. P. Belmont is to open her Marble House for a few weeks and report says that she is preparing to entertain her daughter, now Mrs. Jacques Balsan, but also the Duchess of Marlborough, and also her son, the Marquis of Blandford, who wants to show his young wife, the Marchioness, what Newport looks like.

Newport also hears that Princess Xenia of Greece, now Mrs. William C. Leeds, Jr., is anxious to see Newport, and so the Leeds villa, Bough Point, on the Cliffs, may be opened in August.

The social feature of the week were the weddings at Jamestown and Newport. The first event took place on Friday at Jamestown, when Miss Alice Clagett Fuller, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Higginson Fuller, was married to Charles Francis Goodhue, a graduate of Yale and now in the State Department of Foreign Affairs. Rev. Charles D. Tarrows performed the ceremony, which took place in St. Matthews church, with a reception at the residence of the bride's parents on Thoreby Hill.

Today another wedding occurred, when Miss Rosamond Potter, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James A. Potter of Providence, became the bride of Charles William Wharton of Philadelphia. Here again the ceremony was at St. Matthews church, with Rev. Charles D. Burrows officiating. On the same afternoon in Newport also the wedding of Miss Julia Averill Belknap, eldest daughter of Captain and Mrs. Reginald R. Belknap, formerly stationed at Squantum, was married in St. John's church to Lieutenant Andrew Robert Mack, U. S. N. The bride's attendants were Miss Georgianna Belknap, her sister, as maid of honor; Miss Jocelyn Parker of Cambridge and Jamestown, and Miss Helen Jenkins of New York. A reception followed at No. 94 Washington street, the home of the bride's parents.

The Spouting Rock Beach Association, better known as Bailey's Beach, has opened for the season under the direction of W. H. Young. The rafts are in place, the life lines secured and the canoes are newly furnished for those that cheese to paddle their own canoes. There is a new swimming master this season in George Doyle, a new-comer at Bailey's, who replaces Professor Joseph Alfred Royer, who has been at the beach for many Summers teaching the children to swim, and "Joe" will surely be missed.

The Newport Clambake Club opened June 10, and the first bake of the season will be served on the Fourth of July.

That society is co-operating in the formation of the new Golf and Country Club to which has been given the name of Wanumetonomy, which name some say should be shortened, is evident from the list of subscribers, some of which are Reginald Norman, Bradford Norman, Reginald Vanderbilt, Mrs. John Nicholas Brown and her son, Mrs. Louis P. McCagg, John Aspegren, Walter Scott Andrews, Dr. Harry Jennings Knapp, General James Parker, Justay J. S. White and Mrs. Edith Norman Hunter.

Mr. and Mrs. George D. Widener have taken the T. Suffern Taller place on Ruggles avenue, known as "Middleffe" for the season. Mrs. Widener was originally Miss Jessie Sloane and is the daughter of Henry T. Sloane and her mother is the present Mrs. Perry Belmont. She married first, William Earl Dodge, whom she divorced to marry young Widener, whose mother is now Mrs. Rice, wife of Dr. Alexander Hamilton Rice of Boston.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Goelet have the Richard T. Wilson villa for the Summer. Mrs. Goelet, before her marriage, was Mrs. Fernanda Rocchi Riabouchinsky. Mr. Goelet first married Miss Elsie Whelen, now Mrs. Henry Clews, Jr. The Robert Goelets are not to be confounded with his cousin, Robert Walton Goelet ,who married Mlle. Marie Guesnier of Paris.

The Nathaniel Thayer estate on Wheatland avenue is taken by Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Fitdgway, and Mr. and Mrs. J. Stewart Barney have the Cushman place on Hammersmith road.

Mrs. John Nicholas Brown and her son, after graduation at Harvard, will leave on a trip around the world for an absence of a year or more.

Dr. and Mrs. Robert W. Lovett of Boston, are at the McCagg cottage on Gibbs avenue styled Morning Side. Mrs. Samuel Farnum Scott of Uxbridge, Mass., has Beach Cottage No. 2; Mrs. Alice Burnham Gray of Boston, Pinard Cottage No. 3.

Mrs. Thomas Owen Richardson will come from Florence, Italy, for the first time since 1913, and be at her West Cliffe estate through July and August. Mrs. Richardson was formerly Miss Mary Baker and is a daughter of the late Richard Baker of Boston, who owned much Newport real estate.

The Misses Ellen and Ida Mason are established at their fine place on Rhode Island avenue. Herbert W. Scott of Boston, has Renfrew Park Cottage No. 9; Miss Julia H. Worthington of Dedham, has Beach Cottage No. 5 and Miss Gertrude L. Hayward is at Beach Cottage No. 6.

MOSQUITO LAND

By J. W. McGurk



Parking Space in Demand at Nantasket

Nantasket, June 17.—The increase in the number of visitors to this section the past season necessitated the building of many homes, business blocks and auto parking spaces. On warm Sundays, it seems as if all the autos in Boston flocked to Nantasket, and the need of more parking space has been noticeable.

Motorists hope that soon the Detour sign through Hingham and West Hingham will be removed and that the widening of the road through Hingham will be completed. The need for more bath houses has been felt more keenly the past few years, and the recent erection of the Sagamore Bath Houses on Nantasket avenue will prove a boon to the transient visitors whose desire for a dip in the briny has often been delayed or denied on account of the huge crowds at the State Bath House. The erection of thirty or more stores on Nantasket avenue is another mark of the growth and popularity of this beach.

A sport which promises to be enjoyed by many folk this season is the trip on the hydroplane piloted by J. Morgan Corbett of Merrymeville. Mr. Corbett during the early part of the war was a member of the Naval Reserve at Bumpkin Island, and was a frequent visitor to these parts. His recent passengers were the Misses Claire Shannon and Laura Lane, members of the Summer colony, whose desire for a longer trip was increased.

Early arrivals to the Atlantic Hill section include Judge and Mrs. Thomas Connelly of Brighton, who with their charming family, Isabel, David and Anne, are planning to play hosts to several week-ends.

Also members of the Atlantic Hill colony are Mr. and Mrs. John E. Curry and daughters Grace and Mary, also of Brighton.

The recent widening of the road at the junction of Atlantic and Nantasket avenues is fully appreciated by motorists, a very bad down grade curve having much improved and practically made safer.

Mrs. Sullivan of Cambridge has opened her Summer home on Nantasket avenue, where, with her sons, Mike and Jack Twin, well known members of pugilistic circles, and daughter Julia, she plans to entertain extensively.

Sandwich

Sandwich, June 17.—Mrs. Henry H. Freeman and Miss Isabel Wesson of Newburyport, Mass., have arrived at the home of James L. Wesson for the Summer months.

Mrs. Gardner Barry of Boston have opened their Summer residence, and their neighbors, Mr. and Mrs. David E. Andrew of Dorien, Ct., are here for a few weeks.

Miss Martha S. Newcomb, a teacher in our public schools, sails July 6 for an extended journey abroad.

Miss Eva Day of Boston is spending a part of the Summer season with Mrs. Lena Clayton.

George S. Wing of Worcester is spending the Summer with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. George S Wing.

Dodge MacKnight, the artist, has opened his picturesque Summer place at Spring Hill, where he will stay well into the Fall. Mr. and Mrs. Chester Foster of Boston have also opened their Summer home at Spring Hill. Professor and Mrs. John H. Foster of Boston, who have been abroad since Spring, are expected to return next month and open their show place at Spring Hill.

ADDITIONAL SUMMER RESORT NOTES ON PAGE 8E.

Smith College Grads Entertain At Danvers

Danvers, June 17.—The Smith College Club of Greater Salem held a bridge party and garden fete at the lovely home of Mrs. Wallace P. Hood at Danvers Wednesday, and over 100 ladies from Essex County were present. Bridge was enjoyed in the house and the refreshments were served in the beautiful garden of the estate which overlooks the pond.

Mrs. Hood is third vice-president of the Massachusetts State Federation of Women's Clubs and one of the most prominent women of Danvers. Her daughter, Miss Helen Hood, who is a Smith graduate and secretary of the club, was an overseas worker during the war, going with the Federation unit to do Y. W. C. A. work.

The ladies who assisted Mrs. Hood in serving during the afternoon were Mrs. Albert Robinson of Peabody, president of the club; Mrs. John Reid of Peabody and Mrs. George Emerson of Danvers, who is, by the way, a direct descendant of General Israel Putnam.

The Smith Club is working hard to raise money for the endowment and several parties are planned to take place on North Shore estates during the Summer months.

As the Widow Sees Them

By FLORENCE COWLES.

Have you been reading all the signs on the churches, "Closed until September"; "Closed during July and August"; "During the Summer months union services will be held at Some-Other-Church, on Nearby Street," only Nearby Street frequently happens to be a church many, many blocks away.

Do people pack away their religion as they do their Winter flannels and overshoes? Is church attendance something to be indulged in only during the months with an "r" in them? Does the rule which applies to eating oysters apply to church going?

The minister used to be a necessary adjunct to society. Apparently he is no longer. He can go away for long vacations and never be missed. It isn't thought worth while to put a substitute in his place. In times of sickness the doctor and the minister used to be called simultaneously. Now many people regret that a minister's presence is required at a funeral, though even the skeptical begrudgingly call him in on such sorrowful occasions.

Not long ago I visited a beautiful old church in a little New England town. It had been built about eighty years ago "To take care of the congregations of the future." The church fathers built a BIG church. They visualized the building filled with their grandchildren and great grandchildren. They wanted the church to stand as a memorial of their self-denial and vision.

It stands there today on the church green, stately and dignified, its steeple rising heavenward and its pews empty. About twenty-five people attend the Sunday services held in the big edifice built to accommodate fifteen or sixteen times that number. And the twenty-five church-goers can't support the church and can't pay the minister and there is talk of closing its doors and converting it into a community house or a moving picture theatre.

Surprise parties are in vogue. Then each "guest" brings FOOD that the minister and his family may not starve and in the Winter time they send wood and coal.

I ask YOU, is Protestantism dying?

If it isn't, why are vacations from religious duties tolerated?

"Juniors" Go In For Yacht Racing

Marblehead, June 17.—The Junior Yacht Club of the Eastern Yacht Club is to be the centre of attraction this year for the younger group, and early next week a meeting of the forty-one members is to be held and officers elected for the coming season. A pretty portable house has been erected in front of the big clubhouse at Marblehead Neck and directly in front of the private yacht club landing where many of the boys and girls moor their boats.

The interest in the youthful yachtsmen was intense last year and their contribution to the racing season was considerable. This year with their own clubhouse, which is to be handsomely furnished throughout, and with several classes of small boats, including the new "O" class made by Chamberlain of Marblehead, it is anticipated that the Summer series will be lively. The first of the Corinthian races was held today and the youngsters were out for it.

Among those who are particularly interested are Miss Constance Percival, Lawrence Percival, James Cunningham Gray, Jr., Katherine C. Gray, Lorraine Lesson, Henry A. Morss, Jr., Devereux Barker, Jr., Helen Stone, Ruth Yerxa and Elizabeth Percival, and who have been racing for several years.

Trade Unionists at Boothbay, Me.

Trade Unionists, like everyone else, believe that recreation is a good thing, so the Women's Trade Union League of Boston is opening Seno Lodge, at West Boothbay, Maine, on the shore of Boothbay Harbor, for any trade union women, who want to go there. The board is nine dollars a week.

The Lodge offers opportunities for bathing, boating, tennis, basketball, and other sports. There will be dancing, picnics and hikes. Churches are within easy walking distance.

Miss Pauline Pevin, a fourth-year Tufts Medical student, will act as hostess, and will give lessons in swimming and tennis for those who want them.

The trip to Boothbay Harbor is by boat. Any trade union woman who wants a vacation and doesn't know where to go should apply to the Women's Trade Union League, No. 634 Little Building, Boston.

Pretty Wedding at Magnolia

Magnolia, June 17.—Among the most attractive weddings ever held at Magnolia occurred yesterday afternoon when Miss Karen Valentine Macdonald, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Uile Macdonald of Massachusetts avenue, Cambridge, and Peter Stuart Murray were married by the Rev. Samuel McComb at the Union Chapel.

The church, which was most attractively decorated with hothouse plants and flowers, was filled with friends from Newton, Cambridge and the surrounding towns.

Miss Macdonald, who is a graduate of Miss Bonner's School on the Hudson, and Miss Haskell's School, Boston, had as her maid of honor her niece, Miss Phyllis Allyn of Cambridge. Miss Francis Lamb of Cambridge, Miss Corena Stevens of Ougusta L. I., Miss Jeanette Peabody of Cambridge and Miss Lucia Kennedy of Cambridge were the bridesmaids.

Malcolm Macdonald, a brother of the bride, was best man.

After an extended wedding trip to Bermuda and Canada, Mr. and Mrs. Murray will spend the remainder of the Summer at Stonehurst, the Macdonald residence on the Shore Road, Magnolia.

Waveland

Waveland, June 17.—The building boom has evidently taken Waveland as its place to settle in. There is hardly a street where there are not one or more houses in the process of erection or recently completed.

Among the recent purchasers of summer homes is Attorney James Hatton, of Dexter Row, Charlestown, who with his family are occupying a charming home on Beach Avenue, corner of D Street. The only daughter of the family, Adelle, is sharing honors this season with Master Jimmie Jr., eight months old, who with Stuart, the eldest son, complete the happy household.

Mr. and Mrs. James Foley of Brookline have opened their attractive place on D Street. Mrs. Fred Dexter and daughter, Muriel, also members of the Foley household, are planning to join them after Miss Dexter completes her studies at the Sacred Heart Academy, Commonwealth Avenue, Boston.

Early arrivals on C Street include Mrs. Mary J. Shannon and family of Allston, whose cozy home has been the scene of jolly week-end gayeties.

Mr. and Mrs. James Phelan and family of Vinton Street, South Boston, have opened their attractive home on C Street. Their guest for the season is Miss Nellie McGrail.

Expected arrivals to this section in the near future include Miss Madeline Shannon, who has been a member of a theatrical troupe the past Winter and plans to join the Summer contingent June 30.

Mr. and Mrs. Rufus Clarke and granddaughter, Rufus Md., have already opened their shore home on A Street, and were recent hosts to William Muldoon and Bernard Hanrahan of East Boston.

Medical circles are to be represented in the presence of Dr. John F. Fennessey of Dorchestr, who with Mrs. Fennessey and baby are occupying an attractive spot on Suncrest Avenue.

Green Hill

"We Like It," is the name chosen by a group of young folk who broken for their Summer cottage, located just off Atlantic avenue. Prominent in the group is Miss William A. McCarthy of the South End district and Bert Simonds of Roxbury.

Somerville is represented in the family of Mr. and Mrs. Forest Hammond, who with their charming daughter, Harriette, are happily located at their cozy bungalow on Stony Beach road.

As near neighbors on the same road, are Mr. and Mrs. William Brenner of South Boston. Assisting them in entertaing during the busy season will be the daughters of the household, May and Rosalie.

The many friends of Franklin Guell of Jamaica Plain, who for years, has been a member of the Green Hill colony will be sorry to hear of his removal to New York City, where Mr. Guell is to represent the Grey Gull Phonograph Record. Accompanying him are Mrs. Guell and son, Franklin, Jr.

Falmouth

Falmouth, June 17.—Judge C. H. Robb and family of Washington, D. C., are the first to arrive at Sippewissett.

The house of Professor Aurelio is occupied this year by Mrs. M. E. Tibbetts of Attleboro.

Mr. and Mrs. Sprin P. Davis announce the engagement of their daughter Mary to Gordon Shattuck of Falmouth, but formerly of Needham.

Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Kipp of Morristown, N. J., have opened their Summer residence on Clinton avenue.

Charles Whittemore of Newton has opened his Summer home on Quisset road.



Jays
BOSTON
TEMPLE PLACE
ELEVEN

New Skirts
New Sweaters
New Short Jackets

Ready for sport, for business, for street—ready for their countless uses, are these flannel, homespun, Canton crepe, krepe-knit, baronet satin, tweed, covert and velvette skirts. Ready to go with them into pleasure or busy times, are the jaunty short jackets of French flannel, blazer cloth, velveteen, jersey, tweed and sport-o-wool. And for those who prefer them, there are sweaters, sweaters, sweaters — every kind that is Jays kind, and prices that are Jays prices and therefore yours.

Blouses, Scarfs, Sweaters, as you enter; Dresses and Bathing Suits, on Second Floor; Suits, Skirts, Coats, on Third Floor

HOW TWO WOMEN ESCAPED OPERATIONS

Doctor Advised Use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Happy Results in Both Cases

St. Joseph, Missouri.—"Both of my sides swelled and hurt me so that I could not move or do any of my work. There was heavy pressure and pains through my lower organs and the doctor told me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for these troubles. He said I had this one chance, and if the Vegetable Compound did not help me nothing but an operation would. After taking several bottles I felt it was helping me and now I am able to do my own work. If my testimonial will help others I shall be glad for them to read it and hope your Vegetable Compound will do them as much good as it did me."—Mrs. Wm. Lockman, 513 N. 6th St., St. Joseph, Mo.

White Plains, N. Y.—"I had such a pain that I could hardly walk and the doctor said that I needed an operation. I was sick for a year before I started taking your medicine and I could not work. I saw your advertisement in a little book and that is how I came to take Lydia E. Pinkham's medicines. I have been taking the Vegetable Compound and Lydia E. Pinkham's Blood Medicine, also Lydia E. Pinkham's Liver Pills and used Lydia E. Pinkham's Sanative Wash and the capsules and prescription recommended. I am doing all my work and have gained twenty pounds. I am taking the medicines still, but I feel fine. You have my permission to use this letter for the good of others."—Mrs. Mary Mank, 87 Hamilton Ave., White Plains, N. Y.

Some female troubles may through neglect reach a stage when an operation is necessary. But most of the commoner ailments are not the surgical ones; they are not caused by serious displacements, tumors, or growths, although the symptoms may appear the same.

When disturbing ailments first appear, take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to relieve the present distress and prevent more serious troubles. Many letters have been received from women who have been restored to health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound after operations have been advised by attending physicians.

"Guide to Health" and "Advice to Women" will be sent you free upon request. Write to the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Massachusetts. This book contains valuable information.

News of Interest To Society—by Mrs. C. H. Washburn

WEEK IS FULL FOR LOCAL SOCIETY

By Mrs. C. H. Washburn

JUNE'S third week upon the threshold of which we are entering today, promises such a plethora of varied events from weddings, Class Day celebrations, sports of every variety, and European sailings to all sorts of local festivities as to keep society, older and younger in a most pleasurable round of motion if not intensive commotion. With all this commanding preface, brides are still holding their own, even if the June wedding statistics this year do not compare favorably with the fashionable standard set last season or in a less recent past, although about twenty marriages of interest to some of the various ramifications of society are yet to come, in New York.

The mid-June days brought a number of prominent brides. On Wednesday Miss Jones and Mr. Coolidge were married at Trinity Church at four o'clock and the following day Miss Amory and Mr. Potter's wedding brought a large and representative company including a New York contingent, to Emmanuel Church at twelve-thirty. Yesterday Miss Dorothy Allen, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Allen of Commonwealth avenue, and Lieutenant Kendall Preston, U. S. N. of Washington, were married at the little Princeton Church, followed by a reception at the Allens' Summer home, and on the North Shore, St. John's Church in Beverly Farms was the scene of the wedding of Miss Katharine Coolidge, a debutante of the past Winter, and Mr. Geoffrey Story Smith of Philadelphia, Harvard senior and one of the hosts for the Beck tea. Later there was a reception at Blynman Farm, the Summer home of Mr. and Mrs. William H. Coolidge.

This week will be given over almost entirely to Harvard Class Day and Commencement with the big showing of social events, and college sports they always bring in their train. Tomorrow comes the first of the numerous class re-unions; Tuesday brings Class Day, Wednesday, the baseball game between Harvard and Yale; Thursday, Commencement, and Friday the boat races at New London for which the usual crowd will go down from Boston. The prominent wedding of the week will be that of Miss Julia Edwards Howell and Henry Purkett Kidder at St. Paul's Cathedral, on Saturday.

This year the Senior dance and Beck tea have two prospective bridegrooms officially interested in them to make an unusual interest. Louis Butler McCagg, Jr., of the New York group, who is to marry Miss Winslow a week later—the ceremony at St. Paul's Cathedral on the 27th, where the class will naturally make a big showing; and William Whitman, 3d, who two days later will marry Miss Warren at Trinity Church. At both receptions the ushers will be sure to give voice with no uncertain sound to their congratulations.

Apart from all these the magnitude of the sea-going traffic carrying its record-breaking list of passengers comes in for an exceptional interest in that direction. Twenty-seven ocean-going passenger steamships sailed out last Saturday taking seven thousand passengers more than the week before. The White Star liner Homeric had on its list Mr. and Mrs. Richard Cushing Paine (Ellen Eliot), going over for their honeymoon. They were married this Saturday before at King's Chapel. Also on board the Dudley Pickman and Edward Pickman and their children, who have been abroad since the Autumn. Sailing on the New York, bound for Naples and Constantinople, were the Francis Bacons in the Boston group; also Harold Walker, going over to join his wife, who with her mother, Mrs. Searle, sailed a few weeks earlier, to remain through the Summer. The full dress Court at Buckinghan just held by King George and Queen Mary, the first since the war, seemed the climax of the international season and was especially of interest to those recently come over from New York and Boston and other cities.

The unusual keeping on of the season in the capital has called timely comment that Washington is a queer place and the Washington season still queerer, for when you think it is dead it suddenly comes to life. For a good deal of that life the Raleigh, with its colonial Sir William Pe-tenham, R. N., was responsible during the second week of its stay. The dinner on the flagship was the gayest thing the whole season and as before the young girls had it all their own way with the young officers and midshipmen.

Then, besides, was the White House recep-tie for the war wounded, appealing and interesting for all concerned. The men were received on the White House grounds by the President and Mrs. Harding, the Vice-President and Mrs. Coolidge, the Secretary of State and Mrs. Hughes, and as many of the Cabinet as were in town. The President and Secretary Weeks were in white flannel and blue serge; Mrs. Weeks very attractive in black georgette.

Letters from the American colony in Paris, a number of them from Boston, were full of the great fete des roses at Armenonville, which made the most beautiful picture that could be imagined. Of those giving dinners that night of the American colony, which was largely represented, were Mrs. Preston Gibson, Mrs. Herman Oelrichs and the William Elliotts. The dancing was wonderful and there was quite as much interest in the smart costumes. White was by far the favorite in the matter of color and there were any number of gowns encrusted with beads. Speaking of styles, there has been much talk in Paris recently of the various foolish things women are doing to become slender, the dernier cri of the feminine hour.



Photo by Bachrach

MRS ALAN STEWART BROWN

Photo by Bachrach

MISS MIRIAN LADD

Photo by Bachrach

MISS LOUISE TYLER

Miss Amory of Week's Brides

TAKING prominent place among the numerous June weddings, although comparatively small and very simply arranged, was that of Miss Harriet Sears Amory and Warwick Potter on Thursday at Emmanuel Church. The bride, who is tall, slender and a full brunette, was handsome and distinguished in a beautiful gown of cloth of silver, the full court train covered with the lace veil which was arranged with a coronet of orange blossoms. The only ornament was a platinum chain with a diamond pendant.

Mr. Potter, the older son of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Burnside Potter (Elizabeth Fish), of Southtown, Long Island, had for his best man his brother, Hamilton Fish Potter, a sophomore at Harvard. Of the ushers were Edric Amory Weld, Harvard '21, a cousin of the bride; Benjamin Ward Thoron of Newton and Washington, Harvard '19 with Mr. Potter, the latter just finishing a course at the Engineering School; Ewen Cameron MacVeagh and Frederick Joseph DeVeau, both of the '18 class, and now in the Law School; and Charlton Reynders, all of New York, the latter a '20 man.

Mrs. William Amory, the mother of the bride, was in a dark brown brocaded satin, combined with plain satin of the same tone, the facings of bright yellow, and the bodice done with cream lace. The plumed hat was of the brown tone.

Mrs. Potter, the bridegroom's mother, who was with Mr. Potter, was in beige chiffon combined with lace of the same tone and a large Leghorn hat with brown and deep blue plumes. Mrs. William Amory, 2d, whose husband gave his cousin away, wore golden brown crepe with embroidery and a large hat.

Of the Sears connection were Mr. and Mrs. Richard D. Sears, the latter wearing blue satin combined with black, and a large blue hat; Mr. and Mrs. Phillip S. Sears, the last named in deep blue crepe and a large blue hat faced with coral; Mr. Herbert M. Sears with his daughter, Mrs. Savard Tuckerman, Jr., whose gown was of brown crepe, the black hat done with daisies; and Miss Clara Endicott Sears, in black satin covered with ecru lace, and a hat to match.

Others there were Mr. and Mrs. William C. Endicott, Jr., the latter in canna brocade with lace and a white hat; Mr. Ward Thoron, whose son was an usher, with Mrs. Thoron, who wore bright blue satin and a large hat; Mr. and Mrs. I. Tucker Burr, recently returned from a long stay in Paris, Mrs. Burr handsome all in black; and Mr. and Mrs. George H. Lyman, just back from a short trip abroad, who had with them Mr. and Mrs. Walter Hunnewell (Minna Lyman) and Mrs. Charles T. Lovering, Jr. (Nellie Lyman) and her sub-debutante daughter, Miss Ellen Lovering. Mrs. Lyman wore a gown of black lace with jet, a cape of white lace covered with black and a black hat. Mrs. Hunnewell was all in black; Mrs. Lovering in black crepe with steel beaded embroidery, and Miss Lovering in dark blue.

Mrs. Horatio Lamb, in deep blue chiffon flowered in pink and a blue plumed hat, had with her her three daughters, Miss Aime Lamb, in blue crepe with touches of purple, the hat of the same tones; Miss Rosamond Lamb, in ninon crepe, the matching hat with shaded pink roses, and Miss Edith Lamb, in dark brown satin with fringe and a henna plumed hat. Miss Rosamond Lamb is a sister debutante of the bride and a member with her of the 1917 Sewing Circle.

Others who came out that same year were: Mrs. Augustus Thorndike, Jr., all in blue with touches of red on the gown and hat; Mrs. John M. B. Churchill, a bride of February, who was with Mr. Churchill, her gown of white Georgette banded in black and a large black hat; Mrs. H. W. Dwight Rudd, in blue and white chiffon and a large hat, with her mother, Mrs. Edward G. Gardiner; Mrs. Robert Cushing Hamlen, all in blue; Miss Cornelia Fiske and Miss Elsie Nichols, both also in the favorite blue gowns and hats; Miss Mary Burr, in a crimson crepe knit gown and a large black hat; Mrs. Neil Rice and Miss Anna Perkins, who was with her mother. Mrs. Charles H. Perkins, the latter in brown brocade and a blue hat with brown and blue flowers.

Mrs. Roger Wolcott was in black satin with touches of white and a small black hat; Mrs. John C. Gray in purple brocade and a hat of the same tone with shaded flowers; Miss Rose Lamb in black satin combined with lace threaded in gold and a black hat; Mrs. Frederic Winthrop, who had her young son and daughter with her, and who wore beige trichlette and a large purple hat; Mrs. Richard C. Dixey, black and white foulard with a purple girdle and a hat of the latter tone; her sister, Miss Mary Tappan, in blue and white silk and a hat of the same colorings; Mrs. Charles P. Curtis wearing crepe with a pale blue hat, and her daughter, Miss Elfen Curtis, white dotted muslin and Irish lace and a large pink hat.

Mrs. Francis B. Forbes, who was all in black, had with her a family party including Miss Ethel Forbes, who wore oyster crepe and a large black hat; and Mr. and Mrs. Austin Potter Evelyn Forbes, with their two young daughters, Mrs. Potter in beige crepe and a flower-trimmed hat, the Misses Potter dressed alike in pongee and black hats with yellow flowers. With Mrs. Robert H. Gardiner, who was all in black, were her son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Gardiner, Jr., and their children, Mrs. Gardiner in blue satin and a large hat.

Miss Rose Dexter in jade green satin with Chinese embroidery and a black hat with gray plumes; Miss Helena Peabody, whose father was of the officiating clergymen, and who wore dark blue crepe combined with crimson velled in blue chiffon, and a large blue hat; Mrs. Thomas R. Morse also in navy blue; Mrs. Leverett Bradley, royal purple satin and a blue hat with purple plumes; Mrs. William L. McKee, blue crepe and a brown hat; Mrs. Richard C. Cabot and Miss Muriel Saltonstall, both entirely in black; Mr. S. Hooper Hooper and Mr. Holker Abbott were of the many others there.

MRS THEADORE CHADWICK

Among European Voyagers

MR. AND MRS. THOMAS EMERSON PROCTOR RICE, whose brilliant wedding was the week before at Emmanuel Church, had a gay sendoff from a group of North Shore young people who went over to New York to wish them bon voyage when they sailed on the French liner Paris on Wednesday. Also on board were Miss Alice Longfellow, and Edward B. Hill of Cambridge.

Mrs. A. Wilder Pollard of Commonwealth Avenue and her youngest daughter, Miss Priscilla Pollard, of the prominent debutantes of the Winter, returned on the new White Star liner Pittsburgh which docked at the Commonwealth Pier on Thursday. The Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Daniel Dulaney Addison were also on board.

Sailing on the Pittsburgh on its first outward crossing on Saturday of this week will be from Boston, Mr. S. Hooper Hooper, going over for another Summer, making Dinard, the South of France, one of his stamping grounds and later planning to join Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Grafton Minot in London, where they are spending the Summer. The Joseph Warrens of Milton, are also booked for the Pittsburgh, their Summer home on Buzzards Bay.

Gordon Abbott, Jr., is booked to sail on Thursday of this week with a party of schoolboys from Milton Academy for a two month's trip. Arriving home last week on the Caronia of the Cunard Line, were Mrs. Frederick J. Bradlee of Beacon street, and her son, Sargent Bradlee.

Brilliant Wedding at Trinity

TRINITY CHURCH was simply, but effectively, decorated with Spring flowers, greenery and lighted candles for the marriage Wednesday afternoon at 4 o'clock of Miss Allson Jones and Charles Allerton Coolidge, Jr., the Rev. Endicott Peabody officiating. The bride was very pretty in her gown of ivory satin with old lace drapery on the bodice and sleeves and covering the long court train. The tulle veil was arranged in cap effect and fastened with orange blossoms, and the bouquet was of valley lilies and orchids. The jewels were a rope of pearls and a brooch of the groom.

Miss Beatrice Jones, who was her sister's maid of honor, wore pink chiffon with clusters of silver grapes on the hip draperies, the large hat of pink horsehair done with narrow pink ribbon edged with silver and beath the brim a wreath of pink forget-me-nots. The bouquet was of Spring flowers. The other attendants were in hydrangea blue chiffon, their hats and bouquets like those of the maid of honor. In the group were Miss Elizabeth Councilman, a cousin, and the Misses Ellen Curtin, Marian Vaillant, Isolde Thompson and Elizabeth Carter, all members of the 1918 Sewing Circle with the bride, and Mrs. Robert Kerr of New York.

Mrs. Daniel Jones, the bride's mother, wore lavender satin with self-toned and beaded embroidery, and a purple straw hat with the paler tinted plumes, and carried a cluster of orchids. Others of the bride's relatives was Mrs. George Foster Shepley, whose late husband was a relative of the bridegroom. Mrs. Shepley was in all black; with her were her daughters, Miss Julia Shepley, in white foulard dotted in blue, and a hat to match, and Mrs. John A. Sweetser, who was in white lace and a large black hat, with Mr. Sweetser and their children. Also of the Richardson connection were Mr. and Mrs. Frederic L. W. Richardson and Mr. and Mrs. Henry H. Richardson and their children, the latter wearing blue Liberty with ecru lace and a large black hat, and Mrs. F. L. W. Richardson in green satin with overdress of black lace and a leghorn hat faced with coral pink and wreathed with Autumn leaves.

Mrs. Charles A. Coolidge, the bridegroom's mother, was in black lace over white satin and a black lace hat. Also of the family party were Mrs. Edwin F. Atkins, Jr., (Mary Coolidge), and her two young sons, Mr. Atkins of the group of ushers, and Dr. and Mrs. William T. Councilman with their daughters, Mrs. Frank Wigglesworth, and her children, and Mrs. William O. P. Morgan of New York. Mrs. Atkins was in canary-colored chiffon, flowered in purple, the hat of the former coloring with purple flowers; Mrs. Councilman wore black lace and a lace hat with feathers; Mrs. Wigglesworth blue brocaded satin, and Mrs. Morgan black crepe combined with white chiffon dotted in black, both sisters in henna-toned hats.

In the crush of guests were Mrs. Charles P. Curtis' whose daughter was a bridesmaid and who wore black chiffon and lace and a pale blue hat with self-toned flowers; Dr. and Mrs. Charles J. White, whose son, James C. White, was the best man, and Miss Ellen White, Mrs. White in blue brocade with a brown hat and Miss White in blue; Mrs. Arthur W. Blake wearing black chiffon with white embroidery and a black hat; her daughter, Mrs. William G. Nickerson blue crepe and a blue hat with red flowers; and Mrs. Bernard Weld in black lace with a black hat, and her sub-debutante daughter in coral pink organdy with a hat of the same coloring.

Mrs. Charles A. Porter was of the number in deep blue with colored embroidery and a blue hat with violets; Miss Peggy Porter, in deep pink satin with rose colored chiffon and a golden brown hat with pink plumes; Mrs. Henry F. King, who was with the Porters, her gown of blue beaded chiffon, and the blue hat wreathe with hydrangeas; Mrs. Percy Haughton in pink and white dotted muslin and a large pink hat; her sub-debutante daughter, Miss Vera Howell, in white dotted muslin and a white hat done in French blue; Miss Allson Haughton wore bottle green satin and a brown hat and Mrs. Edward R. Warren was in pearl gray with touches of yellow and a gay hat.

Mrs. Edwin S. Webster recently returned from Japan, and greeted by many friends, was in dark blue, the hat of the same toned banked with pink flowers; and Mrs. Frederick J. Bradlee, just back from Europe was in black crepe and a brown hat. With Mrs. Moses Williams, who was all in black, was a family party, including Miss Mary Williams in gray chiffon and lace and a brown horsehair hat; Mr. and Mrs. Albert F. Bigelow (Gwladys Williams), with their young daughters, Gwladys and Martha, Mrs. Bigelow wearing blue crepe with touches of bright green and a blue hat; and Mr. and Mrs. Moses Williams, Jr., the latter also in blue.

Others were Mrs. Henry S. Hunnewell, in blue, the hat wreathed with violets, her brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Harold A. Pitman, the latte wearing gray crepe with touches of antique blue and a blue hat; Mr. and Mrs. Russell Pessenden, Mrs. Pessenden in pearl gray brocade combined with chiffon and a large black hat. Mr. and Mrs. Edwin F. Atkins, Mrs. Atkins wearing dark green satin covered with blue chiffon and a black hat; and Dr. and Mrs. John B. Swift and the latter's mother, Mrs. Ernest Winsor, Mrs. Swift in black chiffon with much blue embroidery and a blue hat; Mrs. Winsor all in blue.

Also Dr. and Mrs. Freeman Allen, the latter wearing gray crepe with embroidery and a brown hat with yellow flowers; Mr. and Mrs. John L. Batcheider, the last named in blue Liberty with lace and a hat to match; Mrs. Lincoln Davis in a black gown, the hat done in pink flowers; Mrs. Thomas R. Morse (Elinor Whitney), blue brocade and a large blue hat; Mrs. Charles E. Works (Eleanora Coolidge), also in blue, both young matrons sister debutantes of the bride; and Miss Ruth Graves also of that Winter group, wearing pink satin covered with blue chiffon and a white hat with pink flowers.

Mrs. Charles W. Storey in black chiffon dotted in white and a black hat; Mr. and Mrs. George S. Selfridge, the later wearing deep blue; Mrs. Francis M. Rackemann in blue lace and a large gay hat; Mrs. Joseph Woods in black lace with Mrs. George Scott Winslow; Miss Mabel Bremer in brown organdy dotted in white and a brown hat; and the Misses Katherine and Alice Thomas, both dressed in black and wearing green hats, were others in the notable crowd.

Society's Doings Here and There

MR. AND MRS. EDMUND M. PARKER of Sparks Street, Cambridge, are at the Putnam cottage on the East shore at Jamestown, Rhode Island, where they have spent their Summers for a number of years.

Mrs. Howard Cushing was of the New York cottage colony arriving at Newport last week and is at her villa on Ocean Drive for the season. Her sisters, Mrs. George R. Fearing Jr. and Mrs. F. Murray Forbes and her brother-in-law, Mr. Grafton Cushing, are always with her more or less during the season.

MR. AND MRS. J. HARSEN RHODES came to Cambridge last week for the thirtieth reunion of Mr. Rhodes' class, and after a short stay in town will go to Watch Hill, Rhode Island, for the Summer. The first Mrs. Rhoades was Katherine Kimball of Commonwealth Avenue.

MRS. ROBERT GOULD SHAW 2D, went down from the Newton home "Boulder Farm" last week and was at the Munchinger-King in Newport while preparing to open the cottage, "Quil Rock," where Mr. and Mrs. Shaw always make a long Summer with their four boys, Gould, Alexander, Louis and Paul.

MR. ALFRED DABNEY was one of the winners in the singles at the annual dual tennis meet of the Seabright Tennis and Cricket and Turedo clubs last week. Mr. Dabney at present is living in New York, his apaertnment on Park Avenue.

In Group of Bridal Attendants

MISS ANNA HAMLIN was of the most attractive in the group of attendants at the brilliant wedding in St. Bernard's Church, Bernardsville, New Jersey, last Saturday of Miss Cornelia Sage and Henry Hamlin Landon, Jr., also of New Jersey. The Rev. Dr. William G. Thayer of St. Mark's School, where the bridegroom was formerly a pupil, officiated. The attendants were in lovely gowns of cream-colored lace over white chiffon, the hats of white combined with pale green, and they carried rose-colored peonies. The bride and bridegroom sailed on Wednesday for Europe, joining an unprecedented group of newly married going over for the Summer. Roland Baker, Jr., will be best man, giving a Boston flavor, at the marriage a week from tomorrow of Miss Margaret Thayer Graham, the daughter of Mrs. Howard Spencer Graham, to Devereux Colt Josepha, his parents, the Lyman Colt Josephs of Baltimore, the ceremony to be at the Berkeley Memorial Chapel in the country outside of Newport. Baker is a classmate of Mr. Joseph, Harvard '19, and a number of the ushers were of the same class.

Miss Mabel Bremer was in the bridesmaids' group representing Boston at the wedding in Worcester a week ago of Miss Elizabeth Higgins and Frederick Nelson Olmstead of Boston.

Bridal Attendant From Boston

MISS JOCELYN PARKER was the bridal group of attendants at the wedding in Newport last Saturday, the first large one of the season, of Miss Ann Wickes Craven, daughter of Captain Thomas Craven, U. S. N., and Mrs. Craven, and Lieutenant Rodman Drake DeKay, U. S. N. It was naturally a brilliant event, the church filled with naval officers as well as men, women and young people of society, the officers in full dress uniform adding to the color scheme of the scene. The bride wore a superb gown of ivory cream satin, the court train covered with lace her mother had worn at her wedding, and a coronet, also her mother's at her bridal. The bridesmaids were in horizon-blue georgette gowns over silver cloth with silver wreaths in the hair. Miss Parker is a daughter of the Edmund Parkers of Cambridge.

Miss Allen of Yesterday's Brides

WHITE peonies and lilies against a background of greenery made the very effective decoration at the Congregational Church in Princeton yesterday for the marriage at 3:30 in the afternoon of Miss Dorothy Fletcher Allen and Lieutenant Kendall Preston, U. S. N. The bride, who was given away by her, father, Mr. Thomas Allen of Commonwealth avenue, was very attractive in her gown of white satin draped and trimmed with orange blossoms, the train of beautiful Venetion point. The veil of white tulle was caught with the orange blossoms and the bouquet was of valley lilies and swansonia.

Miss Eleanor Allen, the bride's sister, and Mrs. William Grant of Dahlgren, Va., were the maid and matron of honor, their gowns of deep orchid georgette with touches of silver and lace to match. The others in line were Mrs. Melvin Leonard (Frances Thomas) of Cambridge, Miss Pauline Dillingham of Boston, Miss Ruth Bennett of Milton and Miss Elizabeth Hewins of Wellesley Hills, with little Barbara Allen, the niece of the bride, as flower girl. The attendants were dressed as the maid and matron of honor, except that the coloring was of a paler tint. The bouquets were of shaded yellow gladioli.

Lieutenant William Grant was best man for his brother-in-law and the ushers were Lieutenants Edward Breed, Gerard H. Wood and C. B. C. Carey, U. S. N., with Mark L. Sperry, Jr., of Waterbury, Ct.

After the ceremony, which was performed by the Rev. Charles E. Park, D. D., of the First Church, Boston, there was a reception at "The Pines," the Summer home of Mrs. Allen. Mrs. E. Percy Fox of Washington, D. C., the mother of the bridegroom, assisting in receiving. The house was beautifully decorated with mountain laurel. Lieutenant and Mrs. Preston are to make their home at Coronado, Cal., where the former is stationed.

Miss Warren of June Brides

MR. AND MRS. FISKE WARREN'S cards went out the first of the week for the marriage of their daughter Marjorie to Mr. William Whitman, 3d, on Thursday, the 29th of June at twelve o'clock at Trinity Church. Miss Ruth Whitman, the prospective sister-in-law, is to be the maid of honor and the other attendants, Mrs. Charles Leslie Lombard (Dorothea Page) of Otis place, and Miss Marion Walton of New York. Loring Whitman, a freshman at Harvard, will be his brother's best man, and the ushers will include a number of seniors, most of them of the Hasty Pudding Club. The prospective bridegroom is one. Miss Warren, who was presented at a large reception at Beacon Hill home, is a member of the 1920 Sewing Circle, to which also belong Mrs. John Gordon Webster and Mrs. Thomas Emerson Proctor Rice of the prominent June brides, and Mrs. William Walker Claflin of the May group. Mrs. Warren has recently been abroad visiting the Robert Bristow children in Dublin, where also is Mrs. Hamilton Osgood, their mother.

BOSTON SUNDAY ADVERTISER—New England's Greatest Sunday Newspaper—JUNE 18, 1922

Life Love and Laughter

LONELY HEART SOCIAL

CRESCENT GARDEN BALLROOM

Wednesday, June 21

NO MEMBER ADMITTED WITHOUT A TICKET

EXPERIENCE

Edited by EMILY ATKINS



In White for Summer

Plastic Shoes are a special joy during the summer months, keeping your feet cool and comfortable, your body rested and your nerves quiet.

Scientifically correct in fit—with sufficient room for ventilation and with flexible arches, they induce a free and buoyant poise, and are a veritable defense against fatigue.

Answering the season's call we are showing Plastic oxfords in white.

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How to Make Perfect Strawberry Jam in 10 Minutes

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Never Fails, Requires Only One Minute's Boiling, Retains All the Color and Flavor and Makes More Jam from Same Amount of Fruit





How to Dress Your Baby Without a Pin or a Button

Comfortable, Healthful Vanta Garments Endorsed by Doctors, Nurses and Hospitals

Vanta Baby Garments



...ush of its unbridling tributaries.

"A hand was placed on my shoulder. Morhange was again beside me.

"'Come here,' he said.

"Somewhat surprised, I followed him. We went into the grotto.

"The opening, which was big enough to admit the camels, made it fairly light. Morhange led me up to the smooth face of rock opposite. 'Look,' he said, with unconcealed joy.

"'What of it?'

"'Don't you see it?'

"'I see there are several Tuareg inscriptions,' I answered, with some disappointment. 'But I thought I had told you that I read Tifinar writing very badly. Are these writings more interesting than the others we have come upon before?'

"'Look at this one,' said Morhange. There was such an accent of triumph in his tone that this time I concentrated my attention.

"I looked again.

"The characters of the inscription were arranged in the form of a cross. It plays such an important part in this adventure that I cannot forego retracing it for you.

"It was designed with great regularity, and the characters were cut deep into the rock. Although I knew so little of rock inscriptions at that time I had no difficulty in recognizing the antiquity of this one.

"Morhange became more and more radiant as he regarded it.

"I looked at him questioningly.

"'Shall I help you?' he suggested.

"This course in Berber writing, after the emotions through which we had just passed, seemed to me a little inopportune. But Morhange was so visibly delighted that I could not dash his joy.

"'Very well then,' began my companion, as much at his ease as if he had been before a blackboard, 'what will strike you first about this inscription is its repetition in the form of a cross. That is to say that it contains the same word twice, top to bottom, and right to left. The word which it composes has seven letter so the fourth letter comes naturally in the middle. This arrangement which is unique in Tifinar writing, is already remarkable enough. But there is better still. Now we will read it.'

"Getting it wrong three times out of seven I finally succeeded, with Morhange's help, in spelling the word.

"'Have you got it?' asked Morhange when I had finished my task.

"'Less than ever,' I answered, a little put out; 'a, n, t, i, n, h, a,—Antinha, I don't know that word, or anything like it in all the Saharan dialects I am familiar with.'

"Morhange rubbed his hands together. His satisfaction was without bounds.

"'You have said it. That is why the discovery is unique.'

"'Why?'

"'There is really nothing, either in Berber or in Arabian, analogous to this word.'

"'Then?'

"'Then, my dear friend, we are in the presence of a foreign word, translated into Tifinar.'

"'And this word belongs, according to your theory, to what language?'

"'You must realize that the letter "e" does not exist in the Tifinar alphabet. It has here been replaced by the phonetic sign which is nearest to it—"h." As...

...store "e" to the place which belongs to it in the word, and you have——'

"'Antinea.'

"Antinea, precisely. We find ourselves before a Greek vocable reproduced in Tifinar. And I think that now you will agree with me that my find has a certain interest.'

That day we had no more conferences upon texts. A loud cry, anguished, terrifying, rang out.

We rushed out to find a strange spectacle awaiting us.

Although the sky had cleared again, the torrent of yellow water was still foaming and no one could predict when it would fall. In mid-stream, struggling desperately in the current, was an extraordinary mass, gray and soft and swaying.

But what at the first glance overwhelmed us with astonishment was to see Bou-Djema, usually so calm, at this moment apparently beside himself with frenzy, bounding through the gullies and over the rocks of the ledge, in full pursuit of the shipwreck.

Of a sudden I seized Morhange by the arm. The grayish thing was alive. A pitiful long neck emerged from it with the heartrending cry of a beast in despair.

"The fool," I cried, "he has let one of the beasts get loose, and the stream is carrying it away!"

"You are mistaken," said Morhange. "Our camels are still in the cave. And the cry of anguish we just heard, that was not Bou-Djema either. Bou-Djema is a brave Chaamba who has at this moment only one idea, to appropriate the intestate capital represented by this camel in the stream."

"Who gave that cry, then?"

"Let us try, if you like, to explore up this stream that our guide is descending at such a rate."

And without waiting for my answer he had already set out through the recently washed gullies of the rocky bank.

At that moment it can be truly said that Morhange went to meet his destiny.

I followed him. We had the greatest difficulty in proceeding two or three hundred meters. Finally we saw at our feet a little rushing brook where the water was falling a trifle.

"See there?" said Morhange.

A blackish bundle was balancing on the waves of the creek.

When we had come up even with it we saw that it was a man in the long dark blue robes of the Tuareg.

"Give me your hand," said Morhange, "and brace yourself against a rock, hard."

He was very, very strong. In an instant, as if it were child's play, he had brought the body ashore.

"He is still alive," he pronounced with satisfaction. "Now it is a question of getting him to the grotto. This is no place to resuscitate a drowned man."

He raised the body in his powerful arms.

"It is astonishing how little he weighs for a man of his height."

By the time we had retraced the way to the grotto the man's cotton clothes were almost dry. But the dye had run plentifully, and it was an indigo man that Morhange was trying to recall to life.

When I had made him swallow a quart of rum he opened his eyes, looked at the two of us with surprise, then, closing them again, murmured almost unintelligibly a phrase, the sense of which we did not get until some days later:

"Can it be that I have reached the end of my mission?"

"What mission is he talking about?" I said.

"Let him recover himself completely," responded Morhange. "You had better open some preserved food. With fellows of this build you don't have to observe the precautions prescribed for drowned Europeans."

It was indeed a species of giant, whose life we had just saved. His face, although very thin, was regular, almost beautiful. He had a clear skin and little beard. His hair, already white, showed him to be a man of sixty years.

When I placed a tin of corned-beef before him a light of voracious joy came into his eyes. The tin contained an allowance for four persons. It was empty in a flash.

"Behold," said Morhange, "a robust appetite. Now we can put our questions without scruple."

Already the Targa had placed over his forehead and face the blue veil prescribed by the ritual. He must have been completely famished not to have performed this indispensable formality sooner. There was nothing visible now but the eyes, watching us with a light that grew steadily more sombre.

"French officers," he murmured at last.

And he took Morhange's hand, and having placed it against his breast, carried it to his lips.

Suddenly an expression of anxiety passed over his face.

"And my mehari?" he asked.

I explained that our guide was then employed in trying to save his beast. He in turn told us how it had stumbled, and fallen into the current, and he himself, in trying to save it, had been knocked over. His forehead had struck a rock. He had cried out. After that he remembered nothing more.

"What is your name?" I asked.

"Eg-Anteouen."

"What tribe do you belong to?"

"The tribe of Kel-Tahat."

"The Kel-Tahats are the serfs of the tribe of Kel-Rhela, the great nobles of Hoggar?"

"Yes," he answered, casting a side glance in my direction. It seemed that such precise questions on the affairs of Ahggar were not to his liking.

"The Kel-Tahats, if I am not mistaken, are established on the southwest flank of Atakor. What were you doing, so far from your home territory when we saved your life?"

"I was going, by way of Tit, to In-Salah," he said.

"What were you going to do at In-Salah?"

He was about to reply. But suddenly we saw him tremble. His eyes were fixed on a point of the cavern. We looked to see what it was. He had just seen the rock inscription which had so delighted Morhange an hour before.

"Do you know that?" Morhange asked him with keen curiosity.

The Targa did not speak a word but his eyes had a strange light.

"Do you know that?" insisted Morhange.

And he added:

"Antinea?"

"Antinea," repeated the man.

And he was silent.

"Why don't you answer the Captain?" I called out, with a strange feeling of rage sweeping over me.

The Targui looked at me. I thought that he was going to speak. But his eyes became suddenly hard. Under the lustrous veil I saw his features stiffening.

Morhange and I turned around.

On the threshold of the cavern, breathless, discomfited, harassed by an hour of vain pursuit, Bou-Djema had returned to us.

THE DISASTER OF THE LETTER.

As Eg-Anteouen and Bou-Djema came face to face, I fancied that both the Targa and the Chaamba gave a sudden start which each immediately repressed. It was nothing more than a fleeting impression. Nevertheless, it was enough to make me resolve that as soon as I was alone with our guide, I would question him closely concerning our new companion.

The beginning of the day had been wearisome enough. We decided, therefore, to spend the rest of it there, and even to pass the night in the cave, waiting till the flood had completely subsided.

In the morning, when I was marking our day's march upon the map, Morhange came toward me. I noticed that his manner was somewhat restrained.

"In three days, we shall be at Shikh-Salah," I said to him. "Perhaps by the evening of the second day, badly as the camels go."

"Perhaps we shall separate before then," he muttered.

"How so?"

"You see, I have changed my itinerary a little. I have given up the idea of going straight to Timissao. First I should like to make a little excursion into the interior of the Ahaggar range."

I frowned:

"What is this new idea?"

As I spoke I looked about for Eg-Anteouen, whom I had seen in conversation with Morhange the previous evening and several minutes before. He was quietly mending one of his sandals with a waxed thread supplied by Bou-Djema. He did not raise his head.

"It is simply," explained Morhange, less and less at his ease, "that this man tells me there are similar inscriptions in several caverns in western Ahaggar. These caves are near the road that he has to take returning home. He must pass by Tit. Now, from Tit, by way of Silet, is hardly two hundred kilometers. It is a quasi-classic route as short again as the one that I shall have to take alone, after I leave you, from Shikh-Salah to Timissao. That is in part, you see, the reason which has made me decide to. . . ."

"In part? In very small part," I replied. "But is your mind absolutely made up?"

"It is," he answered me.

"When do you expect to leave me?"

"Today. The road which Eg-Anteouen proposes to take into Ahaggar crosses this one about four leagues from here. I have a favor to ask of you in this connection."

"Please tell me."

"It is to let me take one of the two baggage camels, since my Targa has lost his."

"The camel which carries your baggage belongs to you as much as does your own mehari," I answered coldly.

We stood there several minutes without speaking. Morhange maintained an uneasy silence; I was examining my map. All over it in greater or less degree, but particularly toward the south, the unexplored portions of Ahaggar stood out as far too numerous white patches in the tan area of supposed mountains.

I finally said:

"You give me your word that when you have seen these famous grottos, you will make straight for Timissao by Tit and Silet?"

He looked at me uncomprehendingly.

"Why do you ask that?"

"Because, if you promise me that—provided, of course, that my company is not unwelcome to you—I will go with you. Either way, I shall have two hundred kilometers to go. I shall strike for Shikh-Salah from the south, instead of from the west—that is the only difference.

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This Amazing Story Will Be Continued in Tomorrow's Daily Advertiser

Special Fiction Supplement

An Amazing Romance and Tragedy

BOSTON SUNDAY ADVERTISER

NEW ENGLAND'S GREATEST SUNDAY NEWSPAPER

A New Love Story of the Desert

BOSTON, SUNDAY, JUNE 18, 1922

THE LOVE TIGRESS (ATLANTIDA)



"The characters of the inscription were in the form of a cross."—Adapted from "Missing Husbands," a Metro picture.

PRESENTING THE AMAZING ADVENTURES OF CAPTAIN MORHANGE AND LIEUTENANT SAINT-AVIT IN STRANGE LAND OF LOVE

WHO'S WHO IN THE STORY.

ANTINEA, a woman as alluring and charming as Cleopatra and with the beauty of Mona Lisa, a beauty that arouses passionate longings akin to madness, is Queen of an oasis kingdom in the Sahara.

CAPTAIN MORHANGE, a captain in the French army, who has been sent to the Sahara to trace the routes of old caravans.

LIEUTENANT SAINT-AVIT, in the Sahara seeking signs of tribesmen who have attacked the border colonies.

TANIT-ZERGA, secretary to Antinea.

TARGUI, a native, who has been rescued from death by the French officers.

CEGHEIR-BEN-CHEIKH, the faithful attendant of the Queen.

And 53 others who died of love.

SYNOPSIS.

In the midst of the Sahara desert, where red death hovers in the tortured heat, a bottomless lake gives life to a luxuriant oasis, fragrant with tropical flowers. A dream palace topped by soaring towers rises at the blue water's edge—a palace of rose-tinted marbles, rich in mosaics of brilliant jewels, voluptuous in its bodily comforts. Here reigns the Queen Antinea, the thousandth heiress of Clito, the mother of Atlas and beloved of Neptune; Clito, who had been made captive by Neptune in this earthly Paradise.

Fifty-three explorers, crossing the desert at various times, have come to the kingdom of Antinea and have known her favors. None of them has returned to civilization. Over the hot, soft sands of the Saraha—a many days' journey—to the hidden region of Hoggar, where lived Antinea. Such was the story—unfinished—of many men. They simply became victims of "The Love Tigress." Read the following chapters and you will know.

THEY ALL DIED OF LOVE

"NUMBER 49," said Morhange scarcely more than a whisper. "Lieut. Woodhouse, born at Liverpool, Sept. 16, 1870. Died at Ahaggar, Oct. 4, 1895."

"Hardly more than a child," said M. LeMesge.

"Number 48," I said. "Lieut. Louis de Maillefeu, born at Provins, the . . ."

Louis de Maillefeu, my best friend. . . . I looked at him and recognized him under the metallic coating.

"What happened to him? What did he die of?"

"Just like the others," the professor replied, "just like Lieut. Woodhouse, like Captain Deligne, like Major Russell, like the forty-seven of yesterday and all those of tomorrow."

"Of what did they die?" Morhange demanded imperatively.

The professor looked at Morhange. I saw my comrade grow pale.

"Of what did they die, sir? THEY ALL DIED OF LOVE."

A SOUTHERN ASSIGNMENT

SUNDAY, the sixth of June, 1903, broke the monotony of the life that we were leading at the Post of Hassi-Inifel by the arrival of the Official Journal of the French Republic.

"I have the lieutenant's permission?" said Sergeant Chatelain, beginning to glance through the magazines he had just removed from their wrappings.

I acquiesced with a nod.

Suddenly a scandalized exclamation of the sergeant made me look up.

"Lieutenant!"

"Yes."

"They are up to something at the Ministry. See for yourself."

He handed me the Official. I read:

"By a decision of the first of May, 1903, Captain de Saint-Avit (André), unattached, is assigned to the Third Spahis, and appointed commandant of the post of Hassi-Inifel."

Chatelain's displeasure became fairly exuberant.

"Captain de Saint-Avit, commandant of the post. A post which has never had a slur upon it. They must take us for a dumping ground."

My surprise was as great as the sergeant's. But just then I saw the evil, weasel-like face of Gourrut, the convict we used as a clerk. He had stopped his scrawling and was listening with a sly interest.

"Sergeant, Captain de Saint-Avit is my ranking classmate," I answered dryly.

Chatelain saluted and left the room. I followed.

Captain de Saint-Avit. He was of my class at St. Cyr. I had lost track of him. Then my attention had been attracted to him by his rapid advancement, his decoration, the well-deserved recognition of three particularly daring expeditions of exploration to Tebesti and the Air and suddenly, the mysterious drama of his fourth expedition, that famous mission undertaken with Captain Morhange, from which only one of the explorers came back. Everything is forgotten quickly in France. That was at least six years ago. I had not heard Saint-Avit mentioned since. And now, I was to have him as my chief.

And I left the office, whistling as I went.

We were now, Chatelaine and I, our guns resting on the already cooling earth, beside the pool that forms the centre of the meagre oasis, hidden behind a kind of hedge of alfa. The setting sun was reddening the stagnant ditches which irrigate the poor garden plots of the sedentary blacks.

Not a word during the approach. Not a word during the shoot. Chatelain was obviously sulking.

In silence we knocked down, one after the other, several of the miserable doves which came on dragging wings, heavy with the heat of the day, to quench their thirst at the thick green water. When a half-dozen slaughtered little bodies were lined up at our feet I put my hand on the sergeant's shoulder.

"Chatelain!"

He trembled.

"Chatelain, I was rude to you a little while ago. Don't be angry. It was the bad time before the siesta. The bad time of midday."

"The lieutenant is master here," he answered in a tone that was meant to be gruff, but which was only strained.

"Chatelain, don't be angry. You have something to say to me. You know what I mean."

"I don't know really. No, I don't know."

"Chatelain, Chatelain, why not be sensible? Tell me something about Captain de Saint-Avit."

"Lieutenant, lieutenant," he fairly cried. "I swear that what I know, or nothing——"

"What you know you are going to tell me, and right away. If not, I give you my word of honor that, for a month, I shall not speak to you except on official business."

"All right, then, lieutenant," he said, with a great sigh. "But afterwards you must not blame me for having told you things about a superior which should not be told and come only from the tails I overheard at mess."

"Tell away."

"It was in 1899. I was then mess sergeant at Sfax, with the 4th Spahis. I had a good record, and besides, as I did not drink the adjutant had...

Life Love and Laughter

Season On at Sagamore Hill

Sagamore Hill, June 17.—Quite the busiest spot in this section of the South Shore is Sagamore Hill. Practically every cottage has opened its portals for the season, and from the program of events scheduled on the calendar, a busy season is looked for. Among the list of businesses whose name tops the list is Mrs. Mary J. Sheaton, whose Summer home on this street has already been the scene of many festive occasions, the most recent event being the whist tea for the benefit of raising money to help defray the expenses of the beautiful memorial window recently inserted in St. Anne's Church, Wareham in memory of Father O'Brien, whose talents and honorary is dear to the hearts of the parishioners of that both Summer and Winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Jose are also among the list of hosts for this week at their attractive home, The Abbeys, on Bay street, Assisting them in entertaining are their daughters, Miss Ruth Jose, who with the latter two having recently returned from Miami, where they spent the Winter months chaperoned by their mother.

Other visitors to the sunny Southern climes to lately return to their homes here are Mr. and Mrs. and Miss Dolan of Day street, who were also members of the Miami contingent the past Winter.

Not A Blemish
Have the perfect appearance of hair and complexion. Use Hyomei Cream. Skin troubles are effectively concealed. Produces unrivalled color and corrects defects. Price $1.00 at druggists or by mail.
R. T. HOPKINS & SON, New York
Hyomei Oriental Cream

Manchester

Manchester, June 17.—Miss Grace Merrill who has been spending the Winter in Cambridge, arrives at her Bridge street residence the first of the week. Miss Merrill's brother and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Myles E. Merrill are spending the Summer in China.

Mr. and Mrs. John C. Ellsworth and family of North Road, Lad., an- nounce the birth of a daughter, named "Marcelle" the latter part of the week. Miss Helene Ellsworth was the recent guest of her maternal grand parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Chadwick of Lowell, the first of the month.

Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Abbott have as their guest Miss James Jackson of Boston.

Recent arrivals at the Manchester Summer colony include Dr. and Mrs. J. Henry Lanchester, Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Carnegie M. Mr. and Mrs. Frank Bell and Mr. and Mrs. Everett Morss.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Rhodes of Brooklyn, who have their daughters the Misses Helen and Priscilla Rhodes have been Summer residents in this section for several years, have registered at the Casa Genesta, Magnolia, for July and August.

Dr. James H. Anderson and daughter, Miss C. F. Anderson, are at the Casa Del Mar this week the first of the week.

The Summer residence of Manchester are looking forward to the annual exhibition of roses which will be held in Horticultural Hall, on Wednesday, June 27, and Thursday, June 28.

Miss Elizabeth B. Forrest of Brooklyn, who has been the recent charming young person who has been the Smith-Coolidge nuptials on Saturday last, at Hyannis Port, Magnolia.

Wedding of Miss Coolidge at Beverly

Beverly Farms, June 17.—One of the most attractive weddings of the season took place yesterday at St. John's Episcopal Church, Beverly Farms, when Miss Katherine Coolidge, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wilder Coolidge of "Sycamore Farm," Magnolia, became the bride of Mr. Geoffrey Story Smith of Philadelphia. A large reception followed at the Magnolia residence.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph S. Hoyt, Jr., of New York, arrived recently at Beverly Farms, where they will be the guests of the latter's parents for two months. Mr. and Mrs. Frank Sherbury.

Mrs. John Livingston Grandin, Sr., of No. 441 Commonwealth avenue, Boston, has opened her Summer home, Elm Top, at Beverly Cove, for this season.

The people of the Beverly Farms Music School gave a most interesting program last week at the school before their many friends. The school is fast gaining prominence and is widely patronized over the North Shore.

Dr. and Mrs. Henry F. Sears, with their daughter, Miss Sears and Miss Miss Jean, arrived from France last week. They will spend the Summer at their home in Beverly Farms.

Harwich

Harwich, June 17.—Mr. and Mrs. Chester Snow of Boston were among the early arrivals for the Summer.

Professor Mayo B. Jones of Claremont, Cal., is spending a few days here prior to sailing for Europe.

Mrs. Nellie Weekes of Brooklyn is the guest of Mrs. Hattie Kohler of Brooklyn and the Misses Kohler are at Harwichport for the Summer, as are also Miss Wilson and Mrs. Eaton of Wakefield, who are at the Chase cottage.

Loaded Auto Vans Crowd Cape Roads

Brewster Bay, June 17.—The Summer season on the Cape is now in full swing, and in good earnest. While in some of the resorts it has been stated that there will be less visitors in the Cape this year than last year, yet at the present time there is no denying the fact that there have been more loaded auto vans coming this way than ever before.

Gifts Enrich Galleries At Boston Museum of Fine Arts



"The Little Housewife," a painting by Marion Powers.



Mrs. George Hale Reed of Winchester; portrait by Marion L. Powers.

By JEAN NUTTING OLIVER

All the Winter and Spring many gifts and works of art have been added which have enriched the general collection.

Dr. Ross' and Dr. Bigelow's donations, individually shown in the galleries, consist of Chinese and European paintings with many Japanese and Chinese objects of art. A very remarkable collection of Japanese prints has been given by Dr. Bigelow, and a fine gift by Mr. Brooking.

A gift by Mrs. W. Scott Fitz is a painting by Lotti—the Daughter of Herodias, with the head of John the Baptist. This will honorably augment the long list of paintings by Italian masters, while Mrs. Scott Fitz has already given many others.

Two portraits by Gilbert Stuart have been left to the museum by Mrs. Sherlock G. H. da Quitman, and the great portrait by Sargent, known for Ernest Dressel, has come to the museum by Ernest Dressel, and this will become the property of the museum through the gift of Mrs. Longfellow. Miss Alice M. Longfellow and Mrs. Annie A. Longfellow Wadsworth are the donators of the portraits under colors by John S. Sargent, and Ethel Reed by Macneil, Alice Schaffer by Francis Murphy and George Jones by Sargent.

At the Copley Gallery the present Summer exhibition has been greatly enriched by gifts of water colors by H. H. Warren, recently made public.

North Shore News of Interest

Robert W. Minns and family have a delightful Summer home in Topsfield, where they spend many happy days. The home for the Summer months of this estimable family.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Whittlesey who have a fine home in Topsfield, will spend the Summer at North Haven, Me.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry E. Perkins of Salem have a fine home at Hamilton, have opened Red Top Farm at Hamilton. The younger members of the family room the countryside and will be there all the Summer. Manners is the delightful spot.

Captain James Edward Hall, master of Salem Harbor, and Mrs. Hall, have recently returned from Jamaica at Bedford. The Misses Clark have recently returned from Northfield commencement exercises.

Mrs. George S. Hodgkins of Beverly is at Hamilton, and Mrs. Stuart are visiting friends in Hamilton for the building of the Church when the time shall warrant it.

Marblehead

Miss Henrietta P. Upton of Salem has opened her lovely Summer home in Middleton.

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar J. Ives of Essex street, Salem, are at Marblehead for the Summer months.

J. Foster Smith, agent of the Eastern Yacht Club, has returned to Boston, and Mrs. Smith are occupying their home, Marblehead, for the Summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Waldo Ballard, who have been at Washington during the Winter, are at Marblehead, where they are interested in their new property, "Snow Coat."

Yacht Club Gay With Visitors

Marblehead, June 17.—This is the week-end that the yachtsmen have been looking for the first of the Corinthian Yacht Club series is being held and with much interest shown. The past week has filled the harbor up with boats and the yachts' crews are gay with visitors as well as members. The hotels are celebrating their first real holiday of the season with sure good banner and the Saturday night dances were in order.

The North Shore drive, one of the finest anywhere around, is to have a further link in its course down the Cape, in the new road that is being built between Gloucester and Rockport, which will be known as a part of the new Bayard Lane Beach. The road will be open for traffic in another month and will help to relieve the crowded conditions that now exist on the main road.

Mrs. Eugene H. Clapp of Marblehead's Point, Swampscott, has announced the engagement of her daughter, Miss Gwendolyn Clapp, to Mr. Edward Cox of Wednesday Monday Club recently. Miss Gwendolyn's engagement to Mr. Cox has been announced.

The Junior Every Day Club of Lynn held a dance at the Sunbeam on Paradise road, Swampscott, Friday night with a large number present. The proceeds go into the fund for charity. Miss Polly Perry, Miss Lillian Allen, Miss Dorothea Breed and Miss Ruth Hart were in charge of the dance, and the chaperones were Mrs. Howard E. Turnbull, Mrs. D. B. Hill, Mrs. Carl A. Hemlyd, Mrs. F. Floyd and Mrs. J. C. Hart.

Mrs. William Armstrong of Lynnfield Center has returned from Boston, where she has been the guest of friends, having stayed there for the Winter months. Mrs. Armstrong's daughter, Miss Ruth Armstrong, is the younger girls on the dance.

Mrs. Frederick Pierce of Lynn is ill at her home on Nahant road, where she is confined to the house with a severe attack of grippe.

Mrs. Mary Farmer's portrait of Mrs. Reed of Winchester; portrait by Marion L. Powers. A portrait of this talented young painter's style.

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Linens With Which to Fashion The Popular Sleeveless Frock

Non-Shrink Linens
In many colors and of a weight that you will agree is just right, 36 in. wide. A yard 1.00

Guaranteed Fast Color Linens
Think of the joy in being sure it won't change color with sun, wind, or rubbing. A yd. 1.60

Cotton Materials If You Prefer
Eponge—the correct thing this year. Everfast Suiting, with staid coloring that nothing moves, and which has our guarantee to this effect.

A Bargain in Eponge
Marked from 2.00 to 95c a yard
Filet weaves in desirable colorings. This is imported.
Marked from 89c to 75c a yard
In checks and plaids. Attractive for smart sport skirts. This is domestic.

Dotted Voiles
In a Burst of Color
All size dots in color combinations that are piquant. Pindots, polka dots, coin spots. Limited quantity, yard, 40 inches wide.
39c

Handkerchief Values
For Vacation Time
Women's Hand Thread Drawn Hemstitched Handkerchief with ½-inch hem —also the desirable 1-10-inch hem suitable for tatting. Pure Irish linen. Six for 1.74
Men's Pure Irish Linen hemstitched handkerchiefs, 6 for 1.50

Inexpensive Items
For the Summer Cottage
Ruffled Voile Curtains of excellent quality and made well. Worth all up 3.50. This week only, a pair 2.69
Cretonnes in a variety for selection. A yard 29c and up.

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Everything in Linens
37-39 Temple Place—Boston 10—25-31 West Street

Ten Minutes of Care Each Day Paved the Way for Her Happiness.



Still had never experienced a moment of him equal to that one of when he clipped the speaking address over the child finger of her hand. She had half expected it that night—and had spent a baby's and the hand with her mother. But it was the rich surprise of each day that paved the way for this moment of happiness.

The time required to make proper care of complexion is negligible. The reward is unbelievable. A good cleansing cream used at night and a good day cream used before applying make-up is the secret of your daily treatments. The—for which purpose is that of choosing the purest and most beneficial cream for nature's sake use

PLEXO

For the Woman Who Cares

A Personal Message to Women

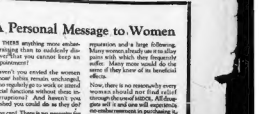


THERE anything more embarrassing than to suddenly discover that you cannot keep an appointment?

Haven't you envied the women whose lashes remain unchanged, who regularly go to work or attend social functions without close inspection? And haven't you wished you could do anything for them?

You can! There is no reason for women to suffer pain during their periods. Many women use MIDOL to relieve pain at such times. It is absolutely safe, contains no harmful drug and leaves no unfavorable after-effect. It relieves that dull headache and that backing-down backache, as well as all other pain at such occasions.

MIDOL has long been used to relieve headache and has universally



"Why, no, dear! Do you mean to say that I had passed a perfectly evening without knowing it? Why, I'm disappointed at all times and never dare to make any engagements."

MIDOL

Midol

Attractions for the Week on Stage and Screen

Odds and Ends About the Stage

By E. F. HARKINS.

YOU may have read that Leon Errol and Walter Catlett share the same shower at the Colonial. They have a sort of little suite all to themselves—two dressing rooms and bath. A little farther toward the front of the house is the family Miller apartment, stage floor, right side of the house, convenient for quick changes.

Yes, Errol and Catlett are friends, neighbors, real teammates, jolly entertainers off and on the stage. Their apartment at the Colonial is a whirl all through the performance, for when the two comedians are not changing costumes or bolting in and out of the shower bath they are holding impromptu receptions. Other members of the company drop in for a bit of cracked ice. Vaudeville headliners show up occasionally to talk shop. And friends, more or less professional, turn the corner to say how-dye do to one or the other or both—generally both. Oftentimes the Intermission turns into a fanning bee, with Fred Mitchell or Dick Rudolph listening in. The comedians think they're Braves mascots.

It's one long round of mirthful excitement from overture time till the dressers are left all by themselves to pick up the stray duds. Everything informal, free-and-easy, vat businesslike. In the midst of one of Errol's best golf stories in bursts Catlett with "Hey Leo! That's a corking good idea. We'll do it that way," referring to some new funny business they are developing in some "Sally" scene. And while Catlett is reciting some endless scene he learned out on the California stage when he was a kid he has to stop to find the tall grass he borrowed from Errol's room. Everything goes that way, topsy-turvy like, but jolly as an old-time christening.

The team work, the comradeship, the zest for entertaining—these things make up the atmosphere of the dressing-room suite. They also explain much of the success of "Sally." You should see Miss Miller dance a jig back stage in bridal togs, from orange blossoms to satin slippers, as she waits behind the Little Church Around the Corner settings for her final entrance amid the clang of wedding bells.

MARK KENT'S LATEST SUCCESS

Like Walter Gilbert, who plays the title role in "Slippy McGee," Mark Kent is making his biggest hit of the year in the melodrama at the St. James.

Kent, character actor, is a native Bostonian; perhaps the only one in the Boston Stock Company. But he has played in stock companies all around the map, from Winnipeg to Washington and from Portland, Way down East, to Detroit and Chicago.

To show how versatile a good actor must be Kent has done some of his very best work this season in two roles as far apart as the Police Chief in Professor Moriarty, the master-crook in "Sherlock Holmes," and now as Father De Rance, the mild-mannered yet red-blooded shepherd of the flock, in the play that Edward E. Rose has himself a former Boston writer, made out of Marie Conway Oemler's throbbing story of romance and intrigue in Dixieland.

Not so long ago Messrs. Gilbert and Kent were playing ringside out in Syracuse. Florence Roberts, another popular member of the company at the St. James, was with them then, too.

Mark Kent has been a Boston favorite since the palmy days of the old Castle Square. Up to date, in the course of his long career in stock, he has played more than 900 different roles in no less than 700 plays.

GAYETY THEATRE

Barney Gerard's "Follies of the Day" will continue as the attraction at the Gayety this week, in response to public demand. The length of the Boston run of this brilliant revue is amazing the theatrical world. "Follies of the Day" has made a greater hit than any burlesque revue that ever played in this city. In the soubrette role, Zoe North, a Boston girl, is making her debut this week. She is a striking beauty, with a remarkable singing voice and wonderful dancing ability. "Bozo" Snyder, inimitable pantomime comedian who leads the fun makers, is the talk of the city.

BOSTON THEATRE

Dustin Farnum, starring in his latest picture, "Strange Idols" is the feature for the Boston Theatre this coming week. It is a romance of the primitive forest and of the city's hectic life. Jack La Vier, "Jester to the American public," heads the vaudeville. Burt and Rosedale, in "The Substitute," Margaret Ford; Wilson, Howard and Wilson; and "Gypsie Songsters" make up an excellent vaudeville program. Larry Semon's latest comedy, "A Pair of Kings," an Aesop's Fable, Pathe News, and Topics of the Day complete the show.

BOWDOIN SQUARE

"Where is My Wandering Boy Tonight?" will be the picture feature at the Bowdoin Square this week. Dustin Farnum will appear in the Fox production. "Iron to Gold." Larry Semon will amuse in the comedy offering, "A Pair of Kings," and "Do Get 'Em, Hutch," andafive entertaining vaudeville specialties will round out the bill.







Novelties Make Norumbega Popular

DANNY DUGGAN, king of ballroom dancers, who has been creating a furore along the Keith circuit this season, will be the headliner at the theatre in Norumbega Park the first of the week. He is assisted by Anna Pierce, dancing partner, and by Fred Sanborn, xylophone player, whose work is an act in itself. Sanborn formerly starred with Bert Lowe's orchestra.

An excellent musical act will be presented by Norman & Saul. The Franklin Brothers, in feats of balancing, are also billed.

On the screen the feature will be a Canadian Mounted Police drama, "Changing of the Northwest," with Eugene O'Brien as the star. The entire bill will be changed on Thursday. There will be special Sunday concerts.

Mazie Lunette's thrilling aerial slide is being presented each afternoon and evening as a free attraction. Free radio concerts are also attracting many to the park. Radio dinners in the cafe, dancing to the music of an up-to-date orchestra, band concerts, canoeing, the zoo and many other attractions are all doing their share toward making this the best season Norumbega has known.

ST. JAMES THEATRE.

"Slippy McGee" is now the only play left in Boston. It will start tomorrow night the fourth week of its supplementary run at the St. James, with Walter Gilbert and Mark Kent still playing the roles in which they have made the biggest successes in their careers. This is the first time in many years that any Boston stock company has made so pronounced a hit in a play first produced in mid-season. In fact, "Slippy McGee" is the most popular stock company production seen here since "Common Clay" was done by the Craig Players. This will probably be the last week of the engagement.

MODERN AND BEACON.

The picturing of A. James Oliver Curwood's story, "The Broken Silence," and a Rupert Hughes photoplay, "The Wall Flower," will head the first-run picture bill for the coming week at the Modern and Beacon. The Curwood film is a stirring drama centering around the love of a member of the Northwest Mounted Police for a woman suspected of murder. The plot mounts to a big climax. The cast is headed Zena Keefe and Robert Elliott. Mr. Hughes has provided a story full of charm and humor. Colleen Moore has the leading role. A new Larry Semon comedy, "A Pair of Kings," and new pictures will complete the bill.

GORDON'S OLYMPIA

Montague Love, famous motion picture star now making a short tour in vaudeville, is the headline performer on the vaudeville bill this week at Gordon's Olympia. He delivers a monologue crammed with interest. Other attractions include Frances Kennedy, a little comedienne who sings exclusive songs, and the Parisian Trio in an original offering. The feature photoplay is Irene Castle starring in "No Trespassing" by Joseph C. Lincoln, famous author of many Cape Cod tales. The picture was actually made on Cape Cod, and it gives many glimpses of the sand dunes and the picturesque towns along the cape.

PROVINCETOWN TRIPS.

Daily trips to Provincetown, first landing place of the Pilgrims, have started. It is an all-day excursion across Boston Bay to the tip of Cape Cod. The Boston terminal is at Bay Line Wharf, 400 Atlantic avenue. The Provincetown boat, the Dorothy Bradford, has capacity of 1,650 passengers. Music, an up-to-date luncheon and ample stateroom accommodations are features of the Province town service.





Nantasket Beach and Plymouth Service

NANTASKET trips by boat from Rowes Wharf offer, en route, views of historic spots in Boston harbor. Those who leave the boat at Pemberton may continue along the beach by train, Nantasket, itself, has a variety of popular attractions, including shore dinners, bathing and amusements of all sorts.

Boats leave the Atlantic avenue wharf every hour. On Sunday, if necessary, extra boats are put on to avoid crowding.

From the same wharf, boats for Plymouth, the famous Pilgrim settlement on the South Shore, are leaving every morning. The Plymouth trip takes all day, with a midday stop for dinner and sightseeing. On the way down and back the passengers are entertained by radio concerts.

GORDON'S SCOLLAY SQ.

This week at Gordon's Scollay Sq. the headline act is entitled "The Midnight Show." It presents Eddie Kane and J. Herman in a medley of peppy fun, music and dancing. Other big acts are Herman & Shirley in "The Mysterious Masquerader"; Mack & Zelmar in "Songs and Stories," and Wilson & Kepple, "The Wizards of the Wooden Shoes." In whirlwind clog dances. The photoplay program includes the laughing success, "Is Matrimony a Failure?" The plot of the story brings out many screamingly funny situations as a certain romantic couple and many other older couples of the town of Galesburg learn they are not legally wedded.



Scene from "THE BLACK BAG" LOEW'S ORPHEUM

POP CONCERTS IN FIFTH WEEK

This will be the eighth week of the Pop Concerts in Symphony Hall. Only two more weeks remain of the season which in attendance is now assured to be the largest the Pops have ever had.

Generously responding to popular demand, Agide Jacchia and the Pops Symphony Orchestra add numerous encores every night to programs already abundant, making the musical fare rich indeed. Meanwhile, on warmer nights ice cream and Pop Punch disappear in enormous quantities.

Tomorrow's concert has been requisitioned by Boston University, but all other nights are open to the public, including Notre Dame Night on Friday, June 23.

LOEW'S STATE.

At Loew's State for the coming week—"Over the Border," with Betty Compson and Tom Moore, is the feature production. The production is an adaptation from the story, "She of the Triple Chevron," by Sir Gilbert Parker. The picture is filmed among mountain settings which thrill with their beauty.

The companion photoplay is Metro's production of Gareth Hughes in "Don't Write Letters," a romance of youth, missives, and mystery, of misunderstandings and mishaps, of misadventures and a miss. The comedy is Larry Semon in "A Pair of Kings." The remainder of the bill is made up of Pathe News and Review.

LANCASTER THEATRE.

Constance Binney will be seen at the Lancaster for the first three days of the week in "The Sleep Walker." This is said to be one of the best vehicles in which Miss Binney has been seen. Jack Mulhall has the leading man's role. The program Thursday will include Gwen Moore in "Reported Missing" and Viola Dana, in "Seeing's Believing."

COLONIAL THEATRE.

"Sally," entering its ninth capacity week at the Colonial, will become the only legitimate theatre offering in Boston. Its stay depends chiefly upon the continued public demand for seats. But Marilyn Miller, Leon Errol and their associates have been promised a brief vacation before "Sally" leaves to fill its fast approaching Chicago date. This musical play is a thing of beauty and a harpassing delight.

Change of Bill in Vaudeville and Films

VAUDEVILLE and pictures offer the only changes of bill. "Sally" is the only musical comedy and "Slippy McGee" the only play remaining. Summer parks and harbor trips are features of the day.

KEITH'S THEATRE

The bill at Keith's next week is a notable one. Vivienne Segal, well known to musicale comedy and star of "Oh, Lady Lady," is making her first vaudeville appearance in an act with songs by Irving Berlin. Ivan Bankoff, one of the most famous male dancers, is co-featured with Miss Segal. With Bankoff is Beth Cannon, a Boston girl and a product of a local dancing school. Jay and Dorothy Henricks, favorite New England ballroom dancers, assisted by Morey Pearl's orchestra, are another feature of the program. Other acts are Bob Hall, William Ebs, Hawthorne and Cook, Ann Gray, Sansone and Delila and "Drama."

LOEW'S ORPHEUM.

At Loew's Orpheum Theatre this week the vaudeville is headed by "Toyland Frolics," a melodious musical and dance festival with a quartet of superlative artists. Others on the bill are Dunham and Williams in "Happiness"; Lewis and Henderson in "Just Two Little Girls," and other fine acts. The photoplay feature is Herbert Rawlinson in "The Black Bag," his newest release. The production is a smashing drama of mystery, romance and thrills from the famous novel by Louis Joseph Vance. Another headline attraction is Larry Semon in "A Pair of Kings," his newest comedy.

GORDON'S CENTRAL SQ.

"Smilin' Through," Norma Talmadge's film which created a sensation when presented in Boston recently is the attraction for the first half of this week at Gordon's Central Sq. Norma plays a dual role, first appearing as dainty Monyeen, bride who was murdered on her wedding day by a rejected suitor. She later appears as Kathleen, pretty niece of the dead woman. Several other excellent photoplay features are on the program.

Clothes Help in Comedy, Says "Bozo"

CLOTHES also have much to do with making a comedian, according to Tommy "Bozo" Snyder, "the man who never speaks," but who creates much fun with his pantomime comedy in Barney Gerard's "Follies of the Day" at the Gayety.

"Bozo" is a genius at devising funny costumes and he attributes much of his stage success to his ability to fashion clothes that suit his comedy work.

"There is something about a pair of flapping shoes and baggy trousers that tickles people," he says. "Can you imagine a comedian appearing on the stage in a correct business or dress suit and 'putting across' any funny lines? Without the ludicrous costumes the funniest lines and situations would fail flat.

"It is a wise comedian who gives as much time to his costumes as he gives to his lines and 'business.'"

Amusements

LOEW'S STATE
MASSACHUSETTS AVENUE — CONTINUOUS 1 P.M. TO 11 P.M.
WEEK of JUNE 19
AN AVALANCHE OF THRILLS!
OVER THE BORDER
WITH BETTY COMPSON and TOM MOORE
DARING DEEDS AND RECKLESS MEN THE BLIZZARDS OF THE NORTH THE ROMANCE OF A DAZZLING HEROINE WHO BEWITCHED THE LAW A SENSATIONAL TWO-STAR TRIUMPH!
IN ADDITION TO
BERT LYTELL in "SHERLOCK BROWN"
LARRY SEMON in "A PAIR OF KINGS"
SUNDAY VAUDEVILLE AND PHOTOPLAYS DOORS OPEN at 2:30 P. M.

Amusements

COLONIAL EVES. at 8 MATS. WED. & SAT. at 2
CURTAIN AT 8 P.M. SHARP
DIRECTION ERLANGER, DILLINGHAM & ZIEGFELD — Thomas B. Lothian, Manager
SECURE YOUR SEATS NOW,
AT THE BOX-OFFICE OR BY MAIL ORDER
BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE
TO SEE THE MUSICAL COMEDY MARVEL
SALLY
ZIEGFELD'S INCOMPARABLE TRIUMPH!
MARILYN MILLER
LEON ERROL
THE ONE SURVIVING ATTRACTION OF BOSTON'S SPRING AND SUMMER SEASON!
FROM HERE "SALLY" GOES TO CHICAGO AND CANNOT POSSIBLY PLAY ELSEWHERE IN NEW ENGLAND
9th TREMENDOUS WEEK
POPULAR MATINEES, WED. & SAT.

Amusements

GORDON'S
SCOLLAY SQ. OLYMPIA
Week of June 19 Paramount Presents
IS MATRIMONY A FAILURE?
with T. ROY BARNES — LILA LEE
LOIS WILSON — WALTER HIERS
The Jolliest Comic Picture Ever Filmed
BIG VAUDEVILLE PROGRAM
KANE & HERMAN
In "MIDNIGHT SONS"
MACK & ZELMAR
In "SONGS and STORIES"
WILSON & KEPPLE
The Wizards of the Wooden Shoes
HERMAN & SHIRLEY
"The Mysterious Masquerader"
DON FONG QUE
Spectacular Chinese Novelty
LARRY SEMON in "A Pair of Kings"
TO OUR LADY PATRONS
Tea Luncheon and Ice Cream served free every day from 12 Noon to 7 P. M. in the Ladies' Rest Room
SUNDAY CONCERT 2 to 10:30

Cosmopolitan Productions

Bookings on Cosmopolitan

"ENCHANTMENT"
Starring Marion Davies
June 18-20, Crown, Lowell.
June 21-22, Needham, Needham.
June 22, Conniston, Newport, N. H.
June 24, Hammond Hall, Ludlow, Vt.

"BOOMERANG BILL"
June 19, Conniston, Newport, N. H.
June 23, Community, E. Jaffrey, N. H.

"JUST AROUND THE CORNER"
June 19, Magnet, Charlemont, N. H.

"GET-RICH-QUICK WALLINGFORD"
June 19, Elm, Edgartown.
June 20, Champlain, Swanton, Vt.
June 20, Idle Hour, Belmont.
June 20, Pastime, Chicopee.

"BACK PAY"
June 19, Savoy, Northfield, Vt.
June 19-20, McCabe's, Nutting's Lake.
June 20, Star, Concord, N. H.
June 21-22, Orpheum-Broadway, Somerville.
June 24, Strand, Taunton.

"BEAUTY'S WORTH"
Starring Marion Davies
June 18, Colonial, Worcester.
June 19-20, Fitchburg, Fitchburg, Vt.
June 21-22, Harvard, North Cambridge
June 21, Empire, Whitman.
June 22-24, Strand, Pawtucket, R. I.

"FIND THE WOMAN"
June 19-21, Academy of Music, Northampton.
June 19-21, Bellevue, Central Falls, R. I.
June 21-22, Mayflower, Mayflower Square.
June 24, Elm, North Attleboro.

"THE GOOD PROVIDER"
June 18-21, Strand, Pawtucket, R. I.
June 19-20, Star, Concord, N. H.

"THE BEAUTY SHOP"
June 19-20, Olympia, South Boston.
June 19-20, Imperial, South Boston.
June 19-20, Opera House, Newton.
June 21-22, Strand, Norwood.
June 22-24, Strand, Lynn.
June 23-24, Waverley, Marblehead.
June 23, Strand, Randolph, Vt.

"HUMORESQUE"
June 24, Town Hall, Bucks.

"HELIOTROPE"
June 20, Strand, Providence, R. I.

"THE INSIDE OF THE CUP"
June 18, Broadway, Chelsea.
June 19-21, Henderson's, Woodsville, N. H.
June 21-22, Strand, Somersworth, N.H.
June 22, Modern, Providence, R. I.
June 24, Proctorsville, Proctorsville, Vt.

"THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM"
June 19, Town Hall, Wilton, N. H.
June 24, Town Hall, Granby.

"STRAIGHT IS THE WAY"
June 19-20, Lawley Bros., Greenfield.
June 19-20, Opera House, Waterbury, Vt.

"THE WILD GOOSE"
June 21-22, Crown, Lowell.
June 23, Globe, Clinton.

"THE WOMAN GOD CHANGED"
June 21, Modern, Providence, R. I.
June 21, Opera House, Wakefield, R.I.

"THE BRIDE'S PLAY"
Starring Marion Davies
June 19-20, Playhouse, Wellesley.
June 21-22, Ware, Beverly.

Close-ups for Movie Fans

BAY STATE FILM NEAR COMPLETION

Last week was an interesting one for the company enacting the romantic and historic roles in "Down to the Sea in Ships" under the personal direction of Elmer Clifton at New Bedford. They went to sea on the "Wanderer" to "shoot" some intimate scenes "on shipboard" with the crew that had been down in the Carribean sea last Winter "getting" whales. The first night out they hit a fog which enabled them to obtain some unusual silhouette fog pictures on the high seas.

The chief cameraman was almost run down by the Fall River boat Priscilla while standing in a small boat "shooting" the Wanderer in the fog of last Monday night. Raymond McKee, leading man of "Down to the Sea in Ships," Patrick Hartigan, the first mate, and "heavy" lead in the production, began the series of "mutiny scenes" to be shown on ship board.

While there are fights to the very death for a girl in these scenes, the girl is far from the locale of the action in peaceful New Bedford town. The only woman on the ship is the little "stowaway," Dot, played by dainty Clara Bow.

Mr. Clifton will finish the taking of the many romantic scenes during the next month, and he expects to have the complete production ready for presentation to the public in September. It will be seen with all the interesting atmosphere of the Whaling industry, with a love story of a Quaker girl and a "worldly" young chap of daring deeds, and with the most historic settings in America. Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Cleveland, Detroit, Chicago, St. Louis, San Francisco and other large American cities will see "Down to the Sea in Ships" in superproduction atmosphere.

EQUINE STARS STEAL CLOSE-UP



The mounts of Betty Compson and Tom Moore in "Over the Border," film coming to Loew's State tomorrow, soon became camera-wise, and when this close-up of the stars was shot they horned right in. Miss Compson attributed this realization of the value of publicity to their innate horse-sense.

FIREWORK EXHIBIT AT BRAVES FIELD

"Scrapping the Navy," and "The Dawn of Peace," the $50,000 fireworks spectacle produced by the International Fireworks Company, will be shown at Braves Field for two nights only, on Wednesday and Thursday, July 12 and 13. The Peace Conference gave John Serpico, president of the International, which is the largest producer of fireworks in the world, the idea of a thrilling show based upon the destruction of warships, planned at the Washington Conference. But the Serpico idea is that the warships shall assemble off the Potomac River and engaged in a great sham battle. Then comes the big blow-up. When the last ship has sunk, a mammoth fire pageant depicting the "Dawn of Peace" will be shown.

PAUL DICKEY WILL DEPICT TOUGH BIRD

Douglas Fairbanks has engaged Paul Dickey to play the chief heavy role in the super-feature which he is making to succeed his "The Three Musketeers." Dickey was signed up during Doug's stay in New York. He will have the role of a bad man of the Crusader period.

WAR HORSES IN COSMO PICTURE

The life of an artillery horse may be short—but he has some big moments.

Horses from the 105th Field Artillery took part in the big Cosmopolitan Production, "When Knighthood Was in Flower," starring Marion Davies. The horses were used in the escape of Princess Mary Tudor from King Louis' palace in France with her gallant lover, Charles Brandon, played by Forrest Stanley.

Only old stagers of spirit and poise could be counted on to transport the fleeing lovers through the driving rain, with the wind blowing a gale and the lightning flashing incessantly.

Bill and Mike, who have been accustomed to the rumbling of the heavy caissons and the roaring of the guns for years, did their bit in the photoplay as precisely as though they understood every word Director Vignola said.

The cast of Brandon and Princess Mary is one of the most picturesque episodes in this highly colorful picture which is filled to the brim with romance and adventure.

OTHELLO'S FAULT IN LIFE OF TODAY

If a husband does not trust his wife, if he is unreasonably jealous, if he judges by appearances, does marriage pay for a woman? A woman has answered these questions in "Don't Doubt Your Wife," a powerful film starring Leah Baird, which will be shown at Loew's Orpheum during the last three days of the coming week. Miss Baird herself wrote "Don't Doubt Your Wife."

The film is the first of a series of six Leah Baird productions for Associated Exhibitors.

SWEET IRENE



Irene Castle, goddess of the dance and of the screen, will be seen this week at Gordon's Olympia in "No Trespassing."

GOT SUNBURNED FROM THE SNOW

The faces of the members of the company of "The Valley of Silent Men," the new Cosmopolitan production, looked like fried steaks when they were through filming the picture in the Canadian Rockies.

The glare of the sun on the snow burns the face and eyes. The minute the camera stopped grinding, handkerchiefs were placed over faces and dark eyeglasses put on, to ward off the glare.

Lights in picture studios are considered hard on the eyes, but the members of the Cosmopolitan Company declare that the huge covered mountains of Canada beat even the studios for hardships.

RADIO CONCERTS AT CENTRAL SQ.

No longer is it necessary for residents of Cambridge, West Somerville, Belmont, Arlington, Watertown and nearby communities to own radio receiving sets in order to hear the best programs broadcasted, Gordon's Central Square Theatre, Cambridge, has installed an elaborate receiving set on the stage and programs from stations in all parts of the country will be received and amplified for the entertainment of Central Square patrons.

Marguerite Marsh was born in Kansas, which shows that even a terrible misfortune like that can't kill talent.

WEDDING BELLE



Lila Lee, black-eyed movie maid, comes tomorrow to Gordon's Scollay Square, in "Is Matrimony A Failure?"

CONNIE TO TRY TO MAKE US CRY

Constance Talmadge has started work on "East Is West," her first seven-reel special production, for First National, in which she plays "Ming Toy."

Sidney Franklin is directing, and those engaged for the supporting cast thus far are: Frank Lanning, who will have the role of "Hon Toy"; Edward Burns, who will play "Billy Benson"; E. A. Warren, to be seen as "Lo Sang Kee," and Warner Oland, who will be "Charlie Young." Frances Marion is responsible for the screen adaptation of this Samuel Shipman play.

Particular interest will be attached to this "East Is West" picture, because it marks Constance Talmadge's departure from the type of picture in which she has been appearing. Despite her great success in light comedies of the Emerson-Loos variety, Miss Talmadge feels that she no longer wants to be pigeonholed as a naughty butterfly-girl, a flirtatious widow, or a virtuous vamp. She prefers to go in for the more emotional and dramatic type, and her future stories will all be chosen by Joseph M. Schenck with this idea in mind.

THE WEEK'S WILDEST PRESS AGENT YARN

This charming animal story from the Famous Players-Lasky publicity factory, wins this week's award for imaginative power. The prize is a large slice of caterpillar pie.

"Trained caterpillars!

"That's what was needed for a scene in William de Mille's latest Paramount picture, 'Nice People.' And the caterpillar-actor was found.

"In the scene in question the caterpillar is required to crawl along Conrad Nagel's collar at an appropriate moment in the story. The caterpillar finally selected was lured by caterpillar food to make the hazardous journey while the camera recorded the feat."

INTERESTING SHOW AT GORDON'S STRAND

When Mae Murray, in "Fascination," comes to Gordon's Strand tomorrow, the popular Metro star will be supported by players, several of whom have themselves starred on Broadway. It is without doubt one of the strongest casts ever assembled in motion pictures, and includes Helen Ware, Vincent Coleman, Courtenay Foote, Creighton Hale, Charles Lane and Robert Frazer.

Miss Murray herself plays a girl who runs off to a bull fight and is involved in a series of stirring adventures.

DE GRASSE WILL BE ALL AROUND

Charles Ray has appointed the director for his forthcoming picture for United Artists. Charlie's megaphone handler will be Joseph De Grasse, one of the veterans of the game on the West Coast.

Thurston Hall seems destined to go down to posterity as the typical Rex Beach villain. The Rex Beach stories are a good hearty villain, and Hall was there with ample gusto in two current screen versions, "The Iron Trail" and "Fair Lady."

THE SERPICO IDEA

Douglas Fairbanks has engaged Paul Dickey to play the chief heavy role in the super-feature which he is making to succeed his "The Three Musketeers." Dickey was signed up during Doug's stay in New York. He will have the role of a bad man of the Crusader period.

LATER HE FOUND OUT HIS MISTAKE

Richard Bartheimess' director, Henry King, was approached during the filming of "The Bondboy," by an assistant electrician.

"I would like two hours for lunch today," said the employe.

"How come?" asked the director.

"Well—well," stammered the young man, "I—I want to get married."

"Good heavens," said the director, "you'd better take the rest of the week off."

"No," replied the young man, after some study, "but I'll take a half day off. That's long enough to break in any wife."

DOUGLAS AND MARY EXCHANGE PRESENTS

Just before they left New York to resume work in California for United Artists, Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks "swapped" presents. Mary surprised Doug with a pedigreed Irish setter on the morning of departure. Doug was caught by surprise—he had nothing new to give Mary. So he dashed out along Fifth avenue and brought home a dress and a hat of his own selection for Mary to wear. She liked the style and color, but the Twentieth Century Limited was well on its way before anybody thought to wonder whether the gown would fit.

Harry Morey has been in pictures since 1909.

Amusements

Only Dramatic Show in Boston—Slippy McGee Outlives Them All

FIFTH BIG WEEK

SLIPPY McGEE

"No Wonder They Keep Piling in"—To The

ST. JAMES THEATRE

Cor. Huntington and Mass. Aves. Mats. daily except Mon., Thurs., 2:15—20c, 40c, 55c. Tel. Kenmore 4114—Sec. 165, 166, 167, 168. Phone Theatre B. B. 2881. Filene's, Jordan's, branch office Howe's, 58 Winter st., Beach 1993. Free Auto Parking or Special Garage Rate—Theatre Is Cooled.

Amusements

PHOTOPLAY THEATRES DE LUXE

MODERN — EXCLUSIVE FIRST RUN PHOTOPLAYS — BEACON

THE SHRINE OF PHOTOPLAYS

WASHINGTON ST. — OPERATED BY PUBLIX BOSTON — TREMONT ST.

FOLLOWING PROGRAM AT BOTH THEATRES

Amusements

JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD'S "The BROKEN SILENCE" Starring ZENA KEEFE

WITH J. BARNEY SHERRY, ROBERT ELLIOTT AND GYPSY O'BRIEN

(AND ON THE SAME BILL)

RUPERT HUGHES' DELIGHTFUL COMEDY ROMANCE OF A CHARMING UGLY DUCKLING

"The WALL FLOWER"

with COLLEEN MOORE and RICHARD DIX

New LARRY SEMON Comedy "A PAIR OF KINGS"

Amusements

BEAUTIFUL POPULAR RUMBEGA ON THE CHARLES

NOW OPEN AND IN FULL SWING

MOST BEAUTIFUL AMUSEMENT PARK IN THE EAST

CARS FROM ALL POINTS IN THE BOSTON ELEVATED

SPECIAL CARS FROM DUDLEY ST.

A REAL SENSATION

MAZIE LUNETTE In Her SLIDE FOR LIFE

TODAY 5 and 8. DROP OF 400 FEET

Miss Lunette is the only woman in the world performing this startling feat

$1.50 Dinners in the Restaurant, 75c Dinners in the Inlaid Casino. DANCING! DANCING! DANCING! In the Theatre, all seats 25c. Up-to-Date Vaudeville and Pictures. Free Open Air Vaudeville on the Steps. Free Concert by Rumbega Concert Orchestra. Zoological Gardens. Children's Playground. BAND CONCERTS DAILY.

Shooting Galleries, Sea Rail, Fish Pond

RADIO HALL TWICE DAILY

FREE RADIO CONCERTS

Tel. WEST NEWTON 227

Reservations for Theatre, Restaurant and Casino, WEST NEWTON 882

Admission to Park 15 Cents

Buy Combination Ticket from Street Car Conductor

Amusements

GORDON'S OLYMPIA — WASH. ST.

WEEK OF JUNE 19

Irene CASTLE

NO TRESPASSING

From the Best Picture Page by Joseph T. Linden

BIG VAUDEVILLE ATTRACTION

MONTAGUE LOVE

The Famous Moving Picture Star

FRANCES KENNEDY

In "EXCLUSIVE SONGS"

PARISIAN TRIO

Variety Offering "MOVING INN"

LAMBERT & FISH

In "YOUTH AND BEAUTY"

FRIDKIN, JR. & RHODA

NOVELTY DANCERS

LARRY SEMON in "A Pair of Kings"

FREE AUTO PARKING

Just Around the Corner on Beach St.

SUNDAY CONCERT, 2 to 10:30

BOWDOIN SQ. THEATRE CONTINUOUS

Two Minutes' Walk from Scollay Sq. Around the Corner on Court St. The Boston Family Resort for Ladies

SHOW STARTS at 10:30 A. M.

The Picture of Smiles—Pathos—Tears—Laughter

"Where Is My Wandering Boy Tonight?"

The Picture you will never forget. Story of a MOTHER and her WAYWARD BOY—of a country lass and a chorus girl. The story that makes sons proud to love mothers — and mothers proud of their sons.

DUSTIN FARNUM

In the Great New Production

"IRON TO GOLD"

Romance of a square man with a price on his head.

First Run in Boston.

LARRY SEMON

In "A Pair of Kings"

5 VAUDEVILLE ACTS

Radio Service Free to Patrons

Bargain Night Friday—Extra Acts

Today (Sunday) at 3 P. M.

2 Feature Pictures—5 Vaudeville Acts

Amusements

KEITH'S AMUSEMENT CENTRE OF BOSTON

Week June 19 at 7 A. S. R. G. LARSEN, Gen. Man.

BIG 60-FEATURE BILL OF STARS!

First Time in Vaudeville — Direct From His Late Broadway Success

IVAN BANKOFF

In The Dancing Master

With RUTH CARROW

A Classic in the Art of Smiles and Toe Dancing

Songs to Order While You Wait

Exlemporaneous Entertainer

WILLIAM EBBS

Vaudeville's Newest Monkey

Welcome Return, International Star

ANN GRAY

With Her Harp

First Time Here, New Comedy Success

HAWTHORNE & COOK

"No Hiptte or Reason," Just to Laugh

SANSONE & DELILA

Just a Little Different

DREAMS

Andrew Lesko's Hit

Aesop's Fable | Topics | Pathe News

EXTRA! EXTRA! EXTRA!

Initial Vaudeville Engagement

JAY AND DOROTHY HENRICKS

Popular Ballroom Dancers

With MOREY PEARL And His ORIGINAL ORCHESTRA

A Revue That Is Different

Seats one week in advance. Phone orders payable to Mgr. Keith's Theatre.

SUNDAY NIGHT AT 8 P. M.

Leo F. Reisman & Orchestra

AILEEN STANLEY, WHITING & KURZ, Monty & Duncan, "The Week Must," Hoston Boy, Dezo & Whittaker

NEXT WEEK—JOHN CRAIG

Amusements

Loew's ORPHEUM

IN THE HEART OF THE SHOPPING DISTRICT

Continuous 9:30 A.M. to 10:30 P.M.

EVERY SUNDAY START AT 2:30 P.M.

MON.-TUES. & WED.

A FILM CRAMMED WITH THRILLS !!

Herbert RAWLINSON

IN

"The BLACK BAG"

By LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE

GREAT VAUDEVILLE

"TOYLAND FROLICS"

MUSICAL AND DANCE FESTIVAL

DUNHAM & WILLIAMS

LEWIS & HENDERSON

And Others

LARRY SEMON

in "A PAIR OF KINGS"

LATEST PICTORIAL EVENTS

NEW SHOW THURSDAY

Big Sunday Show Today

VAUDEVILLE & PICTURES

Amusements

GAYETY THEATRE

TWICE DAILY—2:10 and 8:10 P. M.

STARTING MONDAY 6th CROWDED WEEK!

URBAN SCENERY IN 2 BIGGEST HITS IN TOWN

SALLY AT THE COLONIAL

AND THE GREATEST REVUE EVER SEEN AT POPULAR PRICES

BARNEY GERARD'S $20,000 PRODUCTION

FOLLIES OF THE DAY

WITH "BOZO" SNYDER

The MAN WHO NEVER SPEAKS

THE SHOW THEY'RE ALL TALKING ABOUT

THE LAUGHTER IS AS COOL AND REFRESHING AS THE OCEAN BREEZES

RESERVE YOUR SEATS BY PHONE, Beach 39

Amusements

NANTASKET BEACH

BOSTON'S ONLY

HARBOR SAIL BATHING

SHORE DINNERS

BAND CONCERTS

Wonderful, Sensational, Amusements for Young & Old

PARAGON PARK

Hourly trips every day, Sundays and holidays, every few minutes. Last boat back 10:45 P. M.

ALL STEAMERS FROM

ROWE'S WHARF

PLYMOUTH THE ALL WAY

DOWN THE SOUTH SHORE TO RECONSTRUCTED PLYMOUTH

FINE ENTERTAINMENT ON THE BOAT

Radiophone Concerts, Mayflower Orchestra, Observation Dining Room

Chicken or Steak Dinner $1.50

STATEROOMS RESERVED

FARE REDUCED

Round Trips, Adults $1.75

Children, 5 to 12 Years, $1.00

DAILY AND SUNDAY at 10:00 A. M.

All Steamers from Rowe's Wharf, Boston

Amusements

BOSTON THEATRE Continuous 10 A.M. to 11:00 P.M.

Week June 19. R. G. Larsen, General Manager

First Time in Boston! Shows Here Only!

The Great Screen Favorite

ERNEST PERSONALITY DUSTIN SPLENDID TALENT

FARNUM

In a Story In Which Could Has Too Big a Job

WHITE LIGHTS Strange Idols PRIMITIVE PASSIONS

A STIRRING STORY OF A LUMBERMAN'S LOVE

JACK LA VIER

"ALL IN THE SPIRIT OF JEST"

Famous Quartette "Gypsy Songsters" Xylophone Soloist

Pathe News Aesop's Fable Topics of the Day

MARGARET FORD

Dancing Loquitous in "A VOCAL SURPRISE"

LARRY SEMON'S "A PAIR OF KINGS" LATEST COMEDY

WILSON, HOWARD & WILSON

"A Unique Dance Revue" Geographical Dancers

Extra! A Vaudevillette Extra!

FRANK A. BURT

Assisted by Myrtle Rosetta in "The Substitute"

More Pathe Views Shortly

VAUDEVILLE AND PICTURES

Continuous 2 to 10:30 P. M.

SYMPHONY HALL

EVERY NIGHT (Except Sunday)

Popular Programs by

Orchestra of 75 Symphony Players

Conducted by Agide Jacchia

Refreshments

ALL NIGHTS OPEN TO THE PUBLIC (Except D. U. Night, Mon., June 19)

Table d'hote $1.25 Tax; Ist Bal. $1, 75c & 50c

More than 500 seats at 50c (no tax)

POPS

Amusements

BRAVES 2 NIGHTS ONLY FIELD Commonwealth Ave., Allston

JULY 12-13

50,000 FIREWORKS PRODUCTION

SCRAPPING THE NAVY AND THE DAWN OF PEACE

GREAT DRAMATIC SPECTACLE IN WHICH

Battleships, Aeroplanes and Destroyers Will Operate and $10,000 Worth of Fireworks Will Be Set Off Each Night

POPULAR PRICES

50c, $1 & $1.50. Box Seats $2.00

MAIL ORDERS NOW

SEATS ON SALE JUNE 25

At STEINERT HALL, 162 Boylston St.

GORDON'S CAMBRIDGE — CENTRAL SQ.

CONTINUOUS 1:30 TO 10:30

Beginning Sun. Night Mon., Tues., Wed.

JOSEPH M. SCHENCK presents NORMA TALMADGE in "Smilin' Through"

A First National Attraction

EXTRA—Every Evening Radio Demonstrations and Concert

THURS. Entire Change of Program

Amateurs Friday, Vaudeville Saturday

Seats Reserved Evenings—Free Auto Parking

GORDON'S STRAND — UPHAM'S COR.

MON., TUES., WED.

MAE MURRAY in "Fascination"

Thurs. New Program—Vaudeville Sat. & Sun.

Sunday Concert 2 & 8—Free Auto Parking

THE PICTURE HOUSE IN TOWN LANCASTER

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday

CONSTANCE BINNEY

In "THE SLEEP-WALKER"

ALL-STAR CAST

In "LOVE NEVER DIES"

Thursday, Friday, Saturday

VIOLA DANA

In "SEEING'S BELIEVING"

OWEN MOORE

In "REPORTED MISSING"

PROVINCETOWN PILGRIMS' FIRST LANDING

100-mile round trip to CAPE COD on large steamers equipped, from steamship DOROTHY BRADFORD

Fare—Round Trip $2.00; One Way $1.25

Leaves Wharf, 400 Atlantic Ave., DAILY 9.30 A.M., Sundays and Holidays 10 A.M.

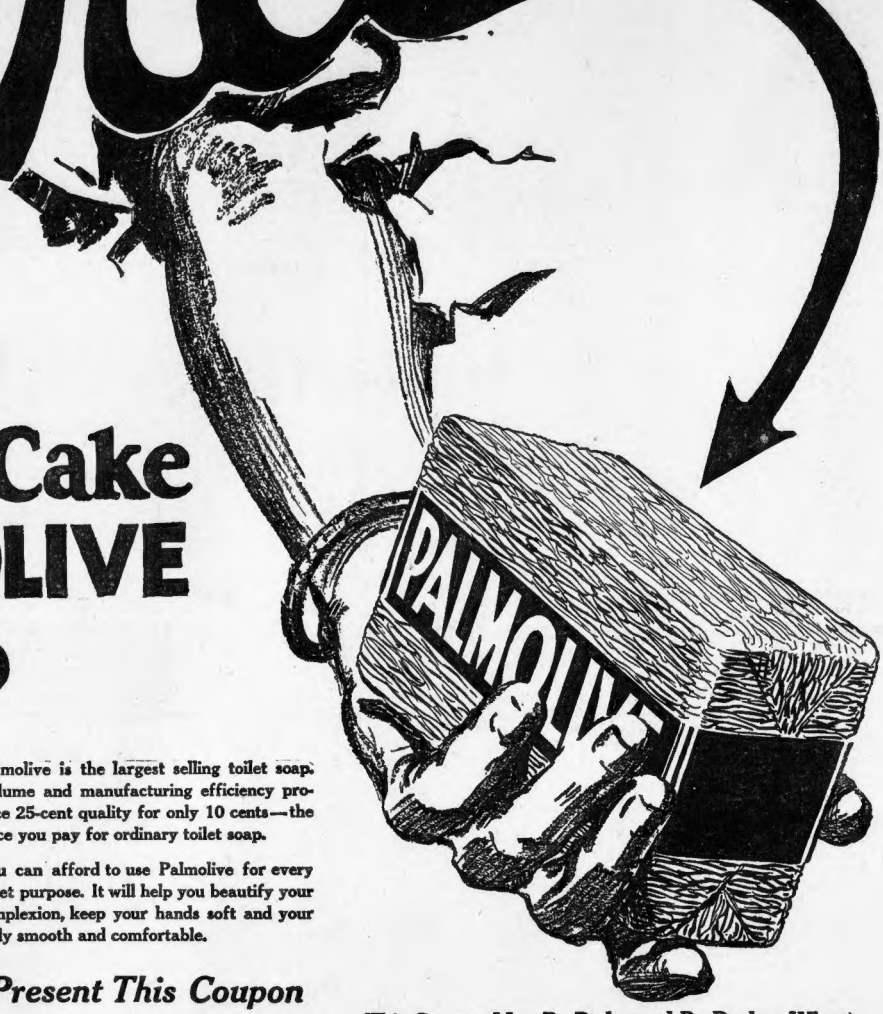
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Staterooms Refreshments Orchestra

Tel. Congress 4850

Free

Just Present This Coupon



Full Size Cake of PALMOLIVE Soap

This is a generous offer. An offer of a regular, full-sized cake of famous Palmolive Soap a-b-s-o-l-u-t-e-l-y *free!*

No strings to it, either—it is open to *everyone,* anywhere, who reads this advertisement, and we hope all who do will accept it.

We expect to give away thousands of cakes—the more the better. Why? Because we know that all who secure and use this free cake will become Palmolive enthusiasts. Every gift cake will make a permanent customer.

For no matter how much we tell you about the smooth, creamy lather of Palmolive and its wonderful cleansing qualities—

Or all we can say about the mild, balmy Palm and Olive oils which make this lather a real complexion beautifier—

An opportunity to make the acquaintance of the attractive, fragrant, luxuriously lathering cake is better than all the explaining. Palmolive does its own persuading—when you have used up this free cake no other soap will satisfy you.

And don't let the thought of price disturb you when you are enjoying the abundant, lotion-like lather.

Palmolive is the largest selling toilet soap. Volume and manufacturing efficiency produce 25-cent quality for only 10 cents—the price you pay for ordinary toilet soap.

You can afford to use Palmolive for every toilet purpose. It will help you beautify your complexion, keep your hands soft and your body smooth and comfortable.

Present This Coupon At Once

Don't miss this chance to make the aquaintance of the finest, most popular toilet soap absolutely free. Nothing to do but sign the coupon and present it to any store that sells toilet soap. Your gift cake will be handed you with our compliments.

Don't lay this paper aside with the intention of using the coupon later. It might be lost or destroyed.

Tear it out now—

Sign it now—

Take it to your dealer tomorrow.

This Coupon May Be Redeemed By Dealers Wherever This Newspaper Circulates If Presented Within 10 Days After Publication Date

1616

Present this coupon to any dealer who handles soap and it will be accepted as full payment for

ONE CAKE OF PALMOLIVE SOAP

NOTICE TO DEALERS: This coupon when properly redeemed will be paid for by us at 10c, when sent to The Palmolive Co., 153 No. Washington St., Boston, Mass. It must be signed by the party receiving the free soap and only one coupon to be redeemed by a family. Coupons cut from papers purchased from newsdealers will positively not be redeemed by us.

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY

I hereby certify that I have received a cake of *Palmolive Soap* absolutely free from my dealer.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____ *City*_____

Advertiser, Boston, Mass., June 18

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY

153 N. WASHINGTON ST., BOSTON, MASS.

How To Educate a Wife

By Elinor Glyn

The Famous Author of "Three Weeks," "His Hour," "My Secrets of Love," Etc.

The American Weekly
Section of the Boston Sunday Advertiser, Sunday, June 18, 1922
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"The first thing a wife ought to decide is that she will use her every art and intelligence to keep herself attractive to her husband."

No. 2

The Importance of Tact

EVERY woman, before marrying at all, ought to ask herself if she possesses *tact*. No matter how much in love the man may seem to be with her, it will require *tact* to keep him in this blissful state, because the moment she disillusions any one of his senses, he will no longer be under glamour, though he may go on feeling affection.

And such numbers of women forget this and become unattractive without a struggle after a year or two, and then wonder that their husband's fancies have strayed!

The first thing a wife ought to decide is that she will use her every art and intelligence to keep herself attractive to her husband. She should arrange so that he never sees her in unappetizing stages of her toilet, or in any circumstances which she would not have liked him to see her in when he was only her lover.

She must keep ever before her that the man naturally has senses, and that she must not offend them. The thousands of women who wear shabby dressing gowns—ugly underclothes—unbecoming home gowns!

They wear out "any old thing," when if they really desire to keep their husbands as lovers, no detail to enchant his eye ought to be neglected for their tete-a-tetes, whatever economies must be practiced at other times.

To Trap New York's 6,000,000 Rats

As the "Black Death" of the Middle Ages Creeps Closer to America, Health Commissioner Copeland Starts a Vigorous Campaign to Destroy the Disease-Breeding Rats of New York



Pest Hole of Rats on the New York Water Front Where They Hide and Breed.



Board of Health Scientist Examining Rats for Evidence of Bubonic Plague.

THE plague which has swept Europe from time to time in past centuries is getting dangerously close to the United States. This curse of olden times was called the "Black Death" and carried to their graves kings and paupers without discrimination.

Science now understands the bubonic plague and knows that it is spread by fleas from infected rats. Within the last twelve months cases of bubonic plague have made their appearance in Florida, Louisiana and Texas. The Azores report outbreaks, and thousands of miles of the Australian sea coast is affected along a belt 100 miles wide. Certain spots in South and Central America and great areas of Eastern Europe and Asia are plague-ridden at this moment.

Will the "Black Death" creep into New York?

This is exactly what Health Commissioner Royal S. Copeland is now busy organizing to prevent. The Federal health officials in the harbor give the incoming ships a once-over glance—but the life and safety of New York really depends upon the tireless watchfulness of the city health authorities.

At any moment the plague might break out in New York—if it were not for the vigilance of Commissioner Copeland and his men. And the loss of life, if the plague ever gained headway, would be far greater than that of the influenza epidemic. For bubonic plague is the most deadly disease known—ninety-eight cases out of every hundred are fatal.

Even with the Health Department on the alert, it is safe to say that the city would be scourged with the "Black Death" as London was centuries ago if it were not for one fact—the plague gives a month's warning.

That warning is given by the death of the rats themselves. For the rats die first, and their parasites, leaving them, make for the nearest warm-blooded animal. If that animal happens to be a man, he catches the plague.

The plague is always epidemic among rats somewhere in the world. Ship-rats carry infection from one part of the world to another. If Commissioner Copeland found an unusual mortality among the rodent passengers of ships in New York harbor, he would expect to hear of human cases of this disease in a few weeks.

It is for this very reason that a score of Health Department men spend all their time trapping rats—to see if there is any plague prevalent among New York rodents. So far, the rats have been caught mainly for purposes of examination by dissection and bacteriological analysis.

But from now on the Health Department is going after the rats to get rid of them. Stockmen in the West employ trappers and poisoners to get rid of wolves; in the manner the Health Department trappers are trying to exterminate the rats.

And the city trappers' problem is no less difficult than that of the Westerners. For it is a fact scientifically vouched for that there are as many rats as there are humans—and that means 6,000,000, at least, in New York City.

Furthermore, the city trapper has about as much ground to cover as the woods trapper. In docks alone there are 578 miles of rat-harborage to be cleaned out, with only twenty or thirty men to do it. Rats are almost as wary as wolves—and far more destructive; it is estimated that it costs $2 per day to support a rat.

Rat Guard to Prevent Foreign Rats from Creeping Down a Ship's Hawser and Thus Gaining Entrance to the City.

While the trappers have destroyed thousands of rats there has been no appreciable decrease in the local population, because of the remarkable fecundity of the rodents. They breed four or five times a year, and come ten to twenty in a litter. According to the United States Public Health Service, the progeny of one pair of rats in five years, if there were no deaths, would amount to 940,369,969,152.

Without doubt rats would overcome the world if it were not for diseases to which they are prone.

Now, Commissioner Copeland is prepared to recognize the warning of the plague the instant it arrives. His trappers catch rats in all parts of the city, tag them with a record of the date and place, dissect them for symptoms such as swollen glands, and make a bacteriological analysis to see if the rat suffered from the plague. Commissioner Copeland would have been glad to get rid of the rats long ago, but he has just been able to get the funds necessary for a campaign of extermination.

He has planned the campaign, in cooperation with Murray Hulbert, president of the Board of Aldermen; Dock Commissioner John H. Delaney, and Street Cleaning Commissioner Alfred Taylor. Dr. Frank J. Monaghan, Deputy Health Commissioner, is in charge of the campaign, and under him Walter Richards is chief of the rat trappers.

The Dock Commissioner has assigned two men to help with the work about the shipping, and two men from the Street Cleaning Department are to assist with the work at the refuse dumps.

The offensive is to be conducted along two main lines. Rats are to be trapped and poisoned, for one thing, and rat-harborages, such as docks and warehouses, are to be rat-proofed. When there are no filthy holes for a rat to creep into, he begins his travels.

The trapping squads are to be enlarged, with sub-foremen in charge of ten men each. Each squad has its district headquarters, and Chief Richards has established G. H. Q. Each trapper is to be equipped with 100 snap or guillotine traps instead of forty, as at present. In addition there will be plenty of cage traps. The rest of the trappers' equipment includes a six-quart bucket for the morning's yield from traps baited overnight, a wire brush, a file for delicately adjusting the trigger of the snap traps, an oil can, flash light and tags.

The same methods of trapping are to be employed as at present—and a rat trapper has to be just as wily and experienced as a Hudson Bay fur trapper. It is not such a simple matter as baiting any old trap with any old bait—and waiting. Preferred baits are bacon, cheese and elderly fish, depending on where the trap is to be set. It would never do to put out the more odorous bait in a place where food is kept.

The spot must be carefully selected, the bait carefully prepared and the trap concealed. The trap must be tied down or the rat will walk off with it! Furthermore, it must be tied just so—or the rat will gnaw itself free.

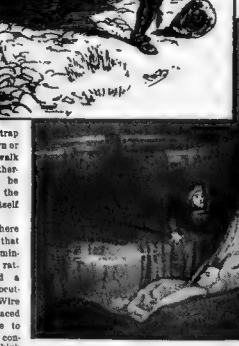
In Boston—where it was found that rats were undermining the city—a rat-catcher devised a means of electrocuting the rats. Wire loops were placed at the entrance to rat-holes, and connected with a high voltage current.

A few rats were killed in this way, but most of them bit through the copper wire! It was found, incidentally, that it took 220 volts applied for twenty minutes to kill a rat.

Trapping will account for a vast quantity of rats, but will not be efficacious enough to keep up with their well known habits of propagation. So Commissioner Copeland has decided to poison them wherever it is possible. The chief objection to this proceeding is that a poisoned rat creeps into the farthest recesses of his burrow to die.

And when he has been dead a respectable length of time the whole neighborhood knows it, and mourns. Who has not experienced the great amount of trouble a dead rat in a wall will cause?

"Bring Out Your Dead!" Was the Cry of the Drivers of the Dead Wagons During the Epidemic of "Black Death" in London in 1665. Sometimes a Crazed Victim Would Rush Forth and Leap on the Wagon with an Outburst of Insane Merriment, as Shown in This Old English Wood Cut.



The "Plague Pit" Just Outside of London, Where the Victims of the "Black Death" Were Thrown Each Night.

But there are some places, such as city dumps, where poison, mixed with flour and water, can be used. And in other places a certain poison, such as arsenic, will be set out that makes the rat thirsty—as well as sick—and theoretically, at least, the rats will run to the nearest water to die.

It has been proposed, also, to set aside rat poisoning days, for various parts of the city. Docks, warehouses and other infested structures will be prepared for the slaughter all at one time. Traps will be set and poison scattered, for instance, all over lower Manhattan during one day, and further uptown the next day. If this drive is successful whole sections will be cleared at one time, and by this means it is hoped will overcome the birth rate.

Meantime the defensive campaign will go on as usual. Rats will be examined for bacillus pestis, the germ of the bubonic plague, and other evidences of disease. Ships will be fumigated and their hawsers gurled with metal discs to keep the rats from climbing down the ropes to shore. And each sea captain, on reaching port, will be asked whether he has noticed an unusual mortality among the rats of his ship.

Even more important than the rat killing will be the rat-proofing of docks. It is along the water front that rats are most numerous, and also where an infectious plague begins. The first human cases are usually among dockworkers.

While rat-proofing of docks is highly expensive, it is also a good economic measure, because rats destroy not only the goods stored on the docks, but the structure of the docks themselves. As was said before, it costs $2 a day to support a rat—he destroys that much—and it does not cost anywhere near that amount to destroy the rat, or guard against him.

The secret of rat-proofing, in a word, is to give the rat nowhere to go. Solid bulkheads, of cement instead of wood, will do the trick. Cleaning up rubbish heaps, repairing broken walls and floors and maintaining a generally sanitary condition are highly important. "Where there's dirt there's a rat," say the trappers.

Bubonic plague is not the only disease carried by these pests. Rats are frequently infected with intestinal parasites, the tapeworm in particular. Blood tests of rodents have also disclosed the presence of trichina and careful investigators believe that rats have been a considerable factor in transmitting this infection to hogs from whence it comes to man.

Investigations conducted by eminent Boston physicians including Mark W. Richardson broached the theory that the rat is responsible for that dreaded disease called infantile paralysis. These physicians were led to this conclusion after they had made a comparative study of infantile paralysis and bubonic plague and discovered remarkable points of resemblance in the spread of these diseases. Several well authenticated cases were established in which children, who had played with dead rats were taken sick with infantile paralysis and after an epidemic had broken out in one New England town an investigator saw on its river bank rats hardly able to get over the rocks because of paralysis of the hind legs.

Now whenever an epidemic of infantile paralysis appears in any neighborhood health authorities have become accustomed to look for new excavations which drive the rats from their natural harborages. Study along this line is expected to definitely disclose just what part rats play as the spreaders of this disease.

Of all diseases bearing parasites the rat stands supreme in the cost its presence has entailed on mankind in the toll of lives and money.

So Commissioner Copeland's handwriting is on the wall for any New York rat who can read. If he escapes the trap and the poison he will have few places to hide. The old home under the dock will never look the same again. He will have to ship for foreign ports, bubonic fleas and all.

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"I Could Have Married 10,000M[illegible] But—"

But Bored by Limousin[illegible] of Rich Admirers Sh[illegible] Heart to Jack [illegible] Offered Her Can[illegible]



A Simple Little Picture of Marilyn Miller.



Marilyn with Bobbed Hair



Jack Pickford, Who Has Won the Show-Girl's Affection Against the Competition of Her Millionaire Admirers.



"Would you be surprised if I confessed to you that I could have married any man in New York—or Boston, too? Ten thousand men have loved me, millionaires and billionaires—but I love only Jack Pickford."

"YES, it is true—I'm certainly going to marry Jack Pickford," said Marilyn Miller, the show-girl-dancer-singer-star of the musical comedy, "Sally," as she sat in her dressing room in a Boston theatre rapidly putting the finishing touches to her stage make-up with powder puff, lip stick and eyebrow pencil.

"I'm very particular. That's why I have chosen Jack Pickford. Would you be surprised if I confessed to you that I could have married any man in New York—or Boston, too?" the star continued, wheeling about in her chair to look with wide-open, innocent eyes at the writer.

"Ten thousand men have loved me, millionaires and billionaires—but I love only Jack. And I will show the nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine that I know how to choose, for we're going to be very, very happy, Jack and I," the pretty star exclaimed with conviction.

Suspending her words for a moment while she slipped out of the dazzling pearl costume she wears in the second act of the piece while her maid shoehorned her mistress into the radiant cloth of gold she wears for the third act, Marilyn rattled on:

"Oh dear! This horrible publicity—it's made me ill! Now, why, just because I am Marilyn Miller, can't I marry the man I want just as any other girl might?"

The colored maid had already stripped her of the pearls and silken things and Marilyn stood resplendent in her costume for the next act

"Why all this fuss about my giving my heart to Jack? The newspapers are full of perfectly awful innuendos and nasty things about my Jack—ouch, Viola, you're pulling—I say Jack Pickford is the finest, cleanest, most honorable man that ever lived! And I love him to death. Quick! Viola, my gold stockings."

"There isn't anybody on earth can stop me from marrying him. And as for losing my place in "Sally," if I do—it just isn't true. My contract is good as long as "Sally" lasts—and I can marry a dozen men, if I want to. Hook me up, Viola—and where's my fan? There's my cue, dear"——

And the breathless Marilyn rushed to front and centre, leaving her interviewer to gaze about the dressing room. Pictures, pictures everywhere—Jack serious, Jack smiling, Jack in a polo suit and Jack in a swimming suit, Jack in a roadster and Jack operating a movie camera. On the left of the star's dressing table is a big photograph of Frank Carter, her first husband, who was killed in an automobile accident, and on the right is one of Jack Pickford.

There are profiles of Jack, and full faces, heads and shoulders and full-length views. Some are framed—in costly silver or soft leather—and some are just stuck in the mirror, school-girl fashion. Some are autographed. One is inscribed, in boyish slant, "To my own darling little girl, from Jack."

The dusky maid bustled about, brushing things off, smoothing them down, puffing them up, taking hurried stitches, laying out a gown for the next act—till Marilyn breezed in again.

"Here am a telegram, Missy Merry," said the dusky one. "'Nother one from that supermalagorgeous man o' yourn. Lordy, he suah mus' love you, Missy Merry."

Marilyn snatched it. Like a little flapper, with her first love letter, she pressed it to her lips.

"It's the fourth that's come to-day," she announced. "Now, isn't he the thoughtful, precious boy to spend the day cheering his poor Marilyn by wire. They may say all kinds of frightful things about him—about that awful navy business—you know they say he turned State's evidence in an exposure of the graft and bribery ring in the Third naval district. They say he acted as a go-between for rich slackers who sought bomb-proof berths in the naval reserve. And they say that Flo Ziegfeld doesn't like him, and won't let me marry him—that I'll lose my "Sally" role if I do.

"Well, I don't care what they say! Nothing they're saying is true. Nobody knows the inside of that miserable navy story. But this I know—I LOVE him, and I'm going to MARRY him—and the rest of the world can go to blazes!

"Who knows a man best—the girl who loves him or a lot of jealous wretches who want to hurt him? Some one wrote a bit of verse once about a man having two soul sides—one with which to face the world, and one to show a woman when he loves her. Jack may have two soul sides for all I know, but the one he shows me is quite satisfactory—and what more can a girl ask?

"I'll tell you, if you'd like to know, why I picked him above all the nine thousand, nine hundred and ninety-nine. It was because he's thoughtful of the little things—and every woman will tell you it's the little things that count.

"When rich men come a-wooing, it's with diamonds and sables and motor cars. They think of love in terms of price. With their gold they'd buy a girl's heart And they never dream—the stupid things—that that's not what we want.

"Now, Jack, he's different. Sometimes I think 'twas Mary whispered to him the way to a woman's heart. For Jack, you know, is very like his sister—simple and unaffected, loathing display and show. He has a personality very like her own, the same charming smile and easy, natural way. With them both it's the little things that count—birthday anniversaries, paper valentines, funny, old-fashioned May baskets, stockings on Christmas eve and jack-o'-lanterns for Hallowe'en.

"Family festivals are solemn rites in the Pickford family. They've never lost the youthful enthusiasm with which they greeted gala occasions in the lean, old days. They've walked since with kings—yet kept the common touch. And that's why I love Jack Pickford!

"Did he woo me with pearls and diamonds? And cast his fortune at my feet? No! While blase billionaires sent me orchids, my wise Jack bought me forget-me-nots. Their costly corsages floated in the bathtub while I wore his single white rose. And when they suggested champagne suppers, my Jackie-boy brought round a bag of old-fashioned chocolates or peanuts

"Now, any girl can tell you that that's the way to woo. Pave the way to a woman's heart with little things and she's yours. So few men know it, yet the youngest girl could tell them.

"Of course, I wouldn't have you think my Jack is any piker in love. He's generous as generous can be, and lavish as a prince. It's just that he remembers the little things, along with the big ones.

"You mustn't think that all his gifts are small. 'Twould take a kingdom's wealth to ransom the precious things he's given me. Now, here is my engagement ring"——

And then Marilyn flashed a square white emerald, big as her finger-nail and worth a fortune.

"And here is a string of jade, with cunning earrings to match. My most recent gift from Jack was a toilet set of solid gold. That picture in the blue leather frame came yesterday, and to-day he sent me the dinkiest little vanity case.

"But it's not costly things from my sweetheart I crave. With $3,500 a week, plus a share of 'Sally's' profits, I can buy just anything I want—but a girl can't surprise herself. It takes a loving man to do that.

"And a loving man," observed Marilyn thoughtfully, "is God's greatest blessing and woman's greatest consolation. I've had two, and I know.

"Frank Carter, my first husband and an actor, was one of the finest men on earth. When he was killed I wished I could die.

"But you know, dear, I was awfully young, and youth must have love. I think a girl loses her beauty if she doesn't love. Women are so contented that they must give of themselves, body and soul, if they'd find happiness; and, like all women, I want my share of life, and love, and joy

"I've been blessed above most women, for two wonderful men have given me their hearts The two romances of my life have been ideal. Neither has detracted an iota from the other. With Frank I was sublimely happy. When I lost him life lost its glamour. Then Jack came. And now my breaking heart has healed

"It was a year ago this Summer that I met Jack Pickford at Long Island. He and Frank had been great friends and Frank was very fond of Olive Thomas, Jack's poor little dead wife. I'd never met Olive, but I knew most of her old friends, and so I felt almost that I'd known her, too.

"I suppose it was our common bereavement that drew Jack and me together. From the very beginning we became wonderful friends. We both like the same things, you see—dancing, riding, horses, golf, tennis, the theatre—all our interests are identical And Jack, you know, is very handsome—I don't think I could love a boy who wasn't—for a girl must be proud of her man, and who could be proud of a homely one?

"I love him, too, because he's so young in spirit, I mean. He's really about twenty-four, but he looks, and acts, like a boy of twenty. I adore his gay irresponsibility, and I wish I was. A girl wants to be carried with her boy. She wants to pet, and coax, and cuddle him. And Jack is SUCH a baby! He's only half a head taller than I, so he was made, if he were any one but Jack, that wouldn't be quite enough, for I DO like big men

"A little while after I met him he went out to the coast, but he returned often to see me. When Mary and Doug had their last little spat trouble in New York I came out to see them. Six months ago we were married

"Some [illegible] he's been at Belmont Park, taking motion pictures for [illegible] But before I sprang the news of our engagement I ran over from New York to Philadelphia to face, now much I [illegible] He was here from Wednesday till Monday; at the theatre every night, and in the hotel with me every single minute. We were scared to death someone would see us together and guess our secret; for we didn't intend to tell, you know, for months and months. But one day I went and linked my name with that of Benjamin Kabatznick, an estimable gentleman, but not my style—and then in retaliation of the rumor that I loved HIM, I publicly confessed my love for Jack

"Mr. Kabatznick owns an art store in Boston, and in the big display windows he shows lots of theatrical pictures, all framed—it's to advertise his work, you know. He has loads of friends in the profession, and we all autograph our pictures for him. There was one of me in the window on which I'd written, 'Loads of love to Benny from Marilyn.' And some silly reporter went and dug a romance story out of that!

"It was so ridiculous. For, if I were in love with all the boys to whom I've scribbled 'love from Marilyn,' I'd be a very polyamorous young thing And if all the girls who've autographed their pictures 'with love to Benny' were to become attached to him, the man would have a breach of promise suits on his hands. But, anyhow, the story made me so dreadfully angry that I just blurted out the truth about Jack and me

"We're not going to be married for years. He'll stay in pictures and I'll stay on the stage; so we probably won't see much of each other We are going to live at home on Long Island and one of these days, and we'll just duck back and forth when we get lonesome. You know, I think people are happier if they don't see too much of each other

"Jack wants me to go in the movies, so probably I will just once, singing and dancing—no farce, you know; but I do want to try everything once. I've had a million offers, but 'twould only be for fun, for I know where I belong—and that's here in the footlights.

"Still, I believe a woman ought to humor her man—occasionally. And I'm so terribly in love with Jack that I'd do anything to please him. We're going to be very happy together, I'm sure, for we've both known great happiness and great sorrow. We've shared common tragedies. We've both seen love flee from our lives, as Death stalked in. We've mourned, alone, the passing of present treasures, and now we welcome, together, the advent of a new one.

"Yes, I could have had any one—or all—of ten thousand New York millionaires. But Love is the only thing worth while in this world—and the only man I love or ever will love is dear Jack; he's such a kid!"

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Very Perplexing Case of Mrs. Etta Heil

Irresistible Impulse of This Wealthy and Again Left Her Home in Other Residences as a Her Unsuspecting Employers



Mrs. Heil, in Simple Clothes and with Folded Hands, Demurely Applied for a Position as Maid and Was Accepted by Mrs. Albert G. Welch, of 1627 Hyde Park Boulevard, in Chicago

Mrs. Etta B. Heil, Wife of Millionaire New York and Chicago Foreign Exchange Banker, Who Robbed the Homes of Chicago's "400" and Repeated Her Extraordinary Exploits in Los Angeles

Photograph of the Residence of Mrs. Heil at 6169 Winthrop Ave. in Chicago's Fashionable "Gold Coast" District. (And Above) So Absolutely Sweet in Every Way, So Willing, So Thoughtful, So Skillful in Serving Her Tea and Dinner Guests Was Mrs. Heil, That Her New Mistress Called Her "The Perfect Maid."



Mrs. Albert G. Welch, Who Was Charmed Beyond Measure to Possess at Last What She Called Laura, "the Perfect Maid"—and Was More Distressed to Lose the Maid Than Her Valuables.

MRS. ETTA HEIL has done it again. The charming young wife of Joseph S Heil, the millionaire Chicago banker, was recently arrested in Los Angeles as a burglar just as she was leaving the home of a wealthy moving picture magnate with all the valuables she could carry.

Mrs Heil has a comfortable home and plenty of money. She does not steal because she needs the money.

As in her Chicago burglaries of last Summer she had gained admission to the house by posing as a maid, in spite of her divorced husband's threat that if she continued to steal she would cancel his weekly allowance of $100 and forfeit the $15,000 home he purchased for her in Los Angeles after his astonishing discovery of his wife's strange double life. A dozen women had identified Mrs. Heil as the "woman Raffles" who had plundered their homes while working for them as a housemaid, and the police had estimated her loot at more than a quarter of a million dollars—all accumulated within a year's time.

The reason for Mrs. Heil's strange thefts is still a mystery. Apparently she is not mentally deranged. Nor could the police or her husband discover that she had been the victim of blackmailers, card sharps, market manipulators or other extortionists who might have driven her to steal.

She had everything a woman could want.

Her husband gave her $100 a week pin money over and above the expenses involved in running her household or buying her clothes. She was the mistress of a beautiful mansion in the most exclusive residential district of Chicago. She had six servants and two cars. There were two fine children she had adopted with her husband, and grown to love as her own. She was pretty, popular and the favorite hostess of her set.

And yet her unsatisfied craving for excitement caused her to become the craftiest and most successful amateur burglar ever encountered by the Chicago police! Her double life completely fooled everyone, even her husband, who had no suspicion that his wife was anything but a charming society matron, an intelligent and delightful companion and a perfect mother to his two orphaned children.

With her unlimited leisure and active imagination it was very easy for Mrs. Heil to strengthen this impression in the minds of everyone.

Whenever she planned a burglary she would announce that she was visiting friends for the week-end and leave with a small bag, engaging a room at a downtown hotel under an assumed name.

In the hotel she opened the bag and took out a plain black dress, high, stout shoes and a well-worn coat and hat, transforming herself in a twinkling from Mrs. Joseph Heil, the pretty society matron, to Hulda Johnson, the "perfect maid."

Previously she had studied the help wanted advertisements most suggestive of wealthy homes. Mrs. Heil knew which locations held prosperous homes, and when she pushed the door-bell it was sure to be at the residence of some one worth while.

In one respect, the first experience of Mrs. Heil's victims was the same in every case. All of them were delighted at once with the demure little woman who stood at their front door, and after a few minutes' interview their delight became almost a transport.

Here was a jewel, indeed. Neat as a pin and the very picture of refinement and good sense. She knew, without being told, what forks went with the salad and that plates should be heated before serving the roast.

One victim, who was an inveterate visitor of the prohibition laws, discovered, to her delight, that there was no need for Mr. Husband to come into the kitchen at all, for the new maid could mix a cocktail with the best of them, and it was a real pleasure to see the dainty manner in which she appeared with a tray filled with brimming glasses. With "Hulda" you could name your poison, and if the ingredients were at hand it would be served in a moment's time without spilling a drop on any of the guests' laps.

"Hulda" wanted ordinary wages, what's more. She didn't give a whoop for the movies or for the milkman. She asked for no evenings off. She loved children. she was economical and an excellent cook. What more could anybody want?

And when she was engaged and started about her duties there were still more stars in her crown. She received callers with a dignity that was a joy forever. She had a low and musical voice. She spoke when she was spoken to, and her manners in answering the telephone were admirable.

She certainly was the world's champion maid and her employers simply could not understand their good fortune any more than they could understand how anyone could be so perfect and live. None of them dreamed that Mrs. Heil had acquired her ability through the observation and management of her own servants. They thought she had been cultivated by the wealthy families she gave as references.

Giving references was one of the best things that Mrs. Heil did, and the way she managed it was pretty clever. She would postpone a new burglary until one of her own friends would drop the information that her maid had just left, which often happened. The better the maid the better it suited Mrs Heil, and she lost no time applying for a situation that day under the name of her friend's former maid, which she had artfully learned, and giving her friend as a reference. Thus she was "Mary" at the home of Mrs. William Jennings, "Hulda" at the residence of Mrs. C. Lydston Morgan, "Mario" at Mrs. Louis M. Selig's, and so on.

Usually the new victim was so impressed with Mrs. Heil that she didn't bother to verify her references. In the few exceptions Mrs. Heil herself would get her supposed former mistress on the telephone and the victim would be assured she was getting a treasure.

When she was safely installed in the house Mrs Heil would order her trunk sent up. (It had been purchased a few moments before). There was certainly nothing suspicious about this. All servant girls are entitled to have a trunk if they feel like it. But if the unsuspecting victims had ever taken the trouble to look under the lid they would have received the surprise of their life, for the "perfect maid's" trunk did not contain a stitch of clothing—just four suitcases, some blankets and a dozen shawl straps. The trunk itself was a ways left behind as a souvenir when "Hulda" vamoosed with all the family jewels.

The first day Mrs. Heil spent in familiarizing herself with the house and its possessions, giving herself plenty of time to appraise everything in sight—silverware, jewelry, rare bric-a-brac, and so forth, card-indexing it all in her mind for use the first time everyone left the house at once.

When this happened she would assure herself that the family would be gone sufficiently long to permit her to work without interruption. This she learned by reminding them that So-and-So might call during the evening, then asking how long they would be out.

The moment the door closed behind them she began packing the valuables, beginning with the most costly in the event of unforeseen return.

The silverware and jewelry all went into one suitcase. Bric-a-brac came next, and finally the furs, tapestries and smaller pieces of rare old furniture, which were wrapped up in blankets and fastened with the shawl straps.

When everything was in order and ready to move Mrs. Heil would step to the telephone and order her chauffeur to report at a given street corner near the home of her victim. When the big limousine rolled up she would be waiting with all that she could possibly carry, and making some excuse to the chauffeur to forestall his offered assistance she would go back for the rest—alone.

Sometimes, when it was convenient and time allowed, she would go home for the car and make the trip herself in a smaller car, thus doing away with the possibility of detection that always existed when her chauffeur was along.

And all the time her husband never suspected anything. Returning from these excursions with an automobile load of the strangest kind of stuff, she would explain that she had attended an auction, which completely satisfied Mr. Heil, although he often asked her what on earth she intended to do with all the things she bought. After a while he regarded it as a harmless, although expensive kind of a hobby, and uncomplainingly gave her all the money she said the [illegible] and [illegible] This [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] and unspiritual as more than $1,000 a month, easy enough for Banker Heil, who paid a tax on $155,000 annual income last year.

Mr. Heil seldom saw his wife's purchases for the reason that she stored most of it in an apartment building he had recently purchased for her in the heart of Chicago's exclusive North Shore district. She intended, eventually, to rent the building, but just now it made a beautiful storehouse as Mrs. Heil began to realize her ambition to become the cleverest burglar in the country.

She experienced a great thrill the day after her robberies when she read the details in the morning papers and the admitted confusion of the police, and her success seemed sure.

But the most spectacular careers are [illegible] to [illegible] [illegible] circumstances, and Mrs. Heil's career was interrupted by so unimportant a thing as the license number of her sedan car, shortly after she had successfully pillaged the apartment of Mrs. Aaron Miller, on the fashionable Bittersweet Place in Chicago.

A neighbor, William Ogden, [illegible] and the automobile [illegible] up to the Miller residence and the "perfect maid," together with an ashman, stuffing its interior with $4,000 worth of Mrs Miller's property. This time Mrs Heil had been too ambitious and, not finding many jewels, took most of the furniture—that is, small pieces of it. It developed that she posed as Mrs. Miller to the ashman and had hired him to assist her.

Mr. Ogden's suspicions were quieted at the time by a clever little by-play performed by Mrs. Heil, who stood in the back yard and waved a fond farewell to Mrs. Miller, who happened to be in a theatre four miles away. But it fooled Mr. Ogden, who, nevertheless remembered the number and was able to give it to the police the next day.

In all police headquarters there is a little book containing the names of everyone who has an automobile, together with the number of their car. This is a very handy method of tracking automobile bandits and other criminals who use a car, as well as to restore the stolen cars that are picked up from time to time.

But when they looked up this number and found that the car belonged to Mrs. Heil, wife of the millionaire banker, they were sure a mistake had been made. Banker Heil is a very influential man in Chicago. It would not do to question his wife about the burglary in Mrs. Miller's home.

Nevertheless, there was a possibility that Mrs. Heil's car had been stolen by the burglar as a likely way of throwing the police off the track, and Detectives Cudmore, Wittehoft and Strauss were sent to investigate this possibility.

All three detectives are experienced sleuths and they knew it would be a good idea to find out from her chauffeur when the car was stolen before bothering Mrs. Heil. So they went first into the banker's garage to have a talk with the chauffeur. From him they learned the car had not been stolen at all, and their first supposition was that Mr. Ogden had made a mistake in the number.

But still they hated to leave the clue until they had sifted it thoroughly. Perhaps the chauffeur had gone nighthawking with the car himself. They decided to ask him a few more questions.

(Continued on Next Page)

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—Rich, But a Hopeless Thief

Woman Who Again to Seek Employment Maid and Robbed of Jewels, Furs and Art Treasures She Didn't Need

(Continued from Preceding Page)

After a conference they framed one that would startle him a bit if he was guilty.

"What do you do with all this junk you've been taking home in Mrs. Heil's car?" demanded Sergeant Cudmore.

It was far-fetched, but the ruse worked perfectly, although the chauffeur's answer was so unexpected that it took the wind out of the detectives' sails.

"Why, it belongs to Mrs. Heil," he said indignantly. "She buys it—at auctions."

A few well-put questions drew the whole story from the angry chauffeur, and no one was more surprised at the new turn things were taking than the detectives.

They were convinced the chauffeur was telling the truth, and yet it was unbelievable that the thief was Mrs. Heil. For a moment they did not know what to do. To walk into the mansion and accuse her might cost them their stars if they were wrong, and certainly would start a fine suit against the city and the police department.

But the more they talked it over, the more certain they were that, inconceivable as it was, they were on the right track. Perhaps Mrs. Heil did not know where the goods that she brought home came from, but previously she couldn't mind if they asked. So the detectives inspected their finger nails and shoes and boldly pushed the front door bell.

Their ring was answered by the butler, who haughtily informed them that Mrs. Heil was not receiving that day. This aroused the detectives' spunk a bit and one of them shoved his foot in the door.

This rude and ungentlemanly action soared the butler nearly out of his wits, and when two stars twinkled and went back under two coats he agreed to carry their message to his mistress.

"Hot your card?" he said.

This was a new one on the detectives, whose only credentials for entree anywhere are their stars and, figured together, their five hundred-odd pounds of muscle. But in the confusion and uncertainty created by the butler's uppish manners, Detective Strauss thought it was necessary to adhere to this hitherto uncalled-for convention, and handed the butler the first card he could find, which happened to be the business announcement of one of the saloonkeepers on his beat.

It was received gravely and carried upstairs, and a moment later Mrs. Heil swept down the staircase, looking hard through her lorgnette.

"What is the meaning of this intrusion?" she demanded.

So indignant was her manner that the detectives felt tempted to leave until they surveyed the grand dame who stood before them and noted an exact correspondence in her features with those of "Hulda Johnson," the "perfect maid."

And since Detective Withoft does not like to be snubbed by his prisoners, potential or otherwise, he was not extra polite in explaining their visit.

"It means," he said, "that you're under arrest for burglary, and no more of that high toning, if you please. If I was a burglar I could have a lorgnette, too."

"I beg your pardon!" said Mrs. Heil in icy tones.

"Nix, lady, nix," said Detective Strauss. "We've got the goods on you."

"You have?" said Mrs. Heil in a very different voice.

In a few moments the detectives convinced her that they had definite proof of her exploits and she accepted it very philosophically.

"Well," she said, "in a way, I'm glad it's over. I only did it for the excitement it gave me, and this is about as exciting as burglary. More so, even. Some of it was awfully tame. Anyway, it proves that one wealthy woman, at least, knows how to keep house and her position in society, too."

One of the detectives called Mr. Heil on the telephone and informed him of his wife's arrest. The banker refused to believe it and hurried immediately to the house with other policemen to arrest those who had walked into his home on any such errand.

But when he arrived there and saw his wife going around the rooms assisting the detective in making an inventory of the stolen goods and acting as if it was all to be expected he nearly collapsed.

"Eita!" he cried. "Why did you do this? You had everything."

"I know it," replied the wife. "Everything—but excitement."

Through the newspapers the following morning Mr. Heil expressed his opinion that his wife was suffering from a malady of the mind, to which could be attributed all of her escapades. He announced that he had retained the best physicians possible to go into the case, and that meantime he would make restitution in cash for everything that had been taken.

And he did, paying out more than $100,000 for the articles that could not be found, accepting without question the appraisal of his wife's victims, and behaving in a manner that showed he regarded her thefts as something infinitely distressing, to be covered up and forgotten as soon as possible. In this spirit he is said to have paid some persons for articles which never existed rather than to go through with the cases that began to pile up in court as more and more people recognized, or affected to recognize, Mrs. Heil as the "perfect maid" who went South with their family valuables.

When the burglary charges filed formally against Mrs. Heil came up in court all of the victims had their property or its equivalent in money.

All day long in the week that intervened between her arrest and the court proceedings they had been filing through the Heil mansion as the public parades through an art gallery, identifying their stolen property.

As they came into the drawing room Mrs. Heil was pointed out to them for identification by a policeman as she sat weeping near the door. From that point they were led by Mr. Heil through the entire house to select whatever valuables they chose to identify as their own. Sometimes the tragedy became a comedy as two women would select the same object as belonging to them. In one instance of this kind Mr. Heil awarded one woman the article and the other enough money to buy a new one. He was anxious to wipe the slate and forget it at any price.

One very interesting feature of this very informal reception was Mrs. Heil's attitude after she had recovered from her first hysterical fit of tears. She became exceedingly gracious and proceeded to display the same poise and tact they had admired in her when she was their "perfect maid."

And it was certainly a situation for poise and tact if there ever was one. Mrs. Heil treated them just as if they were her guests, making all the little, small talk she would have made under other circumstances, acting as if nothing had happened.

"Mrs. Jones!" she would exclaim as the butler admitted still another of her victims. "It's so good to see you again. How is your sister's little baby?"

The wrath of the victim immediately succumbed to admiration. Having come with a chip on their shoulders, all the victims extended their good wishes to the charming burglar and their cordial sympathy to her harassed husband. Some of them even said they would be willing to go through so trivial a misfortune as burglary for the satisfaction Mrs. Heil had given them in the few days she had been in their house.

And so when the case came up in court it was an easy matter for Mr. Heil to convince the judge that his wife's adventures in crime had been very unfortunate, but that they did not justify the imposition of a prison sentence.

He stated as his opinion that she was suffering from nervous shock and guaranteed her future conduct if the court would parole her to him. The judge agreed with him and Mrs. Heil was set free on probation.

Everybody in Chicago sympathized with the banker and applauded his generous forgiveness of his wife. The disgrace brought by her conduct had cost him a great deal. It is not an asset to a banker to have it publicly known that his wife is a thief, but what he regretted most was the shame it had brought on the little boy and girl they had adopted a few years before.

The situation was further complicated by the police. Not satisfied with the conventional excuse of kleptomania, they made some inquiries into Mrs. Heil's past, and found three marriages and one or two affairs that might better have been marriages.

Still, the banker did not turn against his wife. He made an arrangement whereby she was given a costly home in a faraway suburb and the services of a private physician and nurse. Her allowance of $100 a week was to be continued as before. The only stipulation he placed on this settlement was that never again should she see the children they had adopted.

Mrs. Heil regarded this last condition as too harsh to endure and just as the case had quieted down she reopened it suddenly and brought further confusion to her husband by breaking her parole and returning to his home.

It was carefully planned and Mrs. Heil knew that at the hour of her return her husband would be dining out. The servants were perplexed as their former mistress rang the door bell. She had been very kind to them all in the past and it was hard to refuse the desperate woman the thing she longed for more than life itself—the pleasure of going to the nursery and holding her sleepy tots in her arms. So they admitted her.

The children were in charge of a nurse who knew Mrs. Heil only from what had been written in the newspapers. She was very uneasy on that account and begged the weeping woman to make the interview as short as possible. Instead, Mrs. Heil seized the babies and ran down the stairs into the street!

The servants immediately summoned Mr. Heil, who arrived from a nearby restaurant within five minutes after the departure of his wife. In a moment the neighborhood was filled with policemen, and the frantic husband offered one thousand dollars reward for the first to find Mrs. Heil or his children.

This impetus started a scurry about the neighborhood, and in a few moments the mother was found in an areaway of a near-by apartment, holding the babes to her breast and sobbing as if her heart would break.

As he beheld his little ones, Mr. Heil's nerves became unstrung, and he ordered his wife to be taken to the police station and arrested for kidnapping. Bitter words between the two were exchanged at the desk sergeant's window.

Mr. Heil seemingly had a good case.

"You have already ruined my life and come very near to ruining my business," he said. "Why do you try to go farther? You dishonored me, although I gave you everything a woman could want and all the money you could spend. Now you are trying to complete the ruin with this terrible attempt to steal my children. You are out of the penitentiary through my influence. By breaking your parole you may be sent there. Why can't you leave me alone? I've had enough!"

To which Mrs. Heil replied:

"I love my children no matter what I have done. I must be near them no matter what the consequences are!"

This was appealing and Mr. Heil was induced to strike out the charges against his wife and enter an arrangement whereby she would be permitted to see the children once a week.

The case was forgotten again. The alimony was renewed and everything was smoothed over. Mr. Heil began to eradicate the effects of his domestic tragedy, insofar as they had affected his business.

Then, all of a sudden, his wife exploded everything again by swallowing a dose of poison sufficient to have killed ten people in the most public place she could think of—the waiting room of the Chicago & Northwestern railway station.

Fortunately she told the matron at the station a moment after she had taken the poison, and immediate measures to save her life were taken by the station doctor.

Throughout she kept weeping that she no longer wanted to live without her children. Once a week was not enough. She wanted them by her side all of the time.

Mr. Heil came to the hospital as soon as he heard what had happened. He was very tender, but much troubled. The unpleasant and repeated notoriety was shattering his nerves.

Later, when the untiring work of specialists he had summoned brought her out of danger, he sent the children to see her and still later, when her recovery was assured, he commenced suit for divorce.

It was immediately granted and left the banker under no obligation to provide for his wife. Nevertheless, he continued to give her the usual allowance and built an expensive house for her in California on condition that she would go there to live.

She acceded to this and Banker Heil began piecing the broken threads of his life together and settling down to a new existence with his children, when his divorced wife unexpectedly bobbed up again in the news—this time for having rifled the home of a wealthy moving picture magnate on the coast.

Mr. Heil has not yet announced what his course will be or whether he will make restitution as he did before, and preparations are being made in Los Angeles for trial.

If it is held, some very interesting things may be brought out. During her pilferings in Chicago Mrs. Heil, it will be remembered, obtained from her husband considerable quantities of money to pay for goods which she said she had bought at auction. This money was supplemented undoubtedly by other sums obtained by the disposal of some of her loot and the $100 a week she received. Where?

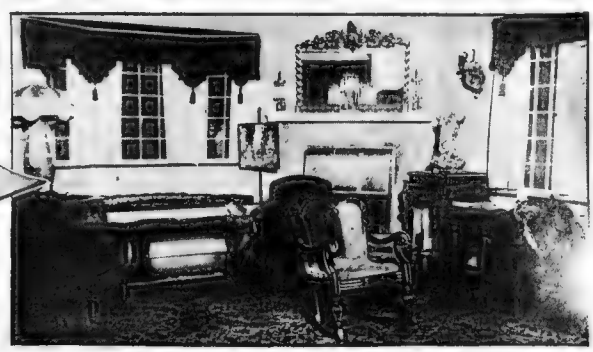
What happened to all this money? What was the real reason for Mrs. Heil's repeated thefts? Will the trial tell?

Is Mrs. Heil a confirmed thief? Is it impossible for her to reform? Surely here is a problem for the doctors or the criminologists to solve!



With Bundles Under Her Arms and a Suitcase in Each Hand, "the Perfect Maid" Left the House After Helping Herself to All the Jewels, Furs and Valuables She Could Lay Hands On, and Drove to Her Own Home in Her Own Limousine.





Photograph of Mrs. Heil's Drawing Room After It Had Been Stripped of the Various Objects of Art and Decorations Which Mrs. Heil, "The Perfect Maid," Had Stolen and Brought Home.

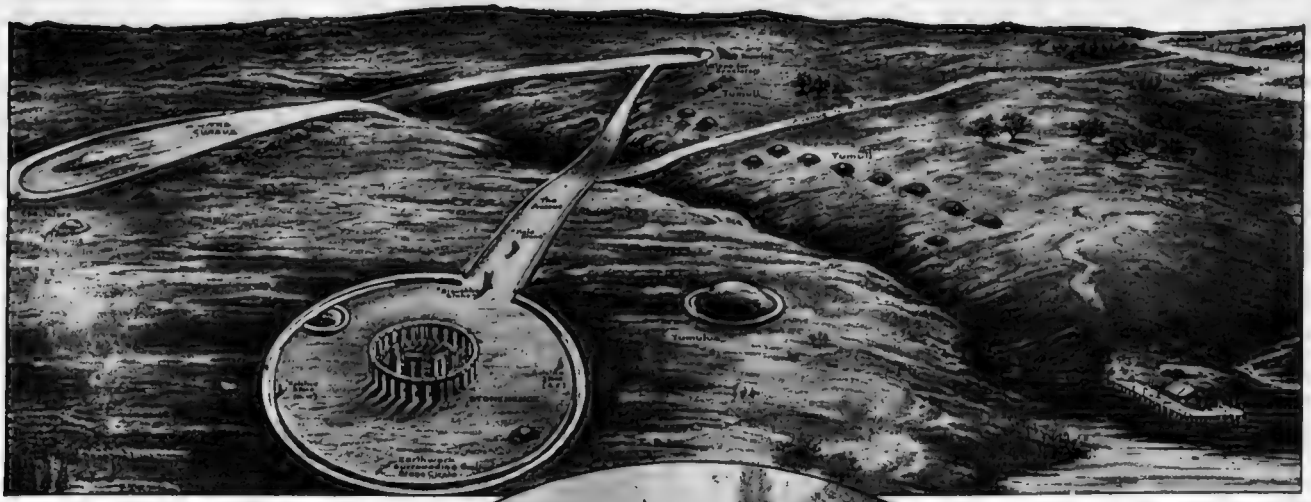
(And Above) It Was a Trying Hour for Mrs. Heil When the Victims of Dozens of Robberies Were Invited by the Police to Come to Mrs. Heil's Own Residence and Wander About the Handsomely Furnished Rooms, Pointing Out and Fixing Tags on the Various Articles That Had Been Stolen from Them.



Mrs. William A. Jennings, Wife of a Prominent Chicago Attorney, Who Also Engaged Mrs. Heil, and Called Her "The Wonder Maid." Mrs. Jennings Felt Worse at the Loss of Such a Treasure of a Servant Than She Did at the Loss of Her Valuable Furs and Jewelry Which Mrs. Heil Stole from Her.

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The Mystery of Stonehenge Explained at Last!



Reconstruction of Stonehenge Showing the Temple, the "Cursus" or Race Course, the Avenues and the Probable Location of the Pool Where Goods Were Carried to Market and Druid Sacrifices—Milder Than Those Within the Circle of Great Stones—Were Made. The Tumuli, or Little Hillocks, Around the Race Course and About the Temple Were Probably Mounds Raised for Still Unknown Religious Purposes. They May Have Been Graves of Chieftains or Druid High Priests. (Drawing Copyrighted by The Illustrated London News.)

The One Place Where the Prehistoric Britishers Could Have Their Games and Carry on Trade Without Danger of Getting Their Heads Cracked by a Stone Axe



Painting of a Flower Sacrifice by a Druid Priestess Such as Is Now Known to Have Been Made to the "God of the River" in the Long Vanished Pool at Ancient Stonehenge.



An Old Print of a Druid Priest. These Ancient Gentlemen Reserved the Exclusive Right of Killing at Their Temple and So Made Stonehenge the One Safe Place for Stone Age British Sport and Trade.



Workmen Repairing with Modern Derricks the Fallen Stones of the Once Mysterious Temple of Stonehenge.

THE English Office of Works, which has been restoring the ancient stone circles of Stonehenge under the direction of distinguished archeologists, has just discovered there a race course, the remains of an immense public market, traces of a deep pool and an ancient road running over the plains to the temple.

By these discoveries the mystery of the cluster of colossal stones put in place thousands of years ago during the Stone Age on Salisbury Plain, England, has at last been solved.

Stonehenge was the one place in England where the tribes could meet, hold their sports and trade with each other for useful goods and ornaments without any danger of having their heads cracked open with stone axes. The moment the character of the racecourse—which is a quite modern looking long oval with an "island" at one end around which the chariots turned, and banked-up places at each end for spectators was recognized and the remains of the old market were found, everything became exceedingly plain.

We know that back in those old dim days places of worship or temples had their peculiar rules. It was a raw, rude time, when disputes were usually settled by the ancient equivalents of automatic or knife. Obviously it did a temple no good to have the worshippers killing each other all over the place, so the priests reserved for themselves the right of slaughter in the limits of the place of worship.

When the faithful assembled, therefore, they left their weapons at the gate. It was, indeed, just like when in our own old frontier days certain dance halls and other places of amusement insisted upon patrons leaving their pistols with the doorkeeper.

And so, exactly, was it at Stonehenge. When the skin-clad folk began flocking to the services they checked their stone axes, bows and stone-tipped arrows and their clubs just outside. If they didn't and tried to start something they soon wished they hadn't, because not even were the old priests good, able-bodied citizens, but they had, besides, the authority of the gods behind their fists.

Then, after it was certain that Stonehenge could enforce its peace rules, the people began to see it was a good place to trade. In those days when a man coveted anything he was apt to get it by the simple process of cracking the one who had it over the head. This did not do much for organised business. But at Stonehenge a man either had to buy or leave it be. Steadily the public market grew around the great stone temple. Then came games and sports.

All of this the priests encouraged. Without doubt they got their share of the profits for the security they guaranteed.

And so Stonehenge developed into perhaps the first great combined temple, race course, fair ground and market. And that is its whole secret.

For many centuries no one knew whose were the ancient hands that had raised the enormous slabs, nor just why they did it. Legends and fragments of folklore indicated that Stonehenge had at one time been a temple, and certain relics clearly showed that among the rites practised had been that of human sacrifice. Later, when science began to grow strong, it demonstrated that besides being a religious edifice Stonehenge had also been an astrological observatory. On the longest day in the year, the Summer solstice, the rising sun struck first a curious stone called the "Hele" stone, and then fell along the axis of the temple upon the "Slaughter Stone," used as an altar for human sacrifice. The shadows cast by two other stones, now called "Solstice Stones," were used to verify the astronomical calculations of the priests.

But why the unknown builders had picked out this particular spot in all England to erect their astonishing temple and what it was that drew the throngs of worshippers to it remained unknown. The mystery was further increased by the fact that the outer stones of Stonehenge are made of rock that is common on the Plain. But there was an inner circle composed of single standing stones not found anywhere in England at all. The nearest place they could be discovered was in Ireland.

It is now proven that these unfamiliar, or, as they are still called about Salisbury Plain, "Foreign Stones," are the remains of a far older temple erected anywhere from twenty to fifty thousand years ago by a race who were not British.

One of the English archeologists in charge of the work has this to say of the discoveries:

"Although at first there does not seem to be any close connection between a sanctuary and trade or sport, it must be remembered that such dissociation of ideas is a modern innovation. In prehistoric days the business man was subject to more open methods of robbery than to-day. Negotiations were apt to terminate suddenly owing to the stronger man reaching for his club.

"But prehistoric folk extended to their temple that respect which is now commonly paid to the law courts. They were as anxious to avoid conflict with their priests as the modern merchant it to steer clear of lawyers. **Why**, then, should it be surprising that **they** should conduct their bartering under the protective aegis of the temple, where bloodshed was taboo unless conducted by the holy men themselves"

"The double antiquity of Stonehenge is in itself strong ground for expecting traces of prehistoric commercial activity. Since the 'Foreign Stones' indicate sanctity previous to the coming of the trilithon builders, it is not extravagant to assume that the only meeting-ground safe alike to the older residents and the immigrants should be the mutually sacred area. Intercourse would, therefore, naturally gravitate to Stonehenge, bringing with it a revival of trade with less local tribes already accustomed to the security of the neighborhood.

"But this, it may be asserted, is pure supposition. Fortunately, the theory is backed by corroborative evidence. Scattered about within a narrow circle enclosing the building we have found countless fragments of flint implements, tools fashioned of animal bones, broken domestic pottery, beads and bronze ornaments.

"In those days the water in the Avon apparently stood at a higher level. If so, the lowlying ground to the southeast of Stonehenge must have formed a backwater sufficiently deep for the navigation of rafts. Facilities for the transport of goods by water were welcome in times when roads were practically non-existent. Piecing together all this evidence, we can hardly avoid the conclusion that Stonehenge was the Royal Exchange of its day."

The real antiquity of Stonehenge is, of course, unknown. The Druids, the priests of the early Britons, used it for the purposes told here at least 2000 years B. C. These were the ones who reared the trilithons.

But the "Foreign Stones" were in place long before the days of the Druids. They were probably placed there by a colony of Africans—not, however, Egyptians. There are records of a powerful Neolithic, or Stone Age, maritime power which before history began established colonies throughout the then known world. Dr. Cope Whitehouse, of New York, the distinguished Egyptologist, has called attention to the evidence in Egyptian records of a great maritime nation, established to the west of the Nile, that threatened Egypt's supremacy at the height of her greatness.

According to Mr. Whitehouse's theory, these people, as a great sea power, must have left traces of themselves all over the accessible world to which their ships traded. He holds the remarkable rock structure known as Fingall's Cave, in Scotland, to be clearly of human origin, and thinks it reasonable to believe that it was the work of the forgotten African race.

It is also reasonable to believe that the older part of Stonehenge is the creation of the same people, since both works belong to an advanced period of the Stone Age, with similar characteristics of rough grandeur. The discovery of a temple west of the Nile of similar workmanship to Stonehenge strengthens the theory that this maritime power, whose existence has been forgotten, covered Europe with their stone monuments.

That many dreadful scenes went on in ancient days within the great circle is certain. If those who thronged to Stonehenge on the days of the races and the markets were safe so far as their worldly enemies were concerned, there were scores of miserable wretches who looked forward to those same days with horror.

These were the human sacrifices, and beyond the outer circles of stones the scientists found a circle of deep pits filled with human bones, evidently the relics of these sacrifices.

Although some of the rites of the Druids were peculiarly cruel, many of their other religious ceremonies were very beautiful and gentle.

Their religion recognized spirits of the earth, the streams and woods and so on, as well as the greater ones of the sun and moon. The priestesses, or Druidesses, had charge of these softer phases of the ceremonials, and the painting on this page is a famous artist's conception of one of these milder rites. The Druidess, surrounded by her maidens, is offering sacrifice of flowers to the God of the River.

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A Church That Will Run its Own Theatre

The First Production in a Series of Wholesome Dramas, Played by Church Members of Unstained Character with the Pastor for the Leading Part



The Church of the Intercession at Broadway and 155th Street, New York City, Which Will Provide Wholesome Dramatic Entertainment for Its Congregation.

PEOPLE like to go to the theatre, and there is no reason why they shouldn't if the theatres are in the hands of managers who produce demoralizing plays and hire actors and actresses who are willing to play degrading parts, then a remedy for the situation can perhaps be found by organizing dramatic companies of players who have consciences, directed by managers who feel a moral responsibility to the public.

This is the way the Rev. Ramon L. Harding, pastor of the Church of the Intercession, at the corner of Broadway and One Hundred and Fifty-fifth street, New York, would solve the problem of indecencies on the stage, which has been a subject of endless discussion by the clergy and the dramatic profession.

Rev. Dr. Harding points out that the beginning of dramatic productions started in churches, and he feels that the time has come for the church to take over the world of dramatic art and control it.

Dr. Harding, indeed, has gone further than merely to theorize. He has collected a dramatic company from the members of his own church, and to make sure that no mistake was made he himself took the leading part, and the other evening made the first production of a play with a view to demonstrating the sound practicability of his theory.

Before the curtain rose the Rev. Dr. Harding assembled his worthy company of players in a room just off the stage. At a signal from the pastor every members of the company knelt in prayer, and the Rev. Dr. Harding invoked the Lord's blessing on the play, the players, the audience and the undertaking as a whole.

Mr. Harding selected for his first production a play by Robert Hugh Benson, called "The Upper Room." It is a highly dramatic representation of what occurred among the followers of the Saviour during and after the crucifixion. The characters in this play include Samuel, Joseph of Arimathea, Mary the mother of Jesus, Mary Magdalene the penitent, John, Peter, Veronica, the Roman soldier whose spear pierced the Saviour's side and Judas the betrayer.

The programme differed in no way from the regular theatre programme, except at the bottom of the page this request appeared:

"As this is a religious drama you are requested to refrain from all applause."

It was only by accident that Rev. Dr. Harding happened to select a play with strong religious sentiment. It is not at all the intention of the Intercession Dramatic League, as the church players are called, to confine their productions to Bible subjects. Any wholesome drama, and even comedies, will be included in the repertoire of the players.

Indeed, even musical comedies will not be excluded, but anything of a coarse nature and all vulgarity and suggestive jokes will be omitted, and, of course, care will be exercised in costuming the players so that no fault can be found on the score of indecency.

In the first effort of the Intercession Dramatic League, when the players produced "The Upper Room" the other evening, there were many opportunities for a display of dramatic talent.

The play opens in the representation of the upper room of the house in which the disciples met. It is a story of the reaction of the followers of the Saviour, and even of His foes, to His sufferings and heroism on the cross.

The greatest "hit," to use theatrical parlance, of the play was made by William West, a young salesman, who played the role of Samuel. Samuel is an humble servant of the owner of the house. His function is what is technically known, in play construction, as the confidante. He brings to the waiting disciples in the upper room the dread news of the Death of the Crucifixion. Detail by detail he repeats it. He listens to the expression of the emotion of those who knew Jesus.



The Roman Soldier Who Thrust the Spear Into the Saviour's Side at the Crucifixion.

Mary the Virgin Mother [illegible] heart-broken [illegible] the impulsive desertion of the Saviour. He recalls with tears the Divine One's prophecy that before the cock crowed he would deny Him thrice. Peter weeps his confession and the Holy Mother grants him forgiveness.

Judas, a figure created by fiction, comes into the room and tells of his own repentance because he has betrayed the Christ to His enemies for thirty pieces of silver. Him, too, the Mother of the Lord forgives, even while her stricken face shows that the blow of her beloved Son's ignominious death is a fatal one to her.

Mary of Magdalene creeps humbly into that upper room. She tells the story of how, in a crowd, the saintly eyes of the One who is then dying on the cross had transfixed her. She tells the story of her conviction of sin. She kneels and repents in pantomime the scene of her washing the Lord's feet and drying them with her flowing hair.

Comes then the Roman soldier. Mary, her hand upon her tortured heart, knows the story he has to tell even before she hears the words.

"With this sword I pierced His heart," says the soldier. "And when I looked into His eyes, that pitied me even in His agony, I knew that I had slain the Christ."

Mary receives the spear, lifting the awful relic as she would a sleeping child, to her breast. Veronica follows the soldier. She carries in her extended arms the napkin which had covered His face, and which, by a miracle, bore an imprint of the sacred features. At this sight the Mother of the Saviour kneels and weeps and prays.

The play ends with the Virgin Mary, Mary the Magdalene and Veronica gathered about the cross.

The performance was repeated next day by request before an audience at the Hospital for Incurables at Fordham.

One objection which is constantly raised against the commercialized drama is that the men and women of the stage are, many of them, notoriously immoral. Clergymen point to the endless matrimonial mix-ups and general moral laxity of actors and actresses. It is not a desirable thing, they point out, to buy a ticket and spend two or three hours watching the vampish actions on the stage of a woman who is notoriously loose in her own public life. The effect on young people is unfortunate. It is a toleration and an encouragement to buy theatre tickets and go to see men and women whose private lives are notoriously flagrant.



Kathleen Kerrigan, the Leading Woman, Who Took the Part of Mary, the Mother of Jesus.

Scene in "The Upper Room," the Play Selected for the First Production of the Intercession Dramatic League.

Mary Magdalene in the Intercession Dramatic League Production.

But this stultifying influence on the audience will be removed by Rev. Dr. Harding's theory of carefully safeguarding plays and players from even the suspicion of evil. If the pastor of the church himself is the leading man, and if the men and women of the cast are devout pillars of the church, known to the audience for their high personal character, there can be no unfortunate influence upon those who see the play, so far as their moral standards might be undermined through encouragement of unworthy players. Of course, "problem plays" and "triangle plays" and "crime plays" will be barred from Rev. Dr. Harding's church theatre.

But since life is more or less made up of the interplay of the forces for good and evil, the line will not be drawn so strictly as to exclude plots where a villain or a wicked person is included in the cast. Even the crucifixion play, "The Upper Room" included the character of Mary Magdalene a fallen woman, and Judas the greedy hypocrite who betrayed the Saviour for his wretched thirty pieces of silver.

But surely there is nothing in this representation of the circumstances and the personages surrounding the Saviour's last hours which would encourage vice or crime. Mary Magdalene, it is true, was a woman of bad character, and yet the proper presentation of the whole story of Mary, with her final repentance and reformation, is uplifting rather than degrading. Nor could it be considered that the portrayal of such a wretched personage as old Judas would tend to incite the young to vice or villainy.

And so the Rev. Dr. Harding feels that what is known as the "villain" part in a play, and even the "fallen woman" part in many dramas, might be properly portrayed in his church theatre and inspire rather than degrade. It is, the pastor feels, of the greatest importance that the audience should know that the woman who vice-marked face and confessions of moral laxities, is really not a woman of the streets or a professional actress who has had four or five husbands, and perhaps as many others who ought to have been her husbands. This feeling of assurance will be an important force in making the audiences feel safe and secure from demoralizing influences.

The Rev. Dr. Harding discussed his church theatre undertaking with much earnestness and conviction.

"We believe that a drama is a sermon in action," Dr. Harding says. "To produce a play is to preach in action.

The Rev. Ramon L. Harding, Pastor of the Church of the Intercession, in the Role of "Joseph of Arimathea."

I saw in two years two hundred plays. I saw good and bad so that I might judge them and discriminate between them. I saw the much discussed 'Demi Vierge.' I seemed stupid and unnecessary rather than vicious. But I was more impressed by the waste of time in seeing it than by any viciousness in it. I saw 'The Son Daughter,' a beautiful play of great educational value. 'The Circle' was brilliantly frothy or frothily brilliant. All the while I was seeing these plays I realized more than ever before what an agent for good or ill the theatre might be.

"The idea for a company of players formed in the church membership came to me. The vestry approved it. Dr. Percy Mile Hastings Gates, heartily approved. He attended our performance to-night. He was warm in his praise of it. He said he believed it was the beginning of a successful movement to bring the stage into the church.

For the origin of the theatre was in the church. In the eleventh and twelfth centuries plays were produced by the monks. The churches were not large enough to hold the audiences. The plays were then produced in the churchyard. Then in the streets. They spread to the markets. Then they drifted from the church and were secularized. We must get them back. I believe the Intercession has found the way.

"It will be innocent amusement. It will be education taken with the sugar coating of play. It will keep the youth interested in the church. Most important of all it will train the taste away from the kind of plays that are bringing odium upon the theatre.

"The Church of the Intercession has shown a broad spirit in its attitude toward the church. It has trained its children to appreciation of beauty by encouraging them to take part in pageants. I am the master of pageantry. It has been my pleasure to develop the sense of beauty in the youngest children of the Sunday school by pageants in the Spring and Summer holidays. From the pageants to plays is but a step.

"We invite the stage to co-operate with us. David Belasco has already signified his willingness so to do. He lent us properties from one of his plays. The long table at which the Virgin Mary and the sorrowing disciples sat is one used in the refectory scene of that play. He wrote us a kind letter saying he hoped our movement would be successful. If the church and the best elements of the stage would unite the evil features of the stage would soon be eliminated.

"If every person in the congregation were, or could become, an actor the glamor would be removed. There would be on the stage no hint of the forbidden or the improprieties to him. He would look to the good play for its entertainment and would eschew the bad.

"When our play audiences outgrow the church means will be found to build a theatre in the neighborhood. Much is being said, as the city grows, about the need of neighborhood theatres. The solution of the problem may be the church theatre. If a large number of the churches had theatres attached to them there would be no need for others."

I was thus seeking culture and recreation sweetness or their poison to all. I realized that if the theatres presented a clean, fine form of amusement they would help the young who patronized them. Obviously we should direct our energies toward making the theatres clean and fine.

"How could this be done? I asked myself. Clearly by establishing theatres in connection with the churches. Let the children and youth vent their energies in play directing and play acting, as they would exercise the faculty of selection. Their taste would be trained. They would know the good from the bad and would prefer and patronize the good.

"As the theatres are now conducted in some quarters the impressionable youth receives its first impetus toward evil from the stage. Its descent to infernal regions begins with the footlights.

"I came to this city two years ago. At once I became a patron of the theatres. The parish is a huge one and a busy one. I was too busy to read. If I tried to read I was summoned to the telephone. Or through the front door came someone who asked, and had a right to, our help.

"For this reason I am never able to finish reading a book unless I am on a vacation. I went to the theatre in part because there I could view a finished work without interruption. An author has taken up a theme and developed and completed it. I could watch it to the end. While I

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On the Trail of the Sleuths



Second Article on Henry Ford's Jew Mania

DID you read "The Inside Story of Henry Ford's Jew-Mania?" A few days after it came out, the June number of Hearst's INTERNATIONAL was cleaned off the newsstands. Now comes the second installment—"On the Trail of the Sleuths"—even more startling. Somebody argued that the Jews led the Roman Catholics to attack the Union Club—one enterprising Russian wrote that "the Pogroms should start late in the Fall!"

THE brother of Josephus Daniels, the ex-Secretary of Navy, was the lawyer who acted for Mr. Ford—somebody forged a lifelike Protocol quoting him among others as saying some astounding things—read about the wild jumble of Tsarists, Ford Jew-investigators, Catholics, Masons, Sinn Fein, Ku Klux Klan—and see if YOU can guess which documents are forgeries—and see if YOU can tell where the Truth begins or ends!

CAN YOU ANSWER 12 QUESTIONS?

1—What does Edison think is the chief future of the Radio?

2—Who put the portrait of the Bank President in the stained glass window of St. Bartholmew's?

3—What is a Protocol?

4—Is Hate a more potent force than Love?

5—Who wrote "Mr. Prohack"? Who wrote "Kiki"?

6—What shape is the Universe?

7—In what two States are the Senatorial elections most important this fall?

8—Can a BAD Woman make a Good Wife?

9—How did Trotzky get his military education?

10—What are your Glands for?

11—There are 843,000 Protestants in the six border counties of Ireland—and how many Roman Catholics?

12—How many million dollars a day are we now lending Europe?

All these questions and many more are answered for you by men like Upton Sinclair, Gouverneur Morris, Norman Hapgood, Owen Johnson, Sir Gilbert Parker, in Hearst's INTERNATIONAL *for July. "Have FUN while you read; but KNOW something when you get through" is our motto.*

Who's to BLAME in Ireland?
Frazier Hunt gives truths of desperate situation

Prohibition has MADE GOOD!
Startling facts and figures by Dr. Woods Hutchinson

They LIE about Me in America!
Bessie Beatty sends a Message from Leon Trotzky



"THE Train that Nobody could Stop" deserves to be listed among the best short stories. But it is really an advertisement—another 4 pages of the great SERIAL advertisement of 26,000 A. D. S. druggists now running in Hearst's INTERNATIONAL. Business men and advertisers everywhere are following this with much interest. If your newsdealer hasn't your July copy, send us his name and address and we will be glad to get a copy with our compliments.

UPTON SINCLAIR'S SENSATIONAL NEW NOVEL

They Call Me Carpenter!

The one question that men and women—sincere or sneering—have been asking for 2000 years is: *"What would CHRIST do if He should come to earth today?"* This is the very question that Upton Sinclair undertakes to answer—reverently but fearlessly. His *"Mr. Carpenter"* stands out in our world of French Fashions, Jazz Music and Motion Pictures in a way that will make this the most talked of novel of the year. Two other powerful novels—by Gouverneur Morris and Sir Gilbert Parker—also in July number.



The Pagan

BY JOHN RUSSELL

A beautiful girl, the brown skinned half-caste of the South Seas; a vendetta that lasted eighteen years—make a story you won't want to miss. Besides "The Pagan" there are six other stories—stories like "Lapidowitz Dines Out" or the "Sinfulness of Skippy" that will make you laugh and stories like "Wandering Daughters" or "The Hidden Trail" that will make you cry. Seven of these sparkling short stories *besides* three great novels. The fiction alone in this July Hearst's INTERNATIONAL is worth twice the price you pay for the magazine.

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Science Explains the "Third Sex"

Strong-Minded Women, Effeminate Men and Such Contradictory Characters as Joan of Arc and the Poet-Warrior D'Annunzio Are Now Understood

SCARCELY in all history is there a figure so inspiring and yet so unnatural as Joan of Arc—the gentle maid from the farm who changed her peasant skirts to a suit of armor and led the armies of her beloved France to victory on the battlefield. How are these commanding masculine traits to be accounted for in this gentle woman?

Science is at last able to answer that question—science now recognizes what may be called a third sex. Joan of Arc had the physical form of a woman, but the distinctive qualities of man and she was therefore neither a normal woman nor a normal man—she represents what science terms The Third Sex.

All of us are creatures of strange mixture. A daughter may be a feminine edition of her father, even to possessing his walk and his ways. A son may be a masculine edition of his mother, having her features and traits of character. This is common experience. But sometimes the characteristics of male and female get hopelessly tangled up in an individual, as it were, and the result is a pink haired poet (who, by the way, was a Frenchman) parading the streets.

Now and then we come across a boy who likes to play with dolls rather than get out in the corner lot and have a game of ball. And we have seen the girl who prefers to spin tops and shoot marbles instead of sewing and knitting. These children usually outgrow their contrary tastes although sometimes one of them continues to develop the peculiar ways which cause us to exclaim, "What a sissy he is!" or "Isn't she mannish? She ought to wear pants!"

Down in our hearts we feel that they are to blame for their absurd manners and habits, as if they deliberately chose them. But now science comes to the rescue with an explanation and says that we must change our opinion altogether. Nature alone is responsible for it all!

At least, that is what Professor Julian S. Huxley, the distinguished biologist, told a cultured audience the other day. He is the author of a book on "The Individual," which deals with the action of germ plasms. In his lecture Professor Huxley said that it is possible for a human being to be born with such a mixture of male and female elements that he or she will be torn between opposite feelings and actions.

Nature, in a word, does not always run true to form. She may put a feminine brain or nervous system in a masculine body, or she may do the reverse. While he called this mal-adjustment, the professor thought it might also indicate the existence of a "third sex" in the human family, just as there is among some of the insects and animals.

Everybody will remember that bees and ants are particularly remarkable for the "third sex" they have in their colonies—a sort of neuter gender. The neuters are the hard workers of the hive. They are really undeveloped females. Ant neuters may be either soldiers or nurses. There are moths, too, said Professor Huxley, that are not sure whether they are male or female, and some species of snails change from one gender to another.

Many of us have noticed a hen behaving like a rooster. It happens frequently enough to have given rise to the old saying, "A whistling woman and a crowing hen always come to a bad end." A chicken has been known to grow spurs and crow the rooster a fight if he wants it. But lately we were amazed to learn that an English rooster had gone the hen one better by laying an egg, choosing the Agricultural Hall of London for his extraordinary feat.

Freaks, you say. That may be true, but ought we dismiss the subject so easily? Ages ago men and animals were not the same creatures they are to-day, and ages hence they will be different from what they are now. We may think that nature is making mistakes when she is really experimenting with a new type of animal or man. With his conquest of the physical world and machinery to do all of his work for him, man may develop into another kind of being altogether. Do you remember the people of Mars as described by H. G. Wells? They were three-quarters brain and one-quarter body, with scarcely any difference between males and females.

Occasionally in the newspapers are given stories of women living and dressing like men for the greater part of their lives without arousing suspicion. There was a big sensation of the sort some years ago when a woman masquerading under the name of "Murray Hall" became a Tammany politician of the hail-fellow-well met type, and completely fooled her friends and the public until her death revealed the secret of her life. It is rarer to hear of a man living and dressing like a woman.

Normal people are inclined to laugh or sneer at these unbalanced natures. History, however, as well as our own every day life, proves that the "third sex" must be reckoned with more seriously. Some of the greatest figures in history and art have been pointed out as belonging to this type.

Several of the ancient Roman emperors had what is called the "woman soul." Julius Caesar himself, conqueror and ruler of the world, fierce fighter and mighty monarch, was very vain of his beauty and took great pains to preserve the whiteness and softness of his skin. Spending hours on his toilette seems far removed from Caesar, yet he did it.

This contradictory nature of Caesar brings to mind that of a famous man of our own times—Gabriele d'Annunzio, the Italian writer.

Those who have read about the heroic doings of Gabriele d'Annunzio during the last five years would hardly accuse him of being the least bit feminine. The way he came to the defense of his native land, Italy, in the crisis of the World War, was positively an inspiration to his fellow men. Not only did he fight in many battles and become the idol of the soldiers. He wrote eloquent addresses that fired his countrymen with burning patriotism. He gained renown for his daring stunts as an airman.

D'Annunzio was fifty when he changed from a bad-like poet to a fire-breathing hero. Such an utter transformation in character is hard to realize. It is almost like a dove becoming an eagle.

For years—in fact, right up to the time that the war stimulated him to shoulder a gun—this supreme poet of Italy lived only for the gratification of his senses. Romantically, he selected an ancient tower to live in, overlooking the blue Adriatic Sea, and there he dawdled away his days writing plays that were beautiful in language, but full of morbid characters and ideas. Outside of poetry, clothes were his chief concern. Everything possible was made of silk, so that his body might not know a rough fabric. Attendants groomed him until his skin was as soft and polished as his speech.

Yet, he had love affairs, many of them. But he demanded adoration from the fair ones who were fortunate enough to win his smile. Woe betide them if they failed to flatter him upon every occasion. D'Annunzio was as fickle as the wind.

Different from all the sweethearts he had ever had was Eleanora Duse, the famous Italian tragedienne. Until she met him the actress never knew the thrill of true love, although she had played it on the stage to enthralled thousands. Until he met her the poet had felt only love of himself.

No drama he had ever written nor any role she had assumed ever presented such chances for emotion. Absolutely sincere in everything she did, Duse gave the fascinating poet her heart. What did he do with it? At first he was as rapturous as she was. How could he resist such a marvelous creature?

Play after play was written for her sympathetic interpretation. Duse lived for d'Annunzio alone. She would appear in no plays but his. Alas for her love and fidelity! The poet grew tired of her. Naturally, he was grieved that the break had to come, but why expect him to be constant? If poets were constant they would be mathematicians and not poets! Art—life—art—must come before everything else.

The great Duse at last knew the agony of a broken heart. Stricken, she retired from the stage for a period. While she sorrowed d'Annunzio coolly used the actress and their relationship as material for a novel. It was published, and the world gasped with horror at his deliberate betrayal. Honor—man's honor in defending a woman—meant nothing to him. The best thing we can say for d'Annunzio at this point is that the woman-nature inside him indulged in one of the most spiteful acts on record.

How singular it is then, to see this same man a military hero, one of the brilliant figures of the World War. With his masculinity triumphant, does he ever think of Duse and regret his dastardly conduct?

All of which makes us wonder what part environment and events play in developing the masculinity or femininity of a person. During peace d'Annunzio surrounds himself with luxury and acts like a languid princess. During war he sheds his finery and fine airs and goes into battle like a wildcat.

Scientists have observed in some of the lower orders of life that the suppression of maleness in a male will bring about an increase in femaleness, and vice versa. Mothers have been known to bring up a daughter as if she were a son, with the consequence that the child developed masculine characteristics.

Dipping into history again we find that Catherine the Great of Russia was exceedingly proud of her manlike qualities, and she strove to cultivate them. She often compared herself with men. Catherine admired herself in men's clothes, and invented a saddle so that she might ride astride. Love affairs she had, plenty of them, but she never permitted them to influence her intellect or sovereignty. She was always the master. Describing her attitude toward her suitors, Catherine said: "I was a true gentleman!"

As a class, artists, musicians and writers show quite a number of geniuses who might be placed in the "third sex" category. It is not beyond reason that the feminist conceptions of art might demand a bend of the male and female in the producer entirely different from that in the average citizen.

Michelangelo is an outstanding example. The beauty of women never affected his life or his work, while, on the other hand, he was very sensitive to the physical perfection of the male figure. His statues of men have no equal. Socially he failed to enjoy the company of young women. Many women threw themselves at his head, as they say, but Michelangelo remained a bachelor.

Every one of us ought to be familiar with the tremendous painting of "The Horse Fair," which is in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York. It looks like the work of a man. Rosa Bonheur, who painted it, was one of those girls who liked boys' games. Her grandfather once said to her mother: "Ah, you think you have a daughter? What a mistake—Rosa is a boy in petticoats!"

While making studies for her "Horse Fair" at the horse market, Rosa Bonheur first put on men's clothes so as to avoid coarse jokes from the rough dealers at her expense. Dressed so, with short hair, she looked like a man. After that she always donned trousers when at work. At home she had animal pets of all kinds, from lambs to lions. One of her lions died with his head in her lap. Like Michelangelo, Rosa Bonheur never married.

Perhaps the most celebrated case of the masculine woman and the feminine man is that of George Sand, the French novelist, who wrote under a male nom de plume, and Frederic Chopin, the Polish composer, whose piano music is full of sighs and tears and honeyed sweetness.

Delicate from his childhood, and petted by an indulgent family, Chopin grew into a pale, spoiled darling. Ultra refined, he could not stand noise or vulgarity. Luxurious surroundings and beautiful clothes were essential to his happiness. Coarse voices jarred on his nerves. He hated smoking. We are told that his very walk was silken in its softness. In brief, he was a gentleman with the soul of a tender virgin.

When Chopin came to Paris he soon became the center of worshipping ladies, some of them princesses and countesses. His exquisite manners charmed them. Many of them were lovely creatures, but the composer kept his head and heart.

It was the fate of this most feminine of men to fall in love with the most mannish one of women. For a long time he resisted meeting George Sand. Instinct seemed to tell him to look out for himself. But at last he was forced to meet the famous lady. Although she was nearly as a gipsy with her ways, not considered ugly, and smoked black cigars and swore like a pirate, Chopin—the fastidious Chopin—was fascinated by her.

On her part she adored the pale young man who composed such wonderful music, and she said she felt as if she must "mother" him. Chopin was ill, too, and so Madame Sand invited him to go with her and her two children to Majorca, where he might rest and recuperate. But the weather was bad and Chopin grew worse in health and temper. He complained of the rain, of the dirt, of the cooking, even of his hair. Quite to the contrary, she thoroughly enjoyed the hardships and hailed them in the name of adventure, going about dressed in trousers.

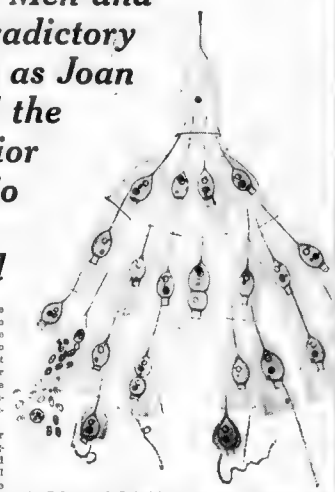
That was the beginning of this strange alliance. George Sand "mothered" Chopin for nearly eight years; then she wearied of his coughs and irritability.

"Come, my dear skeleton," she would cry to Chopin, "light my cigar and stop your perpetual coughing!"

Abruptly she quarrelled with him and there was a breach. To make matters worse, the heartless novelist used Chopin as a character in her next novel. Not long afterward Chopin died of consumption. "Alas of a broken heart," said many of his friends.

Personality is still a profound mystery to the most searching of questions. It is a baffling question. Theories about it are generally unsatisfactory. To us, at times it seems as if the feminine and masculine sides of some persons were another to those cases of double personality that we read about, where, under certain circumstances, one personality changes into another like a chameleon changing color. Theosophists, on the other hand, would explain a feminine spirit in a masculine body on the ground of reincarnation. Then there are philosophers who would say that foods played a vital part in determining masculinity and femininity, and point out that the meat-eaters were always more virile than the grain-eaters. With some insects a fat season produces a multitude of females, while a lean season brings an over-supply of males. Experimenting, a naturalist discovered that one variety of caterpillar changed from female to male when it was starved.

All of us know that Nature is ever active, adapting man and animals to their environment. Perhaps the development of a "third sex" is just another step in evolution toward the supermen and supermen of the future. Already we have with us, in growing number, the new generation of sex-mad girls who enjoy tubs to wear breeches, cut their hair short and equal men in sport or business.



A Colony of Primitive Protozoa, Where Both Sexes Are Combined in the One Individual—a Zoological Illustration of What Professor Huxley Terms "the Third Sex."



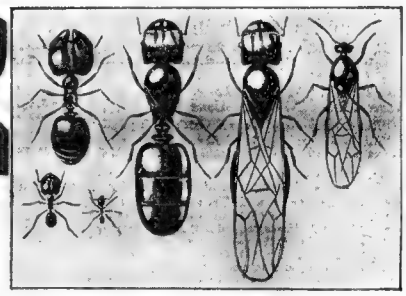
Joan of Arc, a Conspicuous Illustration of "the Third Sex"—a Gentle Maid from a Farm Who Suddenly Took on the Qualities of a Forceful Man and Led the Armies of France to Victory. —From a Painting by E. Pollock.



Dr. Mary Walker, Who Had the Physical Form of a Woman but All the Mental Characteristics of a Man and Who Was Not Happy Until She Was Allowed to Wear Trousers by a Special Act of Congress.



Gabriele d'Annunzio, the Effeminate, Dilettante, Italian Poet, Who Surprised the World by Suddenly Becoming a Defiant Military Hero.



Curious Differentiations of Qualities in Ants. The First Three Are Big, Medium and Small Workers of the Neuter Gender; Next Is the Queen, Then a Winged Female and a Winged Male.

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Revelations by the Queen of the Unde

Margaret Hill, Famous "Vamp," Who Worked with the Aristocrats of World Trapping Mi Are Wickedly



Photograph of the Dope Peddler's Child Who Was Used to Dispel Suspicion.



Young Men Drug Addicts Rounded Up to Take a Compulsory Drug Cure by the City Authorities.

A Little Chinese Girl Who Was Found to Be the Distributing Agent of a Drug Gang.

By Mrs. Margaret Hill

CHAPTER XII.

(Continued from Last Sunday)

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I HAVE already said in previous pages that I feel very strongly on the subject of drugs. I myself have been a victim of the drug habit, and have narrowly escaped the fate which overtook so many of my friends. It is my hope that I will be able to accomplish some useful service in the course of these articles in stirring the imagination of the American public, who do not realize the insidious and growing menace of drugs.

Perhaps some surprise will be caused by my assertion that sixty times as much opium and other drugs are used in the United States, in proportion to the number of people, as are used in some other civilized nations. And yet an investigation by the United States Treasury Department has revealed the astonishing fact that the annual consumption of drugs here averages 36 grains for each person, while it is only 2 grains in Germany, 3 grains in France, 1 grain in Italy and ½ grain in Austria.

So there is official authority for the disturbing statement that we use in this country enough opium to provide doses for every man, woman and child! Only about a quarter of this is used in legitimate medical and dental work; therefore three-quarters of all this wicked poison is used by dope fiends.

The readers of this page may wonder how it is possible to smuggle into this country such an enormous supply when government officers are supposed to be on watch to stop the forbidden traffic.

As I have pointed out in earlier articles, the profit in smuggling the dope is enormous. People of resourceful ness and ingenuity are engaged in the business, and they spend their entire time and thought in devising ways to get the prohibited drugs into the country.

I have already spoken of the steady stream of narcotics which flows into New York from Montreal. Chorus girls of the travelling road companies bring in a great deal, and there are regular professional drug smugglers—pretty girls like Dorothy Waddell and Dixie Dixon—who finally outlived their usefulness and were sent to their graves to seal their lips.

But there are many, many other ways in which the contraband drugs cross the border. It would require all the space in this article if I undertook to detail all the schemes and devices for bringing in drugs which drug smugglers have told me of. But I will give one instance here and then pass on to another phase of the subject.

I know a man who is the head of a dope smuggling ring in Canada. Only a few weeks ago he called to see me, and, with perfect freedom and confidence, told me "how business was getting along." I will call him "George." I discussed with George the death of Dorothy Waddell and Dixie Dixon and a few others, and he shook his head and said that he had long since stopped hiring girls to bring dope across the border.

"They are too dangerous," said George. "They get to taking more and more of the stuff, and they mix up with men, and the first thing you know they become garrulous and begin to tell things. No, it is too risky to use girls or theatrical shows."

How Drugs Are Smuggled Over the Border in Hearses

"You got a better scheme?" I inquired.

"Oh, yes, Margaret, it is much more certain, and we can handle it in bigger amounts," George replied, and then continued: "We are bringing the stuff across now in hearses. Nobody bothers a hearse, especially if it does not travel across the border at the same place too often.

"I have got some hearses which were specially built for stowing away the dope. The big, heavy black curtains are all made double, with hundreds of little compartments, which we pack full of packages of drugs. The posts, or pillars, that hold up the top of the coach are hollowed out and the holes are made just the right size to take the small cans of opium. There are eight of these hollow posts, and we can stow away a good big bunch of opium in these eight posts in each hearse.

"The floor of the hearse has a double floor. I have got the cutest little way of getting into this double floor compartment you ever saw. You would never find it in your life. We can carry quite a load of the stuff in that compartment between the two floors of the hearse.

"Of course, when we have the hearse loaded with dope we send it across openly in the middle of the day and drive right past the custom house officers boldly, so as not to attract attention or arouse suspicion. We keep on going until dark, and then drive into a little road in the woods and meet an automobile from New York. Then we unpack the curtains and posts and compartment in the double floor and the automobile takes the stuff on to New York.

"Sometimes I get an order for a shipment of dope to a distant city—maybe Washington or St. Louis. In this case we ship the stuff in the shell of a corpse"——

"The shell of a corpse," I interrupted. "This is a new one on me."

"Yes, that is what we call it—the shell of a corpse," George replied. "I thought you had heard of that. Quite a lot of us are doing it that way with long distance shipments."

"I don't understand," I said.

"Well, we get hold of a dead body from the morgue or some undertaking establishment, and we have the undertaker cut a hollow cavity where the lungs and internal organs are. The head and chest and arms are not disturbed, nor the lower part of the body, of course. But in under the ribs all the way down to the hips, when hollowed out, makes quite a big cavity. The corpse is very thoroughly embalmed, and we pack the cavity full of drugs. Then the corpse is dressed with clothes, which include collar, shirt, coat, etc."

The Tearful "Widow" Who Never Leaves the Coffin Alone

"Haven't they ever got on to this trick?" I inquired.

"No, we are very careful. I have made it a rule to send along a woman with the corpse until the coffin has safely passed the border. We have got the nicest, quietest, most demure little lady who dresses up in widow's weeds. She can pour out a flood of tears that would deceive the sharpest detective's eyes in the world. We send this girl along with the coffin, and if it is transferred out of the baggage car to the platform anywhere she just trots out and sits down on the edge of the baggage truck or somewhere near, so that nobody comes around to look it over, and nobody bothers her because she looks to be such a pitiful little widow in such sorrow in her bereavement."

"So that is what you mean by shipping drugs in 'the shell of a corpse?'" I remarked. "Well, there are novelties in the Underworld since I abandoned activities which are new to me."

This, then, is one of the latest devices for bringing wholesale quantities of the forbidden drugs into the country. I reasoned with George before he left me and asked him how he could bear to be the instrument of destruction of so many young and innocent people, as he was undoubtedly responsible for ruining.

"Oh, they are all doing it," said George in a nonchalant manner as he lighted another cigarette. "Drugs will always come in and there will always be people who will find ways of beating the law. Others are doing it, and if I quit it would not end the business. I have got a wife and family to look after and I might as well be making the profit as others."

And now, as I conclude with this chapter what I have to say on the wicked traffic in drugs, I want to mention the most distressing of all phases of drug slavery—the children.

I am afraid to tell my readers what I know about this side of the business, because I fear they will not believe me.

When I assert that the scoundrels who peddle drugs are deliberately creating new drug fiends in order to enlarge their market, and that they have found that schoolchildren are the easiest victims, and they, therefore, hang like vultures around our schools, I expect my readers to shake their heads in incredulous disbelief.

To convince the reader that this is no unfounded statement, perhaps I ought to refer to the distressing report of the Grand Jury in Denver, Colorado, the other day, which was handed to Judge Robert E. Lewis in the United States District Court. Among other things this report says:

"Officials charge that school children are being given the drugs to create future patrons for the traffic, and in many instances we have evidence that drugs are frequently delivered and sold in the block occupied by the East Denver High School.

"On Easter Sunday, in Denver, six new addicts (we know not how many others there may have been who were not found), girls between the ages of seventeen and nineteen, were discovered in Denver and recorded in the office of the narcotic division.

"The traffic in narcotic drugs is a horror to us passing belief, and we look upon our experience in the Grand Jury room while dealing with these crimes as a hideous picture. . . . The traffic locally seems to centre in a group of people either foreigners by birth or children of foreign parentage. We would recommend to the court that the status of citizenship of every person convicted of the crime of dealing in narcotic drugs be ascertained, and where it is established that such a person is an alien, immediate steps for deportation be taken.

"The Grand Jury is greatly impressed with the immediate necessity for establishing proper clinics and hospitals for the study of drug addiction and intelligent treatment and relief of the sufferers, with a forceful educational campaign through proper agencies and the schools for the dissemination of information looking to the ultimate suppression of the traffic."

That is what is going on out in Denver.

And I can show you case after case in the New York courts where little children of the age of thirteen and upward have been taken into custody as drug addicts and as peddlers of drugs among their fellow schoolmates. The readers of this page have not noticed these things. My life narrowly escaped being ruined by drugs, and therefore I note and read these cases with emotions which are beyond words to express.

I could give you the names of men who have been arrested for running "schools" to teach children how to use the drugs and how to sell the drugs. I could show you how the drug peddlers hang about dance halls and teach the young men and women to use narcotics. I could show you where the public playgrounds and parks are made the hunting grounds of these scoundrels who first supply the children with the drugs without expense, and when the habit has been formed teach them to steal the money necessary to buy the dope they crave or press them into service as drug peddlers and pay them for their sales by an allowance of dope.

I could show you evidence that drug peddlers stand on the corners and offer a sniff of heroin to youngsters, young men and women, and wheedle them into taking home a little of the drug as a gift. These young people are followed up and provided with narcotics from time to time until the desire for the drug is established—and then they have created a customer.

In one school a juvenile drug ring, comprising twenty-five East Side lads, was discovered, and five of the children confessed that they were drug peddlers working for a scoundrel who had taught them to use the poison and who employed them as peddlers.

Observing the strange behavior of a little thirteen-year-old girl, the Jersey City police not long ago followed up the clue and found they had a juvenile drug addict, which led to the prison sentence of four scoundrels who were drug traffickers.

And again the reader may ask, Why don't the vigilant police put a stop to the activities of these drug peddlers? This is not easy to do. The drug peddlers sometimes work with surprising disguises. I know a young woman who carried her baby on one arm and a hand-satchel full of drugs in the other hand. Who would suspect this mother with child, out for an outing in the park, as being a professional drug peddler?

And I will mention a very successful drug peddler known in the Underworld as Chicago Tessie. She worked with a companion, a man, and they were so shrewd in their operations that they carried on a large business in the sale of drugs before they were discovered.

Tessie usually kept herself a short distance from her confederate. Her companion, the man, made the sales, taking the money, and Tessie carried the supply on her person and made the deliveries.

When her confederate would make a sale, instead of turning the supply over with his own hands, he would signal the woman and she would paste a "deck" of cocaine in a designated place by freely smearing it over with chewing gum. The purchaser could then, at his or her leisure, walk up to the spot, pry off the gum and get the dope.

Tessie would also make arrangements with various users she would meet while shopping. She would recognize her customer in a busy aisle of some store, get the money as she passed and after circling about the aisles would come back again to the original spot and with her ever-present chewing gum would stick a "deck" of dope under the edge of the sales counter.

Tessie was known for the exceptionally high heels she wears. These were hollow and served as hiding places for a reserve supply of dope. Even the long jade earrings she wore were hollow and full of drugs. She wore a large cameo on her shirtwaist, and this was a receptacle for drugs also.

Tessie would load herself up with drugs—her cameo, her earrings and her high heels—and lounge around in the dressing rooms of cheap dance halls. When a girl would come in complaining of being hot or tider of of a headache, Tessie would offer her a "remedy"—a little sniff of heroin.

Even if the girl had never used the habit-forming drug before, she would recognize the value of it and relief after dissipation and with the new-found exhilaration she would go back to the dance hall floor, and quite likely before the evening was over would come back to the dressing room for another sniff of Tessie's "remedy."

Tessie would get the girl's name and address, cultivate her acquaintance, meet her again at the dance hall or go to her rooms and slowly inoculate her with the desire for this "medicine."

And then, when the girl felt the insistent grip of the drug, Tessie would say she could not afford to supply the "medicine" free any longer. The unfortunate victim was then in Tessie's power and Tessie had found a new customer. And in the making of this new customer Tessie had usually made the acquaintance of one or more friends of the girl and had started them on the same wicked career of deception.

Turned Into Drug Slaves by Careless or Wicked Doctors

But the wretched dope peddlers are not the only ones who are engaged in the business of making drug addicts. I have several acquaintances who have been made drug slaves by doctors. Many doctors are so utterly careless in their administration of drugs that before they are through with a patient they have inoculated him with an irresistible craving. Other physicians there are who, to my knowledge, deliberately make their living by selling drugs and encouraging drug victims.

It is extremely difficult for the law to convict doctors who are drug sellers. A doctor, of course, has a license which permits him to have drugs in his possession and in his office. He is thus much safer than the wretched drug peddlers on the streets. If a doctor's office is raided, or if a doctor is arrested with drugs in his pocket, it is almost impossible to convict him, because he will show that he has a license to have and use drugs.

I know a rascally physician who did a tremendous

rworld

in Partnership the Criminal llionaires, Explains How Children Turned Into Drug Slaves



Drug Smugglers Engage an Undertaker to Cut a Hollow Cavity Where the Lungs and Internal Organs Are and Stuff the Portion Shown Above in Black With Dope, and the Remains Are Then Shipped Across the Border in a Casket.

usiness supplying drugs to drug ends. He had office hours all ay long, and divided the hours of ie day so as to accommodate his arious grades of customers.

In the morning he had labor- ig men and working girls; in the iddle of the forenoon he had omen of some leisure whose hus- ands had gone to their offices; in ie early afternoon he had ... ases and women who were pported by rich admirers; in ie late afternoon monogrammed mousines could be seen standing front of his office, while the chly dressed, bejewelled women wealth stepped inside to pur- ase their drug supply. In the ening the doctor had office ours to accommodate the painted omen of the streets and the crim- al element of the Underworld.

During my days of drug slav- y I was a regular patron of this oundrelly doctor, and was inter- ted to note how the sharp-eyed tendants graded the visitors ac- ording to their social position d means, and assigned them eir particular hours of the day call for their drugs. This doc- r had avarying scale of prices fit the pocketbooks of his cus- mers. He must have made a rtune.

Of course, drug stores are re- tired to account for all of the rcotic drugs which they pur- ase from the wholesale drug- sts.' Every grain of dope must be accounted for by a ysician's prescription. It is supposed that this will veal doctors who are issuing too many prescriptions r drugs.

But the doctors who do the largest business in drugs not leave a telltale record in the drug stores. Drug ores can purchase wholesale quantities of narcotics from ig peddlers, and then can fill the prescriptions without aking an entry in their record book. Thus the doctor d the crooked druggist work together, and the law is feated. Of course, some doctors sell dope directly to eir patients, and thus reap a double profit.

Photograph of Chicago Tessie, Who Carried Heroin in Her Hollow High-Heeled Shoes, Her Earrings and Brooch

arriers Behind Which te Big "Dope" Merchants Hide

While the police sometimes get the street corner dope ddlers, it is almost impossible to penetrate the barrier th which the "boss" or "king"—as the dope smuggler big supply agent is frequently called—surrounds bself.

Let me tell you how one big smuggler was trapped in ooklyn not long ago, and how this conscienceless hypo- te used a fifteen-year-old boy as his runner—or, in ier words, his dope collector—whenever he wanted to a brand of dope for a customer that he did not happen have on hand at the time

The great game of hide-and seek which dope peddlers d government agents play has revealed certain secrets, parently trifling to the unsophisticated, but which when ought to the attention of a secret service man, some- es lead to his quarry

For instance, tell a United States secret service man gaged in running down dope peddlers that a certain ducated but crafty foreigner has suddenly come into at and unsuspected wealth and has begun to cut quite ver among his fellow countrymen, and it would not be all surprising if that secret service man's lips, when heard this information, framed the word "dope" ere is no quicker way for getting rich stealthily, silently almost invariably without suspicion than through the idling of illicit drugs.

In Brooklyn, on Union street, not far from the water- nt, the "King," as his compatriots called him, ran a it and produce store, which was always liberally filled h the imported products of his native Italy. From an mble beginning the "King" became a man of some im- rtance and branched out into the wholesale business. is gave him an excuse to visit the waterfront every , where he could be seen dickering with ship's minor icers and sailors over the handling of his consignments. From a stool pigeon the government agents got a ire," as such information is sometimes called, that the ing" had added another branch to his importing de- rtment. The stool pigeon also gave the inform ation t the product of this new importing department found way into the customers' pockets in a back room that l been cut off from the rest of the store

After watching the "King's" dealings with incoming vessels from Italy, during which he passed over large rolls of bills from day to day to certain members of the crews, the stool pigeon's idea that the man was actually engaged in the drug traffic seemed to be confirmed. But to get the goods on him the detectives realized would be no easy matter.

How "the King" Was Trapped Through His Fifteen-Year-Old Agent

One day a man entered the back room of the "King's" produce store and asked for some cocaine. Since this man showed what apparently were the proper credentials, he got the dope. The next day he came around for more, and after going through this process for several days, until he became familiar to the "King," he suddenly appeared early one evening, saying:

"Quick, get me $1,800 worth of the stuff. I am going to get out of town, and I need it right away."

As he did not have a sufficient amount of cocaine on hand at the time, the "King" tried to induce his customer to take heroin in its place, but when he found that the man was not to be dissuaded from his original order, the customer was told to come around again at 9:30 in the evening, when the supply would be ready

Leaving the store, this man, who was in reality a government agent, hastened to his confederates and had four or five of them posted in nearby doorways and other spots of vantage, where a thorough shadow of the "King's" headquarters could be maintained.

Shortly after the detective left the place a fifteen-year-old boy was observed to come out of the store and to hurriedly make his way down the street. A government agent dogged the boy's footsteps. Every now and then the boy dove into a store or met different people on various street corners, who apparently were expecting him and who slipped him parcels so small that they were easily covered by his hand. Then he made tracks back to the store.

Promptly at 9:30 the "King" saw his customer enter the store and was pushing over the counter the $1,800 worth of cocaine when there was a clamor and rush in the outer part of the store. Five men were seen making their way headlong for the door that cut off the back room. They flung their bodies against this door and broke it down. But while all this commotion was going on the "King," gathering up all the dope he could, bolted into what was apparently another room.

The door of this room had to be battered down, and then another and another. As the last door swayed on its hinges and fell in, two big bulldogs flung themselves at the throats of the onrushing detectives.

Guns were drawn, shots fired, the dogs blackjacked and the "King," a beaten man, was discovered cowering in a corner of the room.

"I have made it a rule to send along a woman with the corpse until the coffin has safely passed the border. We have got the nicest, quietest, most demure little lady, who dresses up in widow's weeds. She can pour out a flood of tears that would deceive the sharpest detective's eyes in the world. We send this girl along with the coffin, and if it is transferred out of the baggage car to the platform anywhere, she just trots out and sits down on the edge of the baggage truck or somewhere near, so that nobody comes around to look it over, and nobody bothers her, because she looks to be such a pitiful little widow in such sorrow in her bereavement."

At the court the next day the full story of his transactions and his method of concealing the drugs came out. It appears that for some time he had been doing business with the sailors on the ships running to Italy. He had been a large buyer of olive oil, and through his exporters in the mother country he had contrived to have a special can built in which heroin, cocaine and opium were put into a small compartment along the side of the can where the seam lapped.

This hiding place would not ordinarily be suspected, because it was not too large. If for any reason the olive oil were poured out of the can by some suspecting agent it would be found that the full legal amount of oil had actually been shipped in the can, according to the stamp appearing on the outside. He also told the government detectives that he was able to tell which cans contained dope and which contained nothing but the olive oil by the distinctive labels they bore.

To obtain these narcotics was not difficult, he said. They were made in Germany, shipped into Switzerland, thence to Italy, where they found their way into the hands of his dishonest agents, who saw to it that they were put into the compartments of the olive oil cans. His negotiations were obviously strictly businesslike, and he probably would never have been suspected except for his sudden flash of wealth.

Children Taught to Steal to Get Their Daily Drug

In all cases the drug peddlers drive their victims to the limit of their financial possibilities.

Poor girls stint themselves from food and clothes and turn over the larger part of their weekly wages to the dope peddlers in their insistent craving for the drug. Where it is found that the girl has a responsible position and has access to her employer's cash drawer the victims are told that there lies an easy way to find the money to pay for the drugs.

Young men who become dope victims soon become worthless at their trades and lose their jobs—and the descent to the Underworld of crime is then rapid.

And in the case of little children the story is even more pitiful. I once heard this conversation between a little thirteen-year-old girl and the wretch who had taught her to use heroin:

"And now, Susie," said the drug peddler, "I cannot afford to be giving you any more of this stuff for nothing. It costs money and you will have to pay me for it."

"How much does it cost," inquired the child.

"The price will be one dollar a 'deck' to you, Susie, just now; and you will need a deck about every other day."

The child thought in silence with a pitifully perplexed look, turned her face up to the scoundrel and said in all innocence:

"But how am I going to get that dollar every day or two to pay?"

"Well," said the peddler, casually, "you know where your mamma keeps her pocketbook, don't you, Susie?"

The child turned upon him with a look of horror and then said:

"Rob my mamma?"

"I didn't say that," replied the drug peddler savagely. "You could borrow from your mother's pocket book and maybe find a way to pay it back some day."

The child seemed a little relieved at this suggestion and walked slowly away while the drug peddler turned to me with a smile:

"Susie's a good sport. She'll be back to-morrow with the dollar all right, and then I will tell her how to find the money in papa's pocketbook, too. And when her father and mother get onto that I will show her how to watch the grocery store and when the boss is busy she can slip her fingers into the money drawer now and then. There are lots of ways children can get money."

More recently I was told the following incident by a friend to whom one of the detectives concerned had related the story. This detective, with another, was standing under the Williamsburg Bridge in New York City, waiting for a certain drug peddler to offer to sell them dope. They were poorly dressed. A little talcum powder rubbed on their faces and streaked with dirt gave them the grimy pallor of the dope fiend. Circles of grease paint under their eyes and an air of discouragement and dejection completed their "makeup."

Before long the man they wanted came by, looked them over and then asked what drug they wanted. They told him cocaine, passed over the money and were given "decks" of the dope.

Just as the detectives started to put the peddler under arrest, a boy slipped out of the shadow of an arch and ran over to the peddler. He did not appear to be more than twelve years old, yet he had every mark of the addict.

"For God's sake, give me just one shot!" he begged. "I'm dying for some of the stuff. I'll pay you. I'll get the money as soon as it sets me going again."

The detectives took him along with the drug runner. He turned out to be the son of respectable parents in Astoria. He had been a drug addict since he was nine years old. He had been taught the habit, he said, by a man who had first met him on his way home from school. For a whole year he had been stealing to get the money for his necessary daily doses of the dope.

I would like my readers to ponder on the things I have said in this chapter here to-day. I know the subject of drugs so thoroughly!

Mothers and fathers! watch your little ones! Young, girls and young men, beware of the kindly offering of a sniff of "medicine." The slavery to drugs is worse than death.

Next Sunday I will devote my chapter to an experience in the Underworld which does not deal with drugs—an exploit of perhaps the most ingenious crook I have ever met.

(To Be Continued Next Sunday)

A Honeymoon for Three---By Anthony Carlyle

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

Lee Dorice tells her stepmother, Mrs. Teresa Dorice, who is constantly nagging her to get married, that she will marry the first [illegible] man who asks her to be his wife.

[illegible] rows to Ruffe Island, a [illegible], rock-crested rock [illegible] miles off the coast, and is caught in a heavy fog after arriving on the island. She is [illegible] by a man who lives on the island [illegible]. The fog does not lift and she is forced to stay on the island all night. The personality of the man impresses her [illegible] In the morning Lee starts for [illegible] land. Before the man [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible] Lee that she [illegible] After the [illegible] Jason Smithers [illegible] a noise downstairs [illegible] down to the library she switches on the lights and sees a man [illegible] window [illegible] the eyes of the man of Ruffe Island, the eyes of Denham Carson [illegible]

Carson tells Lee he loves her and had been an unseen guest at her wedding [illegible] hear someone on the [illegible] and she tells him to go [illegible] through her room. When Lee goes back to her room she finds him there. He says he could not go without seeing her again. Then Carson leaves her and [illegible]

While Lee and her husband are [illegible] the next morning [illegible] Jason [illegible] [illegible] Terry comes for a visit. She says an American [illegible] has been visiting them in London. Jason Smithers is greatly [illegible] when he hears the name [illegible]

Haines, Jason Smithers's very unusual young chauffeur, who is in love with Terry, but prevented from showing his love on account of his humble position, is delegated to give Terry riding lessons. Roydon Gish comes with Mrs. Dorice and two other women for the Christmas holidays. Terry and Gish seem quite friendly. She tells Haines that she will ride with Roydon Gish instead of him the next day. Haines is dumfounded when he hears that Gish is under Jason Smithers's roof, and, throwing aside his servile manners, tells Terry that Gish is a cur and not fit to breathe the same air as decent men and women. He warns her that he will break every bone in Gish's body if he catches him within two yards of her.



"With the light of the hurricane lamp shining down full upon him, Denham Carson stood above her. And, even as she cried out, his arms went about her. Into his eyes there leaped a sudden, fierce, hot passion. Helpless, she found herself caught and held close—so close that she could feel the thick beating of his heart. Then his lips found hers."

(Cont'd from Last Sunday)

CHAPTER XV.

It was characteristic of Terry that she hesitated not a moment in going to Jason Smithers with her complaint against Haines. Boiling over with indignation and a sense of outrage, she felt that she hated the man and hoped vindictively that his master would make him smart for his intolerable impertinence.

How had he dared, she demanded furiously of herself, to speak to her so—to treat her as though he was her equal? She could feel the touch of his strong hands upon her shoulders still as she precipitated herself into Mr. Smithers's presence, and shrugged them violently, disgustedly, as if to rid herself of it.

Lee was with her husband, and listened, shocked and bewildered, to her step-sister's storm of words. But the old man himself heard her with unruffled equanimity.

He was silent for a moment or two when she had finished. Lee, watching him a little anxiously, could make nothing whatever of his expression, yet she somehow felt that inwardly he was not so composed as he would appear. He met her dismayed glance and smiled at her. Then he looked again at Terry.

"Is that all, child?" he asked in his indulgently gentle way, and Terry made a wide, fierce gesture.

"All!" she exploded indignantly. "Isn't it enough? Because Haines is an old and trusted servant of yours, is he to indulge in insufferable liberties and offer gross impertinences to your guests? How dare he criticize people who are under your roof—or my actions? Because you allow him to swank about doing nothing most of the time for all the world as if he were a gentleman"——

"Terry!"

Lee's voice was gentle, but it held a note of quiet command that checked Terry in spite of her rage. Mr. Smithers coughed slightly behind his hand. One might almost have suspected that he smiled, but his tone was absolutely serious when he spoke.

"Perhaps," he said in his courteous way, "you will find Frost for me, Terry, and tell him to send Haines to me here immediately after dinner."

Terry opened her lips, looked at him, and closed them again. Still flushed she made for the door, but paused as Smithers's voice spoke her name again.

"Terry!" There was an unaccustomed note of incisiveness in his usually hesitant tones that made both girls look at him quickly. "A moment, my dear."

He leaned slightly forward, meeting the impatient questioning of the still brilliant red-brown eyes, smiling into them benignly.

"I don't wish to appear fussy, but if you ride with Mr. Gish to-morrow instead of with Haines I want you to wait until Lee finds it convenient to accompany you. I suppose I am old fashioned, but I like young women and girls to be somewhat strict in their observance of the conventions. And Mr. Gish"——

He paused, drumming long white fingers on the arm of his chair. Terry flung up her head resentfully, but he gave her no time to frame the retort hovering on her lips.

"Mr. Gish is, of course, a friend of your mother's—and for the moment my guest. At the same time, if my memory serves me rightly, he has—ah—the reputation of being rather more of a man-of-the-world than—er—I consider quite desirable in an intimate acquaintance of a very young girl. That is all. I feel quite sure you have too much common sense to bear me any malice for my plain speaking—which, after all, must be forgivable in an old man."

He blinked at her benevolently, nodded in kindly dismissal, and after a brief instant of hesitation the girl passed out of the room, still flushed and in silence.

As the door closed upon her Lee went quickly to her husband's side. She, too, was a little flushed, her soft eyes troubled.

"I'm awfully sorry," she declared distressingly. "I had no idea of whom Teresa would choose to bring with her. If I had, I'm afraid I should not have interfered. I've never even heard of Mr. Gish before."

The old man lifted one of the slender hands and patted it reassuringly.

"Tut, tut! There is nothing to bother your pretty head about, my dear—nothing at all. It is unfortunate that young Haines let his feelings carry him away—I must, of course, speak to him seriously about it. As to Gish"——

He paused, and again Lee was aware of a certain stiffening of his body, a subtle alteration of his expression. Her eyes deepened to anxiety.

"Is he—isn't he the sort of person one ought to know?" she asked, and added, with faint exasperation, "I'm afraid Teresa really is dreadfully casual in her choice of acquaintances."

Her husband did not answer at once. He was looking straight before him, and while he still held her hand the caress had gone from his [illegible]. It was [illegible] hard; he gave the impression of being tense with a curious restraint. He spoke quietly enough at last.

"Had I been aware of Mrs. Dorice's intention of bringing him here I should have suggested the selection of another guest in his place. As it is"—Lee felt the thin white fingers tighten with unexpected strength over hers—"as it is, under the circumstances and since he is our guest, we must make the best of it. And now—let us talk of something else. I want you to come to me when you are dressed for dinner, before you go down. Frost will tell you when I am ready."

Lee said nothing further on the subject. They talked desultorily for a few minutes before she went to her own room. Smithers appeared quite unruffled and some of her own anxiety subsided. She dressed quickly and came to him again at Frost's summons.

He had already dressed and was standing leaning on his long cane. With his white hair he made an impressive figure, despite his bowed shoulders and the continual shaking of his hands, and the girl, meeting his eyes, smiled at him involuntarily.

She herself looked more lovely than she guessed. She was wearing white and was without ornament of any sort. Smithers's eyes flickered as they rested on her, and he slipped a hand suddenly into his pocket. When he drew it forth a long string of pearls hung, gleaming mistily in the candlelight, from his fingers.

Lee had halted on the threshold. The old man came to her slowly, in his stiff way, the hand holding the pearls outstretched.

"My Christmas present, Lee," he said. And added, simply but with a warm satisfaction in his tone that brought the rose flooding to her cheeks, "I'm glad you're wearing white!"

He threw the string of pearls lightly over her small head as he spoke, and she drew a quick breath as their warmth touched her skin. For an instant they faced each other quite silent. The old man spoke presently.

"I hope you'll like them. They are historic—none of your modern stuff."

Lee was weighting the chain in her hands. She looked up with misty eyes, her cheeks still rosy.

"You're far too good to me!" she declared. "You give me so much it makes me feel—unfair."

Her husband's eyes went from her face to the white, bare shoulders. A dull flush crept into his cheeks; for a moment, behind his glasses, she saw his eyes gleam. Then his outstretched hand went out and closed upon her arm above the dimpled elbow. He held her gently, looking down at her. When he spoke it was a shade jerkily.

"You're very beautiful, Lee!" He drew her suddenly closer to him. "If I were a younger man—I'd give all the years of my life to making you love me"——

Lee did not move, but the rose faded from her face, her eyes darkened.

A little abruptly Smithers released his hold, and she moved quickly away from him, her hands still clasping the pearls. He followed her presently and stood just behind her.

"I'm sorry," he said. "I have made you angry."

The girl shook her head quickly. Then, with an effort, she faced him, meeting his eyes.

"Of course not!" she declared with an attempt at lightness that was not very successful. "I—I should be foolish if I were angered at so pretty a compliment!"

He looked at her oddly from behind his glasses, but he did not answer her smile.

"I want to be sure of that!" he told her quietly, and there was a sudden vibrant wistfulness in his voice that caught at her heartstrings. She stood looking up at him for a moment, uncertain, hesitant. Then a quick tenderness that held in it much of pity welled up into her eyes.

Impulsively she answered.

"You can be sure!" And, as impulsively, reached up a long, white arm, and circling his neck drew his face down. For just one fluttering instant cool, unimpassioned lips touched his cheek. Then, at the sound of voices without, she turned quickly aside and moved toward the door.

At it she paused and looked back at him. In one hand, carelessly, she held the pearls. She looked down at them and up again smiling.

"They're lovely!" she declared softly, and was gone. Mr Smithers stood without moving. He had not altered his position when Frost came to him quietly from the dressing room beyond. Nor did he look round. But he spoke, after a moment, testily.

"Frost," he said, with an irritable jerk of his stooped shoulders, "Haines is a fool! A damned fool!"

He paused for a moment and [illegible] his shaggy white brows he glared [illegible] the cane had fallen to the ground. Frost picked it up and gave him a sharp glance.

"A damned fool!" Mr. Smithers repeated, and added, with a sort of grim impatience as he took the cane from the man's hand, "And so am I!"

CHAPTER XVI.

It was perhaps not surprising that Lee found her role as hostess of a large house-party more difficult than at first she had imagined it would be. Her guests, in the main, were well chosen, and appeared to be enjoying themselves. But Roland Gish's presence and Terry's defiant attitude had struck a jarring note.

Lee was disturbed, despite her outward serene composure. Nor, it seemed to her, did the atmosphere grow clearer as time went on. Of necessity, Terry had obeyed her host's desire in respect to her rides with Gish, nevertheless she was continually in his company, seemed, indeed, to take pleasure in it, and to encourage his decidedly marked attentions.

Lee did not like Roland Gish. Still less did she like a certain possessiveness in the way he sometimes looked at Terry.

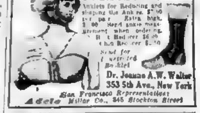
At the same time, in fairness, she could not feel wholly out of sympathy with the girl. Observing Gish carefully, she was bound to admit that the man was good looking, pleasant, and possessed of a breezily jolly manner which was not without fascination.

Lee felt an impatient, rising anger against her careless, but erfly stepmother. She had always been hopelessly indiscriminate in her haphazard collecting of chance acquaintances. Before it had not mattered so much; now Terry was growing up and Terry was impressionable.

She voiced something of this, impulsively, to Mrs. Dorice a few days later. She had been riding with the two—a somewhat silent and unobtrusive, but none the less observ-

(Continued on Page 14)


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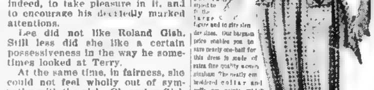

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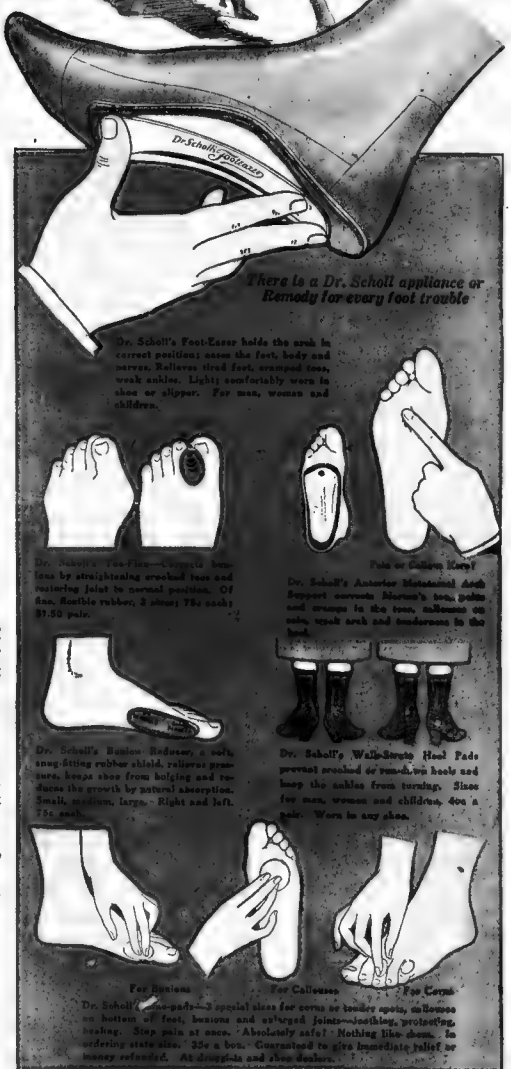
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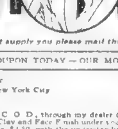
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A Honeymoon for Three—By Anthony Carlyle

(Continued from Page 12)

and chaperone. On the ride home [illegible] almost seemed to [illegible] her presence. Terry, a vivid [illegible] and health and [illegible] provocative [illegible] than ever [illegible]

[illegible] was shocked [illegible] expression on his [illegible]

[illegible] a flash it had seemed to her [illegible]. For an instant suffused [illegible] dark, angry blood, it grew [illegible]ately white—a very passion of [illegible] and resentment and dislike [illegible]ed in it, and Lee, riding up [illegible] abreast of the other two, [illegible]ed

[illegible] liked Haines well enough, but [illegible] she felt really angry, resentful [illegible] his resentment, puzzled and [illegible] at his manner. He certainly [illegible] showing presumption [illegible] to impertinence, she [illegible] and she carried her [illegible]

[illegible] found that lady half drowsily [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] looking levelly into [illegible] and she went on [illegible] could [illegible]

[illegible] Terry? [illegible] Mrs. Dor[illegible] Then she [illegible] My dear Lee! [illegible] got in your hon[illegible]

[illegible] a movement of [illegible] too much matter [illegible]

[illegible] pushed her cushions away from [illegible] and got to her feet.

[illegible] retorted. I never heard that a man worth what Roland Gish is worth could pay a girl too much [illegible]. Unless [illegible] with [illegible]

[illegible] far too wholesome and sensible to be carried away by a [illegible] As it [illegible]

She stretched out a hand in sudden appeal to the other woman, her beautiful eyes [illegible] troubled

[illegible] Mr. Dor[illegible] eyes [illegible] mingly [illegible] you're [illegible] positively in[illegible] Mr. Gish, but [illegible] you I'm getting [illegible] tired of your airs, [illegible] I had enough when I had to put up [illegible] them. Now I [illegible] going to [illegible] old Grandpa Smith [illegible] has succeeded in making you [illegible] greater prig than you were before."

Lee's face flushed hotly at the [illegible]. She opened her lips quickly, then closed them again and turning on her heel, moved to the door. Teresa's voice followed her

"Terry's old enough to know her own mind, anyway. And if Roland Gish wants to marry her and she'll [illegible] have him I [illegible] inclined to go down on my [illegible] and thank the [illegible] Lord f[illegible]. Terry has [illegible] girl to [illegible] and I certainly [illegible] off my hands [illegible]. See here Lee"—[illegible] voice [illegible] and grew [illegible] "I don't want any interference from you. I won't put up with it!"

Lee did not answer. Outside in the wide corridor [illegible] for a moment uncertainly. From the hall below there came the sound of laughter and voices. Slowly she moved to the stairs, and standing against the oaken banisters looked down. Tea tables were being set before the huge hearth. Terry, still in her habit, was standing at Roland Gish's side, her face upturned, eyes and mouth mischievous and mirthful. The man was looking down at her with veiled eyes, and Lee studied him earnestly.

[illegible] almost tempted to seek Jason Smithers and [illegible]. So far some [illegible] from doing so. She had [illegible] always in Roland Gish's presence her husband had not been himself—that he had restrained his feelings with an effort that was almost violent, and she had hesitated to add to an agitation at which, she knew, he would not, for the world, have had her guess.

Now, as she prepared slowly to go downstairs, a step sounded behind her, and she looked round [illegible] elbow.

"If you please, ma'am, Mr Smithers would like to speak to you in [illegible]. He [illegible] been indisposed [illegible] luncheon, ma'am—a return of the gout, I think."

Lee turned back at once, a real [illegible]. Frost opened the door of [illegible] Smithers was in a [illegible] the shadowy end of [illegible] propped up. She [illegible] laying a light [illegible] long nervous one on [illegible]

She [illegible] for an instant, [illegible] to her surprise, he jerked it almost violently away. He spoke [illegible] irritably.

"Don't! I hate being touched [illegible] I'm ill! This damn gout [illegible]" The words ended in an inarticulate [illegible] ends fall [illegible]

[illegible] said [illegible] but [illegible] condition. [illegible] "But it's [illegible] being tied [illegible] Damnable to watch [illegible] crippled! There [illegible] with a [illegible] Frost tell you [illegible] something for me."

[illegible] could, but I hate inaction. Now [illegible] London [illegible] of my [illegible] ness on it with some [illegible] important [illegible] I daren't [illegible] can't spare him when I'm like this. And my man will only give them up to a responsible person. [illegible] Haines will drive you and bring you straight [illegible]

[illegible] I'm [illegible] to do anything for you—that is of the slightest help."

She spoke shyly, half stammeringly. Smithers looked up at her and away rather quickly. He spoke almost brusquely.

"Good!" He leaned slightly further back into the shadows. "Haines [illegible] be waiting with the car at [illegible] that will give you [illegible] You'll be back [illegible] time to miss [illegible] paper to Frost. I don't want on any account to be disturbed again tonight. Before you go [illegible] touch the bell will you?"

Lee obeyed in silence. She felt [illegible] and flushed slightly at his almost churlish tone. But there was no sting of resentment in Lee's heart.

It was not until she was at the [illegible] that she remembered [illegible] had wanted to question him [illegible] Roland Gish.

Later [illegible] Terry pirouetted round her while Frost, wooden and deft as ever, put her into a huge fur coat.

"Why didn't you tell me you were going before, Lee?" she demanded. "I'd have driven you myself. Now I've just promised Mr Gish to tell the cards for him!"

Frost had opened the door. The headlights of the big car shone blindingly. Haines erect, stood beside it. Lee merely laughed and passed out, but Terry ran onto the step after her, a [illegible] radiant little figure in the mellow glow from the hall.

"Ugh! But it's cold. You'll be half frozen when you get back. Why, it's freezing!"

She had slipped and recovered herself as she spoke. Lee bundled in her furs, looked up. Haines was already in his seat, but he did not start the car. He, too, was looking up toward the group on the steps, and his face was white, set and very grim.

Roland Gish had caught Terry as she stumbled. He kept his hand upon her arm, familiarly, smiling down at her reassuringly. For one instant Haines sat quite still. Then he started the car with a jerk so violent that it flung Lee forward.

He raced the machine down the drive and out of the gates. In the high-road he slowed up a little and, without turning round, he spoke.

"Say, Mrs. Smithers—there's something I've got to say to you, right now—if you'll listen."

Lee, startled, surprised, looked up. She could see his profile faintly, hard and set. For a moment she hesitated, then she bent her head. Haines drew a long breath and guided the car expertly round a dark corner.

"I want to know," he said slowly, very deliberately, "if you can't take a hand and do something to stop that affair between Gish—and Miss Terry—before it's too late? I guess, if some one doesn't—I'll have to."

CHAPTER XVII.

FOR a space of some seconds, utterly taken aback, Lee remained dumb. Then she stiffened all along her fine tingling eyes of amazed indignation upon the grimly set profile of the chauffeur.

"Really, Haines! You're forgetting yourself unpardonably! I am not accustomed to discussing either my sister's or my guests' affairs with my servants."

There was an icy rebuke in her voice and Haines flushed dully, but for a moment met her eyes steadily. Then he took one strong, nervous hand off the wheel to make a swift, sweeping gesture.

"I guess we'll cut that out. I wasn't always been a servant and I'm not meaning to take liberties. This thing's serious—deadly serious. It [illegible] to me you're the only person I can appeal to. Your sister's heading for disaster and certain damnation and I reckon there ain't any too much time to pull her up!"

Again his hand swept out violently. Again his eyes flashed a glance into hers only now they held a desperate appeal.

"For God's sake, Mrs Smithers, let me say what I've got to say and take it in the spirit in which it's meant. I tell you, I know what I'm talking about. I [illegible]!"

Lee heard his teeth grit for an instant—the harsh breath he drew through them. Gasping a little, she relaxed. She was utterly bewildered, but her sense of outrage and resentment was fast slipping from her. There was a deadly earnest[ness] about the man at her side which impressed her strongly. Vaguely she realized that he was speaking as one of her own kind [illegible] spoken [illegible] also [illegible] change in his tone [illegible] She spoke abruptly.

"You are an American?"

Haines looked round at her quickly, then back to the road ahead of [illegible] when he [illegible]

"Yes. And as an American I know a lot more about Gish and his reputation than folks over here. He's an out and out rotter—wrong right to the core. He isn't fit to breathe the same air as a decent woman—his touch would [illegible]!"

"He's rich, but the way he's made money wouldn't bear investigation. I guess he's ruined more lives and wrecked more homes than any man of his time. If you folks could know him for what he really is—know one half of what he's done—you'd hound him out of society back to the sewer where he belongs. I'm speaking strongly, but I know what I'm talking about. He wants shooting—like a dangerous, unclean beast!"

Lee gasped anew. Her eyes were wide and dark with anxiety and a growing horror. Haines was laboring under very strong emotion; every harshly uttered word carried conviction and with a sudden feeling of sickness she thought of Terry. Impulsively, almost pleadingly she leaned forward.

"Haines!" He turned, and she went on quickly with quivering lips. "Oh, Haines! Are you sure? Sure that it's the same man—sure that he [illegible] really—what you say?"

"Sure!" Haines laughed hoarsely. "I'm sure all right. I ought to be. See here"—he slowed the car suddenly and bent forward—"you've heard of the Denham Carson case haven't you?"

Lee's heart leaped to her throat, involuntarily she shrank back. Haines went on rapidly, without appearing to notice.

"You know that Denham Carson spent years in prison for the murder of his wife? Well Gish was the man who was responsible for putting him there! Carson was a fool, he got himself entangled with a girl he didn't care a cent about. He let her blackmail him, and instead of buying her off he married her. It was a bad marriage—a sad marriage. The girl wasn't much good and she was weak as water. Gish came along and turned her head. It was Roland Gish whose name was coupled with hers. It was because of that Carson went to see her that fatal night—the night of the murder. He'd stood for a good deal, had Carson, like the chivalrous, quixotic fool that he was—but he couldn't stand for that. He went to tell her she'd got to give up Gish or he'd bring an action for divorce. You know what happened."

Lee did not answer. She had pulled her fur collar up about her face, as if to hide its deadly pallor, and the hands that held it were trembling. A little way ahead of them gleamed the station lights. She saw them as through a mist, heard Haines's voice as if from a great distance away.

"That's one of the things Gish did—yet here he is, an honored guest—fooling round that kid sister of yours. Oh, my God!"

They glided through the station gates. Haines wrenched the wheel round, brought the car to the platform entrance, and stopped the car. He sprang out, and as he opened the door for her the lights shone full upon his face. Looking down at it Lee forgot herself and the shock the mention of Denham Carson had given her. It was drawn and strained and white, and there was that in the clear eyes so nearly like agony that she gave a little, startled murmur.

"You — you'll do something?" Haines asked. "You'll stop this damnable thing going any further? Terry will listen to you—believe you—only she's such a kid!"

His voice broke oddly. The roar of the approaching express sounded suddenly. Very slowly Lee stepped out of the car. Her eyes were still on his; in them was a startled question, a deep distress. He met them and smiled a crooked little smile.

"She's always been Terry to me in my heart!" he said simply. "I've a man's feelings—and she twisted me round her little finger from the very first. I—love her!"

CHAPTER XVIII.

LEE collected a thick packet sealed and securely tied with red tape, from a little be-spectacled, deferential man, who accepted her assertion that she was Smithers's wife without question, with her explanation of the latter's absence. In less than five minutes she was in the car again [illegible] homeward through the frosty [illegible].

She did not speak to Haines, but now and again she glanced at him with troubled eyes.

Then she looked up quickly. Haines was still sitting with his hands on the wheel. It struck her vaguely that he showed no surprise but after a moment he got out. She sat while he made his investigations, glancing about her. They were, she discovered, on the narrow road leading through the wood. The trees reared themselves bleakly on either side of it, stretching skeleton branches against the shimmering dark.

Haines straightened himself presently and came back to her, a spanner in his hand.

"Engine trouble," he explained briefly. "She won't budge another inch. It looks like I'll have to cut along back to the garage and fetch another car. We'll have to tow this one home."

He glanced about him, swinging the spanner, and added, in answer to her dismayed exclamation:

"I won't be long; but maybe you'd best take shelter in that hut down there." He pointed suddenly to a hollow clearing below them on their right. A faint light showed, as from a half-hidden window. "Gamekeepers use it sometimes at night—one of them will be around [illegible], sure, so you'll be quite safe and warm. I'll see you down."

[Lee] pausing on the threshold glanced about her. A hurricane lamp hung from a nail on the wall, there were a few glowing embers in a rough hearth, and the faint odor of tobacco smoke hung about. Haines crossed to the fire, poked it, glanced about him and sniffed.

"One of the keepers here tonight sure," he told her easily. "He'll probably be back in a few minutes. I'll get back quick as I can."

He passed out and closed the door behind him. Lee heard him crash [illegible] the bracken, then silence fell again. For several minutes she stood looking about her, with but a faint curiosity. Her thoughts were far away, her mind wholly occupied with the unexpected conversation with Haines—with Terry, and with the man who was still a guest beneath her roof.

At thought of him she shuddered. Then, moving nearer the fire, she slipped her furs from her shoulder, and throwing them over the back of the wooden chair sat down.

She did not hear a sound behind her, did not know that she was not alone, until a hand touched her arm. A voice spoke her name, very low but with a familiar intonation—a vibrant, quivering eagerness that brought her leaping to her feet, trembling all over.

"Lee!"

With the light of the hurricane lamp shining down full upon him, Denham Carson stood above her. And, even as she cried out, his arms went about her. Into his eyes there leaped a sudden, fierce, hot passion. Helpless, she found herself caught and held close—so close that she could feel the thick beating of his heart. Then his lips found hers.

(To Be Continued Next Sunday)

Old Shoe Strings.

WHEN the edges of shoe laces begin to fray trim them off, lap the trimmed ends about an inch and sew them firmly together with thread of the same color.



Enchanting Pools of Light

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Just send your name, address, size and color you choose on a postal and we will send this dashing style direct to you, all delivery charges paid. You pay [illegible] when dress arrives at your door our amazing bargain price [illegible]. Remember [illegible] guaranteed [illegible] satisfaction. Money back if not satisfied.

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Simple, compact, handy. Just touch a match to the solid chemical fuel. In five minutes the cut or puncture is repaired—a heat-vulcanized, permanent repair that will not come off. Better than any temporary "stuck on" cold patch—stronger than the tube itself.

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The Shaler also repairs rubbers, [illegible]anizer, 12 Patch and Heat Units, with complete instructions. Extra Patch and Heat Units 75 cents a dozen. Prices slightly higher west of the Rockies and in Canada.

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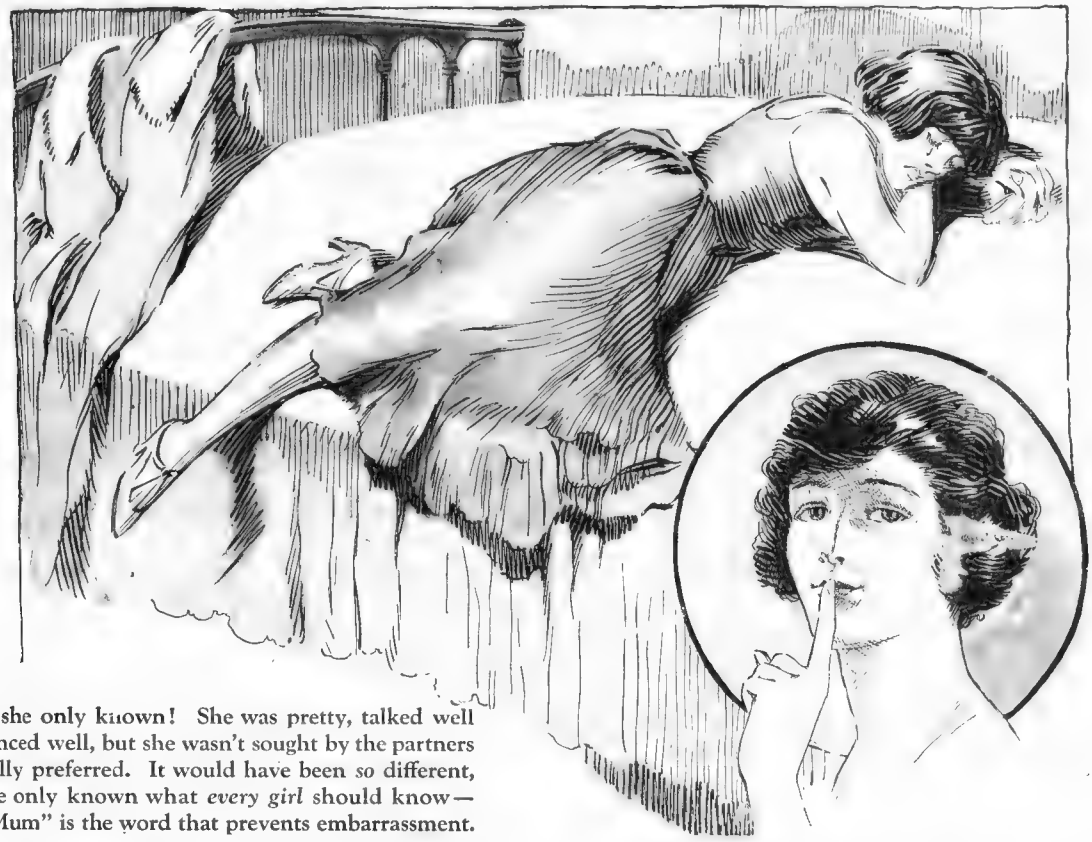
MAYBELLINE CO., 4750-52 Sheridan Rd., Chicago

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Some kind friend should tell her

"Mum" is the word

"Mum" prevents embarrassment from perspiration odor



Had she only known! She was pretty, talked well and danced well, but she wasn't sought by the partners she really preferred. It would have been *so* different, had she only known what *every girl* should know—that "Mum" is the word that prevents embarrassment.

How can any girl or woman expect to be really popular—to be invited out often to parties, to dinners, to dances, to the theatre—if she neglects this most important part of her dainty toilette—precaution against perspiration odor?

You may be very pretty; you may have selected your gown, lingerie and slippers most carefully; you may have taken infinite pains with your complexion, your hair, your hands, and the other little touches—but the most careful toilette can be spoiled, as the evening wears on, by the odor of perspiration that always comes with activity or in warm or crowded places.

You may notice this unpleasant odor in others and never suspect it in yourself—and just as you would hesitate to mention it to another, your most intimate friend does not like to tell *you* about it, and suggest to you the simple precaution that will save you this embarrassment.

"Mum" is the word. "Mum" frees you from all body odors.

No matter how active you may be, or how warm or crowded the gathering at the dance, the dinner, the theatre party, or just entertaining at home—"Mum" keeps you free from the embarrassment of all body odors.

"Mum" is a dainty snow-white cream, especially prepared by an eminent physician to prevent the annoying odor of perspiration. Just a touch of "Mum" applied to the underarm, or wherever perspiration is closely confined, and you will enjoy the comfortable assurance that you are as dainty and fresh as when you stepped from the bath.

"Mum" is entirely safe. It will not harm the most delicate tissues nor injure the finest lingerie or gown—you can use it as often as you want.

With each jar of "Mum" there is a little pamphlet that discusses this delicate subject more intimately and tells why "Mum" is indispensable to every dainty woman.

"Mum" is the word. Get "Mum" today at your drug or department store—25c.

There is another source of embarrassment to dainty women. Hair on the underarm and limbs. It doesn't look well with the modern styles and sheer waists, and it *does* gather perspiration. The way to get rid of superfluous hair is to use *Evans's Depilatory Outfit*, which comes complete for use on the dressing table. It doesn't make the hair grow faster, or coarser, as shaving does. It is easy to use. It takes only a few minutes and it leaves the skin as soft as velvet.

And would you like to know about a lovely talcum powder?—a really distinctive feminine talc—actually a perfume in powder form? *"Amoray"* is its name. *"Amoray"* has a great advantage over many other talcs. Its rich, yet delicate fragrance lasts all day and evening. And its subtle exquisite odor is so rare and exotic as to be compared only to the very finest imported talcs.

But the most important is *"Mum."* It is actually a real *essential* to the woman who gives thought to her personal daintiness and charm.

"Mum" is the word.

Get these three aids to the dainty woman's toilette at your drug or department store:

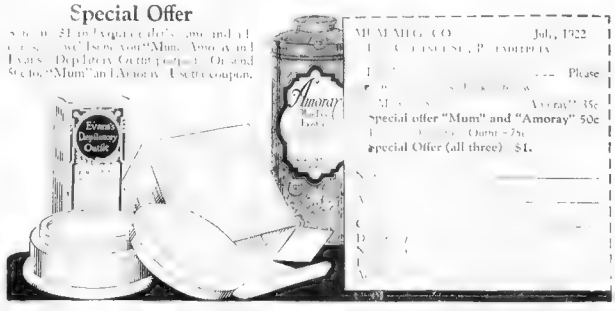
"Mum"—for all body odors—25c.

Evans's Depilatory Outfit—complete for removing superfluous hair right at your dressing table—75c.

Amoray—the talc with the fragrance that lasts all day—35c.

Or we will send them by return mail postpaid on receipt of price, if you mention your dealer's name. All three for $1—use the coupon below.

Special Offer



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Get "Mum" to-day at your dealer's or use Special Offer Coupon

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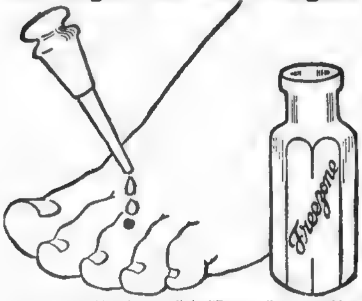
Dye old Dress, Skirt, Sweater or Draperies In "Diamond Dyes"

Any Woman can Dye or Tint Faded Garments or Hangings a New, Rich Color for Few Cents

Each package of "Diamond Dyes" [illegible] perfect home dyeing is sure, because [illegible] Diamond Dyes are guaranteed not to [illegible] woman can dye or tint her worn [illegible] spot, fade, streak, or run. Tell your shabby dresses, skirts, waists, coats [illegible] druggist whether the material you stockings [illegible] dye is wool or silk, or whether peries, hangings, everything [illegible] is linen, cotton or mixed "Diamond Dyes"—no other kind—then [illegible] goods.

Corns

Lift Right Off with Fingers



Doesn't hurt a bit! Drop a little "Freezone" on an aching corn, instantly that corn stops hurting, then shortly you lift it right off with fingers. Truly!

Your druggist sells a tiny bottle of "Freezone" for a few cents, sufficient to remove every hard corn, soft corn, or corn between toes, and calluses, without [illegible].



MOTHER! Watch Baby's Bowels!

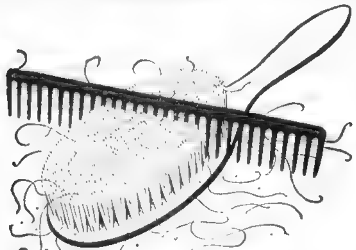
Give "California Fig Syrup"

Harmless Laxative to Clean Little Bowels and Sweeten Sour, Colic Stomach—Babies Love It

Hurry, Mother! A half-teaspoonful of genuine California Fig Syrup will make your cross, fretful baby comfortable. It cleans [illegible] bowels of all the wind and [illegible] bile souring [illegible] on which is causing [illegible] coated tongue, sour stomach, feverishness and constipation. It never cramps or overacts. Contains no [illegible] drugs.

Millions of mothers depend upon this gentle laxative to keep baby's stomach and bowels clean, and thus correct diarrhoea, colic [illegible]

Babies love the taste of genuine California Fig Syrup which has full [illegible] in arms and children of all ages plainly printed on bottle. Say "California" to the druggist and accept no imitation fig [illegible]



DANDRUFF—FALLING HAIR!

35-cent "Danderine" will Save Any Man or Woman's Hair—Delightful Tonic—See Hair Thicken!

Don't lose another [illegible] tolerate destructive dandruff [illegible] tle Danderine now will save your hair; thicken and strengthen it, double its beauty.

Falling hair never stops by itself! Dandruff and [illegible] until [illegible] crusty scale, destroying the hair roots and all, resulting in baldness.

Your druggist will tell you that "Danderine" is the largest selling hair saver in the world because it corrects and tones sick, ailing hair [illegible]. Use one bottle of Danderine, then if you find a single falling hair or a particle of dandruff, you can have your money back.

Fealty A Drama in One Act—by Nels Leroy Jorgensen



"Desiree, can you die with me—for our love?"

(Copyright by the Author and Play Must Not Be Produced Without His Written Permission.)

Characters:

Armand DeVigne Duke of Savvoni
Desiree............**the Woman**
Pierre Geroux,
Deputy of the Third Estate

THE SCENE—One of the lowest dungeons in the feudal castle of Armand DeVigne, Duke of Savvoni, just outside Paris, while the Reign of Terror of the French Revolution holds sway within the city gates.

The dungeon is pitch black. Slowly the massive stone door in the centre swings open to permit entrance of a shaft of yellow light that outlines the bare cold outlines of the cell [illegible]—the square stone walls unadorned and clammy with [illegible] Siberian atmosphere, the [illegible] table in the [illegible] the two wooden [illegible] with strangling straw, one on either side of the stone.

Deputy Pierre Geroux comes through the door, holding above his head in his left hand a small candle, the rays of which fail in their duty to light up the farther corners; in his right hand a naked blade. He places the candle on the table and turns to the door.

GEROUX Enters! *(Out of the lantern light in the passageway Desiree and Armand emerge. She is very beautiful, even under the chalice of the flickering yellow illumination with a piquant, daring beauty of the flesh. Armand, Duke of Savvoni, is a slender, pale youth, his hair neatly clubbed and powdered, booted and spurred fastidiously, his white shirt open at the throat. In his face is a pure [illegible] and a strength of purpose, notable too, an aristocratic [illegible]. Two citizen soldiers with fixed bayonets follow them into the light and stand [illegible] in the passageway. Desiree and Armand enter and [illegible] apathy before the [illegible].* Geroux *laughs [illegible]*. That's me for this [illegible] I have been at pains to prepare for you two lovers! It [illegible] to be awarded [illegible] Your Grace, this is my humble way of repaying for my company of the upper rooms. *(He laughs.)* They suit my [illegible] better, but this, I am sure, will suffice for you two—what with your undying love! *(There is a sneer in his voice scarcely veiled.)*

DESIREE—So this—is your vengeance!

GEROUX—Vengeance — sweet madam [illegible]. Is it vengeance, then, to place two such lovers as you together for eternity? These walls are thick; there will be nothing from the moment I close this barrier here to interfere with your nuptial bliss.

ARMAND *(in a voice which has not yet lost its tone of accustomed command)*—Come, Geroux, be done with this sneering mimicry. What is your purpose?

GEROUX *(quickly, turning on him)* My purpose? Poetic retribution, you might call it, Armand DeVigne, Duc de Savvoni no longer. But yesterday my love for Desiree had to go unknown and hidden because of your greatness. All feared the Master of Savvoni—even herself, I dare say! To-day the people are in power, this proud castle of your ancestors is mine, your fate in my hand. Because you still have some waning power and adherents you are dangerous free; the Assembly has adjudged you traitor, gave you to me to get you off its hands, and because you two love each other—I have given you your last hours together! *(A pause.)*

ARMAND *(wearily)*—I see.

GEROUX—Bien! But the course I offered you this morning is still open. Could you yet give her up—in exchange for freedom?

ARMAND You mean——

GEROUX—That if you will give me your word to call off your adherents from vengeance I will see you safely to the border.

ARMAND—And leave Desiree—to you?

GEROUX—That is an unhappy way of putting it. Leave Desiree to her choice!

ARMAND—Her choice! *(Angrily.)* And a free choice she would have at your hands! No—canaille! Why don't you take her now from me? I am helpless. Are you afraid, then, of the Master of Savvoni even locked in his own dungeons?

GEROUX *(angrily)* Not afraid of you, but of your filthy adherents. There would be too many questions asked if I finished you. *(He laughs.)* Fool! Refuse my offer if you will and learn how futile is love in the face of lingering death. It is the great test, though, my friend! *(The candle is burning low. Soon it will be out. Desiree turns to her lover.)*

DESIREE Go Armand! Perhaps it would be best.

ARMAND—Never! *(He looks at her.)* We will meet what fate comes together, my love. *(Her [illegible] sinks. Geroux stands regarding the two speculatively to [illegible].)*

GEROUX So be it. There is a rope here beside the door that rings a bell without in the event you should reconsider. If it is not pulled *(he looks from one to the other meaningly)*—good by! *(He goes out. The great door clangs to behind him with a cumbrous finality, the bolts are heard to slip into place.)*

ARMAND *(kneeling before her)*—Buried with our love, Desiree! God forgive me for this tragedy I have brought upon your innocent head.

DESIREE *(almost frantically)* No, no! Arise, Armand; I will not see you thus. Only with you was the choice. He left none for me.

ARMAND *([illegible])* Because it would have been useless [illegible] now. The nobility of France is not yet dead, Desiree; it will live on for centuries in the pulsing lifeblood of a nation that will always rue this hour. My brother — my friends, though outcast, would speedily end him if he took you and I disappeared — unless he could drag proofs of my meeting another death from somewhere.

DESIREE *(quickly)*—Proofs? What kind?

ARMAND *(walking to centre [illegible] restless)* Proof that I had killed myself or had been ended in fair fight. So long as it was not at his hand he would be safe; my kin are not murderers. *(He stops at the table and picks up a rusty dagger.)* Oho!

DESIREE *(running to him)* A dagger! I wonder——?

ARMAND—If it were left here purposely? I should not deny it. *(He sticks it in his belt.)* At any rate, it may serve to prevent torture. *(The candle on the table begins to sputter as it nears the end of its life. Both watch it as if fascinated. Armand crosses swiftly to her and catches her hands impulsively.)* Look at me once again, dear heart, and let me lose my soul in the depths of your eyes. It will be the last time——

DESIREE—The last, Armand. Hold me!

ARMAND *(taking her in his arms)*—I shall never see your dear face again in this life, love.

DESIREE *(fearfully)*—Don't — say that! *(Her eyes close; she relaxes in his arms.)* Just—kiss me, Armand! *(As his embrace tightens their lips meet in a long kiss. The candle sputters feebly and then expires. The dungeon is left in pitch blackness. A sigh is heard—the sigh of a woman.)* Armand!

ARMAND Desiree——?

DESIREE—Must we die in this blackness, then, Armand—slowly—as rats die when trapped?

ARMAND—No, no, Desiree! Don't speak that way. This is too horrible.

DESIREE But why not, my lover? You have but to grant his demands and accept life.

ARMAND *(fervently)* Never! *(A long pause.)* Never! *(There ensues a long silence. Finally Armand is heard to move away in the darkness. The spurs on his heels clank on the stone floor [illegible]. His voice is strained and [illegible].)* I can't—won't think of [illegible] *(He does not complete the thought of his torture.)*

DESIREE *(after a dread pause)* Dying this way? Neither can I, Armand. I am afraid!

ARMAND Of what, dear? Of dying?

DESIREE That, and—this horrible blackness.

ARMAND *([illegible] in the darkness)* But our love, Desiree! I told him it was inextinguishable. That is greater than death or darkness.

DESIREE Our love! *(A pause.)* I don't think—I am afraid to die, Armand—with your arms close about me.

ARMAND—My love! I could endure a thousand deaths if only they would make me worthy of you—your courage, your truth, your fealty!

DESIREE—My fealty! *(As though echoing his words.)*

ARMAND *(slowly)*—Ah, if I could but see your dear face again! *(He is heard to pace restlessly to the left of the stage and sink down upon a cot there.) (Half-musing in agony.)* It is not fair—that you should meet this fate!

DESIREE *(there is a checked eagerness in her voice)* Capitulate then, Armand. Accept his offer. It will mean sweet life and the sunshine again for you, and for me—I can take care—of myself! *(She laughs somewhat bitterly.)* I am not of noble blood, you know.

ARMAND *(quickly)* Desiree! Don't speak like that.

DESIREE Forgive me. I only want your happiness, your freedom, Armand. That is all.

ARMAND *(he crosses steadily to her in the darkness, his spurs just clinking as each foot strikes the floor.)* There is another liberty besides the freedom of the flesh, my love. *(Gently.)* Can you brave it—with me?

DESIREE *(after a breathless interval)*—You mean——?

ARMAND *(his voice is very steady)*—The dagger I found—yes. Desiree, can you die with me—for our love?

DESIREE — For our love! *(She breathes quickly.)* Yes, yes, Armand. Yes—I can! Go! I will follow.

ARMAND—My brave goddess! I will show you then, how easy is dying. Kiss me—but once, sweetheart. *(There follows a silence broken only by their quick breathing.) (In a passionate whisper.)* Desiree—my love, good-by!

DESIREE *(her voice parched and strained)*—Good by, Armand—my lover! *(In the horrible tension that follows only her quick breathing is heard, then a sudden gasp, and a heavy body is heard to drop to the floor.)*

ARMAND *(feebly)*—It is done, Desiree. Here, can you find the knife?

DESIREE—Where?

ARMAND—Here—in my hand. Oh, dying is——

DESIREE *(in sickened horror)*—Oh! Mother of God! It is—wet!

ARMAND—Only—my blood, sweetheart. Come!

DESIREE—I come. Give it to me. There!

ARMAND *(in a whisper)*—But kiss me — once, dear — before — ah! What a liberator is death! *(In his throat is heard the death rattle.)* You—follow sweetheart?

DESIREE — I — come, Armand! Good by. *(There is no answer; only a terrifying silence that echoes her awed whisper. The rustle of her skirt is heard uncanny in the stillness.)*

DESIREE Armand! Armand! *(Only silence. With a little cry she is heard to run quickly across the floor to where the [illegible]. A bell's [illegible]. Footsteps are indistinctly heard outside the door; the bolts [illegible] back. The door swings open to reveal Pierre [illegible]. The yellow light [illegible] the room through the [illegible] and falls on the [illegible] the girl.)*

GEROUX Desiree! Is he——

DESIREE *(flinging out her arms and rushing to him madly)*—Pierre! Pierre!

CURTAIN.

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Neet

REMOVES HAIR

A wonderful new way that overcomes every objection to all other methods. Neet comes as a fragrant cream ready to use. No mixing. Unequalled for removing hair from large areas quickly. Vexing hair vanishes from underarms, limbs and face like magic. Always sold pleasant to use as the soap. Very economical, no redness. Leaves the skin smooth and soft, better than a razor for the [illegible]. Result [illegible] at all drug and department stores, or if you wish first to prove its wonderful results, send 20c [illegible] or coin for a [illegible] trial size.

Hannibal Pharmacal Co. 631 Olive, St. Louis

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Doctor Prescribes Bon-Opto For the Eyes of Motorists

Says Bon-Opto Strengthens Eyesight, Sharpens Vision and Preserves the Eyes

Philadelphia, Penn. [illegible] ride in an automobile [illegible] feeling dry, strained and uncomfortable. Bon-Opto quickly overcomes this condition and makes the eyes feel fine and [illegible] troubles and poor sight than any other one thing. [illegible] itching, burning [illegible] often find instant [illegible] of Bon-Opto [illegible] read anything without any glasses and my eyes [illegible]

At night they would pain me dreadfully; now they feel fine all the time. [illegible] fifteen days every [illegible] I can read even fine print without glasses.

Eye troubles of many descriptions may be wonderfully benefited by following these simple rules. [illegible] Bon-Opto tablet in a fourth of a glass of water and with this liquid bathe the eyes two to four times daily. You [illegible] your eyes clear up perceptibly [illegible] inflammation will quickly disappear [illegible] too be all druggists.

BON-OPTO Strengthens Eyesight Sharpens Vision



Ask the Way

to prettier teeth—you are welcome to it

A new-day method is bringing millions whiter, cleaner, safer teeth.

It is used by your friends, your neighbors. It is advised by dentists, urged by modern authorities. Glistening teeth seen everywhere now show the benefits it brings.

This is to offer a ten-day test to reveal its results to you.

It combats the film

The purpose is to remove the film which keeps teeth dim and dingy. Not for beauty only, but for safety. Most tooth troubles are now traced to film.

Film is that viscous coat you feel. It clings to teeth, gets between the teeth and stays. The ordinary tooth paste does not effectively combat it. It is also the basis of tartar.

Film absorbs stains, making the teeth look cloudy or discolored. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acids. It holds the acids in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Germs breed by millions in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

New methods found

Dental science has now found two ways to fight that film. Able authorities have proved their efficiency. Now careful people employ them nearly all the world over, largely by dental advice.

A new-type tooth paste has been created, to comply with modern requirements. The name is Pepsodent. Those two film combatants are embodied in it for daily application.

Two other essentials

Two other effects are essential, as proved by modern research.

The saliva contains two great tooth-protecting agents. One is a starch digestant, one is alkalis. One is to digest the starch deposits which cling to teeth and gum them. Often they ferment and form acids. The alkalis are to neutralize mouth acids—the cause of tooth decay.

Pepsodent stimulates those factors. It multiplies the starch digestant, multiplies the alkalis.

Watch the film go

Note how clean the teeth feel after using Pepsodent. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear.

These are facts you should know at once. Write us today for the 10-Day Tube. Cut out the coupon now.

Pepsodent PAT. OFF. REG. U.S.

The New-Day Dentifrice

Approved by modern authorities. Advised by leading dentists everywhere. Now employed by careful people the world over. All druggists supply the large tubes.

10-Day Tube Free 887

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,
Dept. 37, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

Only one tube to a family.

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Perfect hearing is now being restored in every condition of deafness or defective hearing from causes such as Catarrhal Deafness, Relaxed or Sunken Drums, ... Perforated, Wholly or Partially Destroyed Drums, Discharge from Ears, etc.

Wilson Common-Sense Ear Drums

... They are simple devices which the wearer ... into the ears where they are invisible. Soft, safe and comfortable. ... for our 168 page FREE book on DEAFNESS, giving you full particulars and ...

WILSON EAR DRUM CO., ... LOUISVILLE, KY.

Start Today to Wear This Platinum Finish 15 Jewel Guaranteed Watch for $2.00



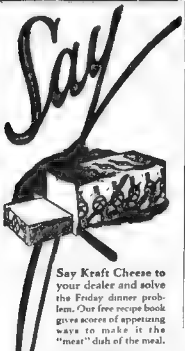
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3 varieties: American, Pimento, Swiss, sold by the slice, pound or loaf

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KRAFT Loaf CHEESE

Look For The Label

Advertisement

Appetizing Menus for the Week

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Breakfast Berries, Powdered Sugar, Cereal, Thin Cream, Broiled Bacon, Reheated Rolls, Coffee.	*Breakfast* Cereal with Dates, Plain Omelet, Cream Sauce with Asparagus Tips, Muffins, Coffee	*Breakfast* Stewed Rhubarb with Figs, Cream Toast, Coffee.	*Breakfast* Sliced Peaches, Cream, Broiled Breaded Tomatoes, Buttered Toast, Coffee.	*Breakfast* Pineapple, Broiled Fresh Fish, Coffee.	*Breakfast* Fresh Figs, Soft Cooked Eggs, Rolls, Coffee.	*Breakfast* Blueberries or Huckleberries, Toasted Corn Flakes, Buttered Toast, Damson Preserves.
Luncheon Cowslip and Cream Cheese Salad, Whole Wheat Bread, Cherry Jam, Iced Tea.	*Luncheon* Russian Salad (Vegetables, Smoked Salmon Shrimps, Mayonnaise Etc.) Iced Coffee	*Luncheon* Sweet Cherry Salad, Cream Dressing, Small Rolls, Oatmeal Macaroons, Iced Tea.	*Luncheon* Cheese Puffs, Heart Lettuce Salad or Spinach Salad, Fruit Whip, Iced Tea	*Luncheon* Country Salad (Diced Cold Corned Beef, Carrot and Turnip Straws and Minced Celery with Mayonnaise or Boiled Dressing), Hot or Iced Tea	*Luncheon* Cream of Sweet Corn Soup (Golden Bantam) Crackers, Banana and Cherry Salad, Whole Wheat Bread, Iced Tea.	*Dinner* Chicken Baked with Salt Pork (Fireless Cooker) Giblet Gravy, Mashed Potatoes, Sliced Tomatoes, Peach Ice Cream, Sponge Drops
Dinner Fried Chicken, Southern Style, Boiled Rice, Sweet Corn, Tomatoes Stuffed with Cucumber, Sponge Drops.	*Dinner* "Boiled" Vegetable Dinner, Boiled Potatoes, Radish Salad, Caramel Cream Cake.	*Dinner* Veal Fricadelles, Tomato Sauce, Lima Bean Puree, Deep Apple Pie	*Dinner* Sweet Green Peppers, Mexican or Indian Style, Baked Potatoes, Cottage Pudding, Strawberry Sauce.	*Dinner* Roast Veal, Buttered New Potatoes, Buttered Spinach, Cantaloupe.	*Dinner* Boston Baked Beans, Chili Sauce, Asparagus Salad, Corn Starch Blanc Mange, Peach Sauce.	*Supper* Assorted Sandwiches, Baked June Apples, Iced Tea.

The Restful Bedroom and Its Furnishings

By Mrs. Christine Frederick, The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.

No matter what else the bedroom may be—charming, picturesque, quaint or gay—unless the spirit of repose is clearly felt to the occupant or visitor the room cannot be said to be thoroughly satisfactory.

To achieve this ideal we must first have sufficient floor and wall space and this efficiently planned to accommodate the bed and necessary pieces of furniture. The chief error in planning wall space is to forget to provide for the bed properly. The sleeper must not face the direct light of a window, nor may the head of the bed cross a window, nor the person in bed be in the line of a direct draught. Four feet of unbroken wall surface should be allowed for the head of every single bed, and from three to four feet of space for the dresser. This is often best located in the centre of two windows, to secure direct light, or, at least, in a wall space where a wall bracket fixture on either side supplies direct artificial light for dressing purposes.

Two windows are most desirable in every bedroom and nothing is more attractive than a bay window or set of small glass units which not only afford more light, but heighten the artistic effect. The old fashioned "transom" window still has the advantage of increasing ventilation without a direct draught.

The very deep closet is inefficient because it is so difficult to get at the clothing hung furthest back. Shallow, wide closets, about 18 inches deep, are excellent, especially if fitted with some of the improved racks which permit a dozen coat hangers to be brought forward at once. Closet shelves should not be high, but about six feet, a convenient reaching height. A slanting shoe shelf ... to place in every closet. If the floor of the closet is raised four or six inches above the room floor level it will keep the closet cleaner and afford a better surface for storage. Sliding doors are preferable and less space taking than an outward swinging door. One door of the room should have a full length cheval mirror built in as a greater convenience in dressing.

In the homes of the future even the dresser or shelves will be built in and in new homes it is very often possible to so build a recessed dresser, or combination dresser, closet and shelves. One such built recently had a small folding ironing board attached to the door which could be let down, supported on a leg and offered a convenient surface for pressing clothing.

The warning that dark colors or large patterns decrease size and amount of light must be especially remembered in a bedroom. There is no place here for large figured papers or dark tones. Much the best are light green, blue, pink or yellow or various tans in solid effects. While separate bedrooms may be decorated in independent color schemes in the small house or apartment, a much more restful effect is obtained by making all rooms the same wall color, merely changing the note of color in hangings or bed coverings. That is, five small bedrooms either opening into each other or seen into at a glance might better be decorated in a paper or washable paint of a clear tan shade with white enamel trim. The author's preference in every case is for paint or cold water tints, which may be renewed cheaply and easily each season, in preference to paper of any kind.

For the same reason only exposed wood floors with small rugs are permissible. Nothing makes a room so ... or harbors dust so dangerously in the sleeping room as ... the all-over carpet. Small washable "rag rugs" may be easily washed at home and always lend a cheerful note of color to the room. In many cases also a high quality of inlaid linoleum all over the floor is ... serviceable and sanitary and often perhaps very artistic effects.

The ideal bedroom has its individual ... But as this is so seldom possible then the installation of a small ... with glass shelf above towel rack and other accessories, is most useful and convenient. Every bedroom should have a separate direct exit to the hall. Even connecting bedrooms or suites are not entirely satisfactory in the private home. Better to arrange the rooms so that each opens on to a general hall, with each room conveniently near to a central bath.

Advertisement.

Instant Beauty for Everyone Says VIOLA DANA

Just Make This Simple Test

Los Angeles, Cal.—"I am often asked how I keep my complexion so free ... Just a little ... a wonderful effect it has upon the skin ... look in your mirror and note the difference. You need no further argument to convince you that there is nothing like it for beautifying purposes. ... instant results it gives is the reason for its popularity ... realize the ... a rosy-white ... complexion. ... Derwillo for this purpose. It comes in three shades—flesh, white and brunette. If you want a complexion which will attract favorable comment everywhere, just give Derwillo a trial and you are sure to be delighted ...



Viola Dana

NOTE—Here is a fair, honest proposition by the druggists and department stores of this city. Get a bottle of Derwillo from any toilet counter, give it a trial for a few days and if you don't like it take it back and get your money. Could anything be fairer? It is sold by all up-to-date druggists.

DERWILLO — Beautifies Instantly

Sunday American-Examiner Patterns



A NEAT AND SERVICEABLE APRON (4030). The pattern is cut in four sizes: Small 34-36; medium 38-40; large 42-44; extra large 46-48 inches bust measure. A medium size requires 4½ yards of 36-inch material.

A PRETTY SIMPLE FROCK (4061). The pattern is cut in three sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. An 18-year size will require 5⅛ yards of 32-inch material.

A POPULAR COMFORTABLE DRESS STYLE FOR THE GROWING GIRL (3754). The pattern is cut in three sizes: 12, 14 and 16 years. A 14-year size requires 2¾ yards of ... material for the dress and 2¼ yards of 32-inch material for the guimpe.

A POPULAR SLIP-ON STYLE (4028). The pattern is cut in seven sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. To make the dress for a medium size will require 4¾ yards of 32-inch material.

A BECOMING DRESS FOR SCHOOL DAYS (4037). The pattern is cut in four sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. A 10-year size will require 3⅝ yards of 36-inch material.

A POPULAR STYLE (3526). It is in five sizes: 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5 years. A 4-year size will require ... yard of 27-inch material.

A DAINTY FROCK FOR MOTHER'S GIRL (4016). This pattern is cut in four sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. A 10-year size ... yards of ... material for the dress ... flounce ... will require 2¼ yards.

To obtain any two of the above patterns ... coupon and ... silver or stamps to

BARGAIN DAY
P. O. BOX NO. 260
CITY HALL STATION,
NEW YORK, N. Y.

IMPORTANT.—Be sure to fill in name, address and size.

SUNDAY AMERICAN EXAMINER PATTERNS
BARGAIN DAY
TWO PATTERNS FOR 20c OR 12c EACH

4030	Size	4028		Bust
4037	Years	3526		Years
3754	Years	4061		Year
		4016		Years

Name ....

Street and No. ....

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You Needn't Tell the Secret

Restore your graying hair with Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer and no one will ever know. No streaks or freakish discoloration, nothing to wash or rub off. The restored color is even and perfectly natural in all lights.



Mail coupon today for free trial bottle and test on a single lock. Be sure to state exactly the color of your hair. Enclose a lock if possible. When convinced by wonderful results, get a full-sized bottle at druggist or direct.

Mary T. Goldman,
609 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

Please send me your free trial bottle of Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer. The natural color of my hair is jet black ..... black or dark brown ..... medium brown ..... light brown, drab or auburn .....

Name ....

Address ....

Please print your name and address



Learn of the public's demand for songs suitable for dancing and the fine opportunities offered new writers as a result of greatly changed conditions which are described fully and obtainable only in our booklet, "Song-writer's Manual and Guide" SENT FREE on request. Submit your ideas for songs to us at once for free criticism and advice. We revise poems, compose music, secure copyrights and facilitate free publication or sale of songs.

Knickerbocker Studios, 202 Gaiety Bldg., N.Y.

Cooking for Two

By Mary Lee Swann, Well Known Writer and Lecturer on Cooking

Beef Loaf

Mix ½ cup finely chopped beef with ¼ cup bread crumbs, 1 egg, a few drops of onion or lemon juice, ⅛ teaspoon salt, a dash of pepper and if desired a ... of finely chopped parsley. Add ¼ cup water or milk, pack in a buttered pan, place in a pan of hot water and bake until firm.

Codfish Balls

Cut 1 cup of potatoes into small dice and cook them with ... cup of flaked salt fish in just enough boiling water to cover them until the potatoes are very soft. Then drain them very dry. Add 1 teaspoon butter, ½ egg and a dash of pepper to the dry potatoes and fish mixture, mix well, drop from tip of spoon into hot deep fat and fry to a delicate brown.

Mashed Potato Soup

Scald 2 cups of ... and add ... mashed potato ... and paprika. ... point and serve ... two egg yolks may be beaten ... the mashed potato and then added to the scalded milk. If too thick, a little ... milk or cream ... added.



Nothing equals the beautiful, soft, pearly white appearance Gouraud's Oriental Cream renders to the shoulders and arms. Covers blemishes. Will not rub off. Far superior to powders.

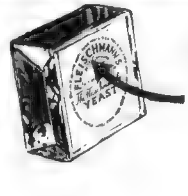
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FERD. T. HOPKINS & SON, New York



To Save Your Hair Dress

Wearing a ... Cap on the train or automobile saves the wave, keeps out the dust and always protects the hair dress. ... Room 866, 1006 S. Michigan, CHICAGO



Fleischmann's fresh yeast

helps digestion and cleans a coated tongue

The familiar tin-foil package with the yellow label is the only form in which Fleischmann's Yeast is sold

THOUSANDS of men and women have found relief from various digestive disturbances by eating Fleischmann's Yeast.

It is human nature to want to find out "why." So far as science can tell us this is the reason:

Fleischmann's Yeast is a food abundant in certain elements which are necessary to health and life itself. It promotes the flow of bile and of pancreatic juice. It has a remarkably beneficial effect on the whole digestive system. It cleans a coated tongue.

Try Fleischmann's fresh yeast in orange juice or, if you prefer, in milk. Men like it in milk shakes and malted milks. Women like it spread on bread or crackers.

Keep your digestion in the pink of condition and your tongue clean and healthy by eating 2 or 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast fresh every day before or between meals. Get Fleischmann's Yeast fresh daily from your grocer.



To hold the powder and to protect the skin, put on Pond's Vanishing Cream before going out

Your skin needs different creams at different times

For daytime and evening a cream to hold the powder

ARE you continually ... with a powder puff ... the shine?

How often this shine ... when you wished it wouldn't ... quency is the indication ... powdering in the wrong ...

The way to make powder ... to provide a base for it to cling to. Powder put directly on the skin catches on little rough places and then flecks off, leaving the skin as shiny as if it had never been powdered. These little rough places may not be apparent to you, but just the ... the powder from going on smoothly.

THE ideal powder base ... stantly giving your skin a ... surface. Try Pond's Vanishing Cream for this. Smooth on a little. Now powder. You will find the powder goes on smoothly and evenly giving your skin a lovely transparent tone. You need not worry about your face getting shiny—the cream cannot reappear in a shine because it contains not a drop of oil and the powder will stay on for hours.

... Pond's Vanishing Cream be... of ingredients ... effect and especially ... the skin the protection ... exposure to wind and ... as an invisible shield ... dirt from clogging ...

... look your best at ... a little of this cream ... wonderfully refreshing. Used steadily it will give you an ever lovelier ... It contains nothing that ... growth of hair and cannot ... Get it in convenient sizes ... any drug or department ... Pond's Extract Co., 131 Hudson ... New York.

For the nightly cleansing your skin needs a totally different cream, one with an oil base. Pond's Cold Cream contains just the right amount of oil to penetrate the pores and remove every particle of dirt.

POND'S
Cold Cream *for cleansing*
Vanishing Cream *to hold the powder*

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What do men really love for?



IT isn't only for the beauty of face or form that men really love women, however attractive they may be. In every age many of the greatest men have loved women who were not beautiful in face or figure.

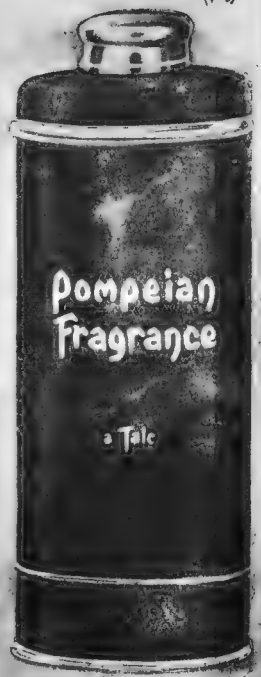
Many of the world's most loved women do not have classical features or form. They have something that men eternally seek in women—and that is charm.

Charm is as real as the perfume of a flower. A woman who has about her this Fragrance, this ghost of a perfume, has an appealing charm that is different.

How can YOU acquire this? We have made Pompeian Talcum Powder and given it a Fragrance that it will give to you.

Pompeian Fragrance has the practical qualities of the finest talcum you can buy, and with it all, this delicate, appealing Fragrance.

Wouldn't you like to try this? We will gladly send you a sample by return mail if you fill in the coupon and send it to us to-day.



Send 10 cents for five samples and the 1922 panel

We will send you these for 10 CENTS

1—The 1922 Pompeian Beauty Panel, in beautiful colors; size 28x7¼. (This would cost from 50 cents to 75 cents in an art store.)
2—Sample of Pompeian Fragrance.
3—Sample of Day Cream (Vanishing).
4—Sample of Night Cream (the cold cream for beauty).
5—Sample of Bloom (non-breaking rouge).
6—Sample of Pompeian Beauty Powder.

The beautiful 1922 panel and five samples for 10 cents. Please tear off the coupon, enclose a dime and these samples will come to you in a few days.

THE POMPEIAN CO., 2274 Payne Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio.

TEAR OFF NOW AND MAIL
or put in purse as shopping reminder

THE POMPEIAN COMPANY,
2274 Payne Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio.

Gentlemen: I enclose 10c (a dime preferred) for 1922 Art Panel. Also please send five samples named in offer.

Name .....

Address .....

City..... .... State..... ....

Naturelle shade powder sent unless you write another below

Pompeian Fragrance

A Talcum Powder

At All Toilet Counters
30c

GUARANTEE

The name Pompeian on any package is your guarantee of quality and safety. Should you not be completely satisfied, the purchase price will be gladly refunded by The Pompeian Co., at Cleveland, Ohio.

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Special Children's Section of the Boston Sunday Advertiser

JUNE 18
1922

The BOOK of MAGIC

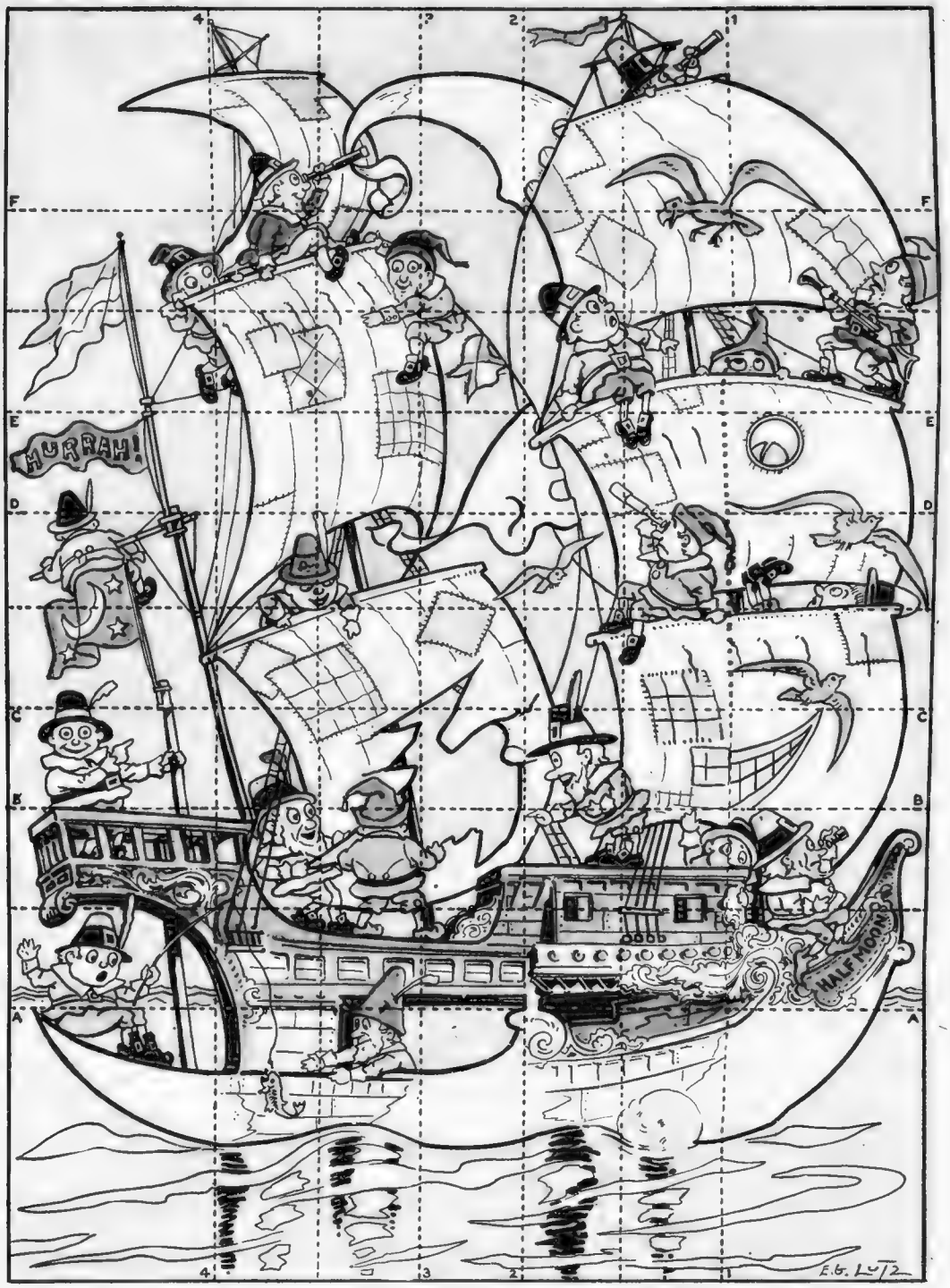


THE AIR GIRL

By

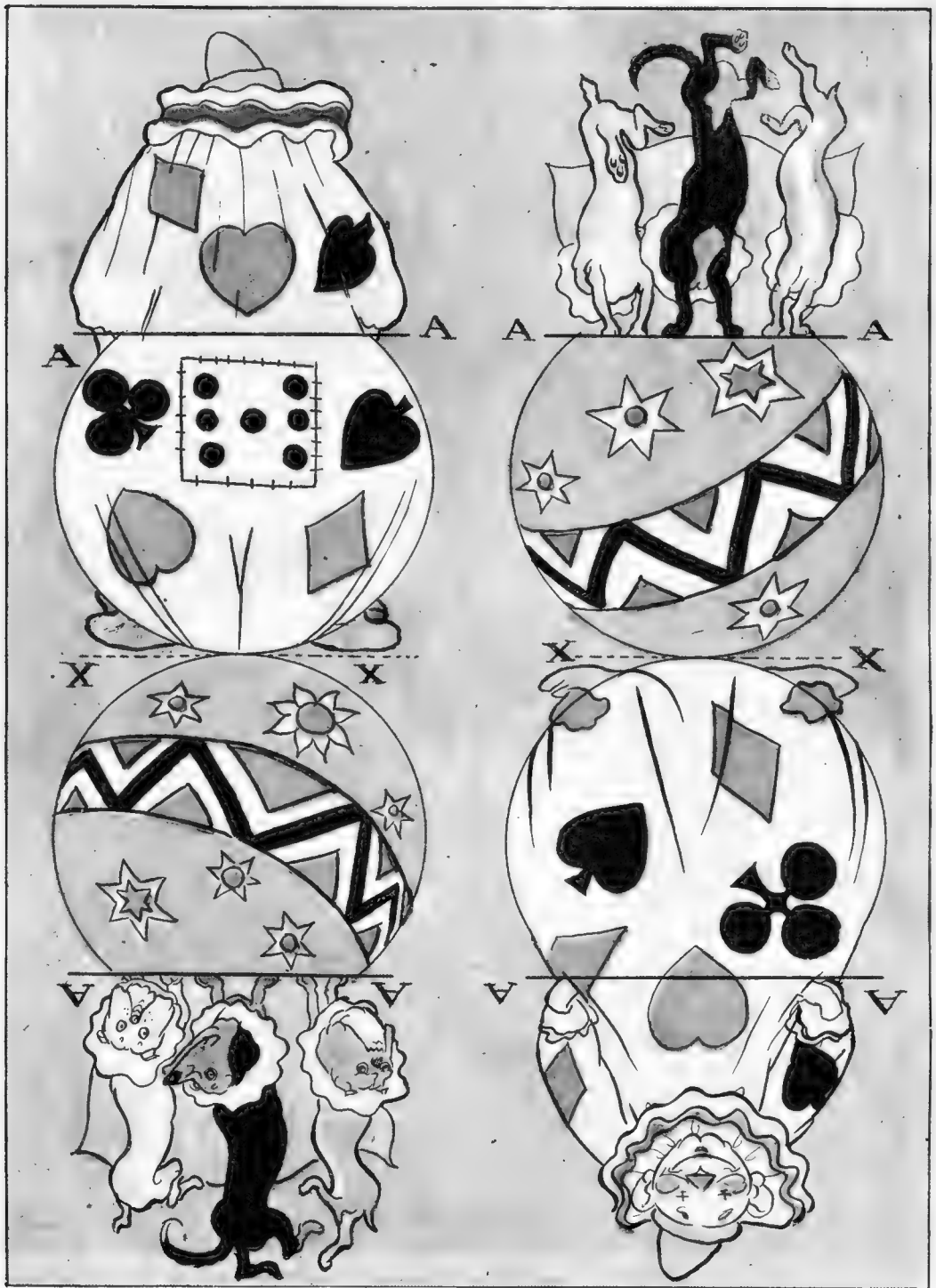
NELL BRINKLEY

To bring out the magic colors of Miss Brinkley's drawing, take an ordinary brush or piece of cotton on a toothpick, dip in plain water, and paint. Be sure to wash out brush or cotton frequently.

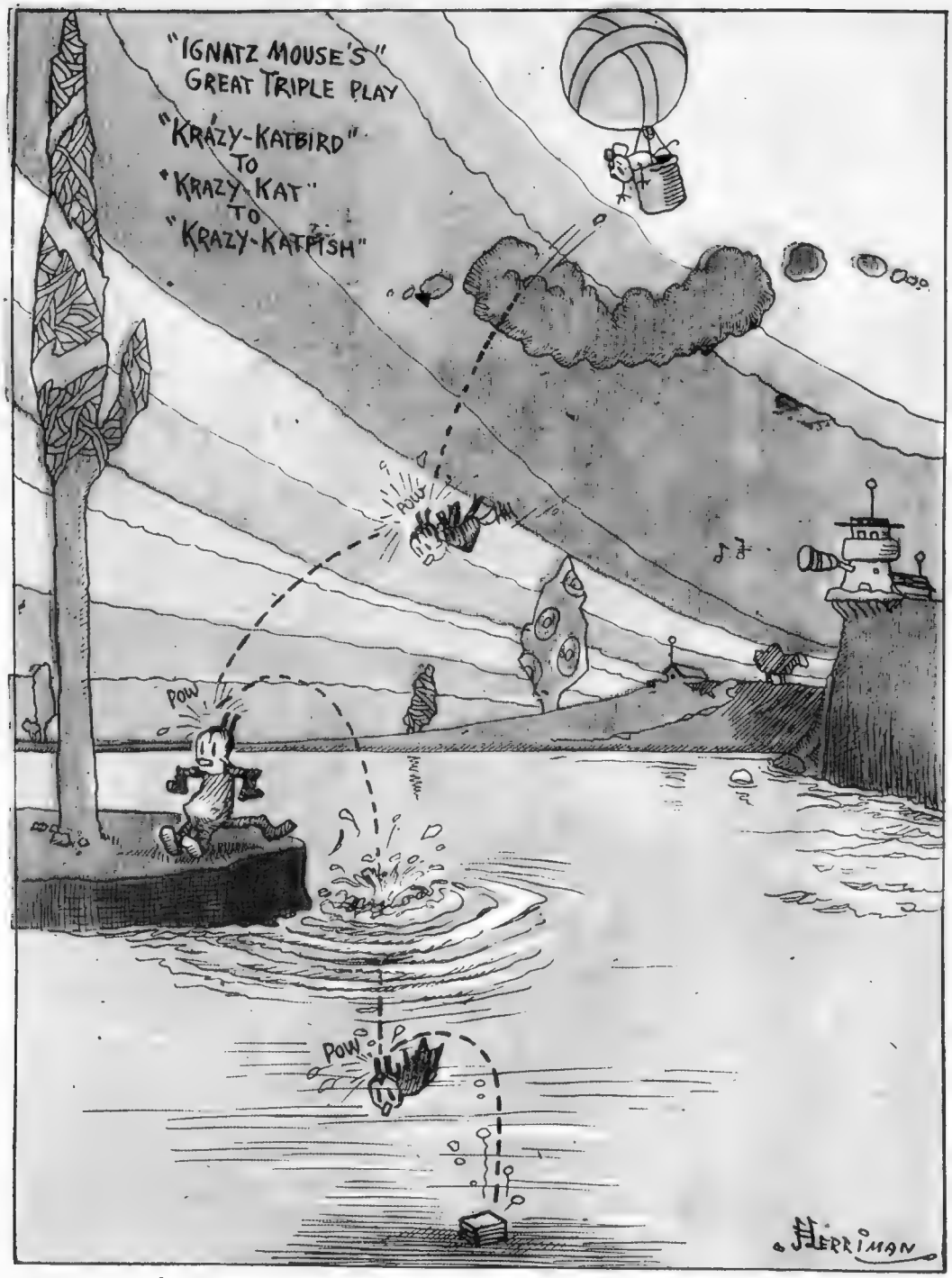


Rip Van Winkle's quaint dwarfs sailed away on old Hendrik Hudson's ship, the "Half Moon," to look for the Man in the Moon. They didn't know, but all the time he was in the same picture with them.

You can find him yourself by folding this page. Fold dotted line A to touch line B, fold dotted line C to touch D and E to touch F. Then fold dotted line 1 to touch dotted line 2, and 3 to touch 4. The Man in the Moon will then appear.



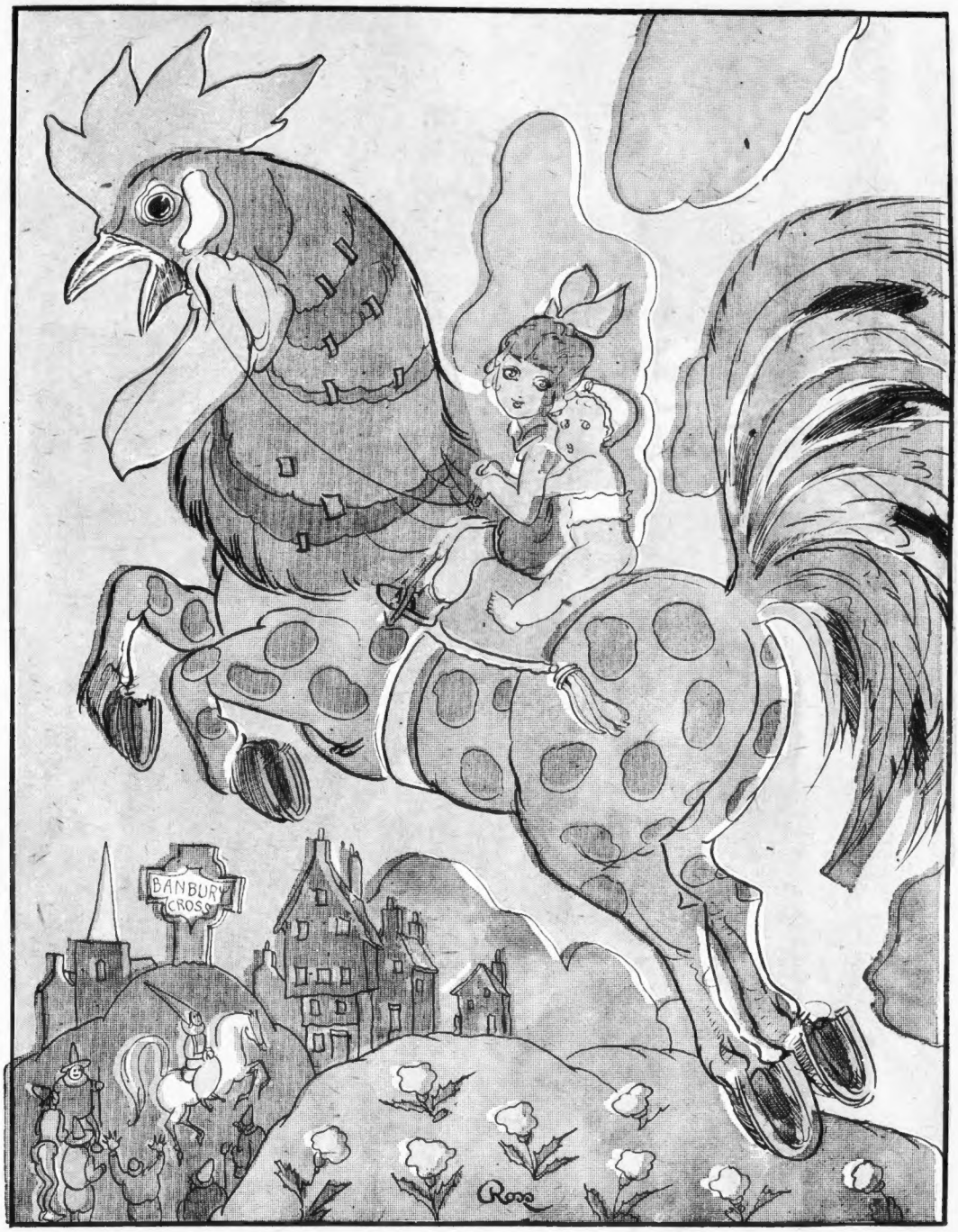
DIRECTIONS:—Cut out and turn up all the drawings over the lines A. Fold at X and paste the front view of the clown to the back view of the dogs, and the back view of the clown to the front view of the dogs as far as the lines A. Cut away the letters and paste the front and back of the clown's head together; then paste the front and back of the dogs' heads together. Dry thoroughly. Hold the clown together by the feet, turn over and you will have the dogs.



That mischievous li'l rascal Ignatz Mouse went gunning with a brick one day. "Aha!" cried he, and tossed it. And to Katbird to Krazy to Katfish the brick passed. Take a brush or piece of cotton and paint with plain water. The magic coloring will then appear.

WARNING—Do not paint or cut out any of the pages until you have looked all through the Book of Magic. There may be something on the other side you will like better.

BOOK OF MAGIC—Alice in Mother Goose Land



"Come on, Alice," said Rock-a-Bye-Baby Daphne. "We'll leave Grandma asleep up in the cradle. She'll be safe for a while, dear old soul."

So Alice and Rock-a-Bye-Baby climbed down the tree.

"Where are we going?" asked Alice.

"Why, to Banbury Cross," answered Rock-a-Bye. "And here's the Cock Horse."

And Alice saw a remarkable steed. It had a rooster's head and tail, and as the two clambered up on its back, it gave a loud crow and flew away.

"It flies by its tail," whispered Rock-a-Bye-Baby. "There's Banbury Cross now."

"Oh! and there's the fine lady on the white horse," cried Alice as their steed began to drop gently down.

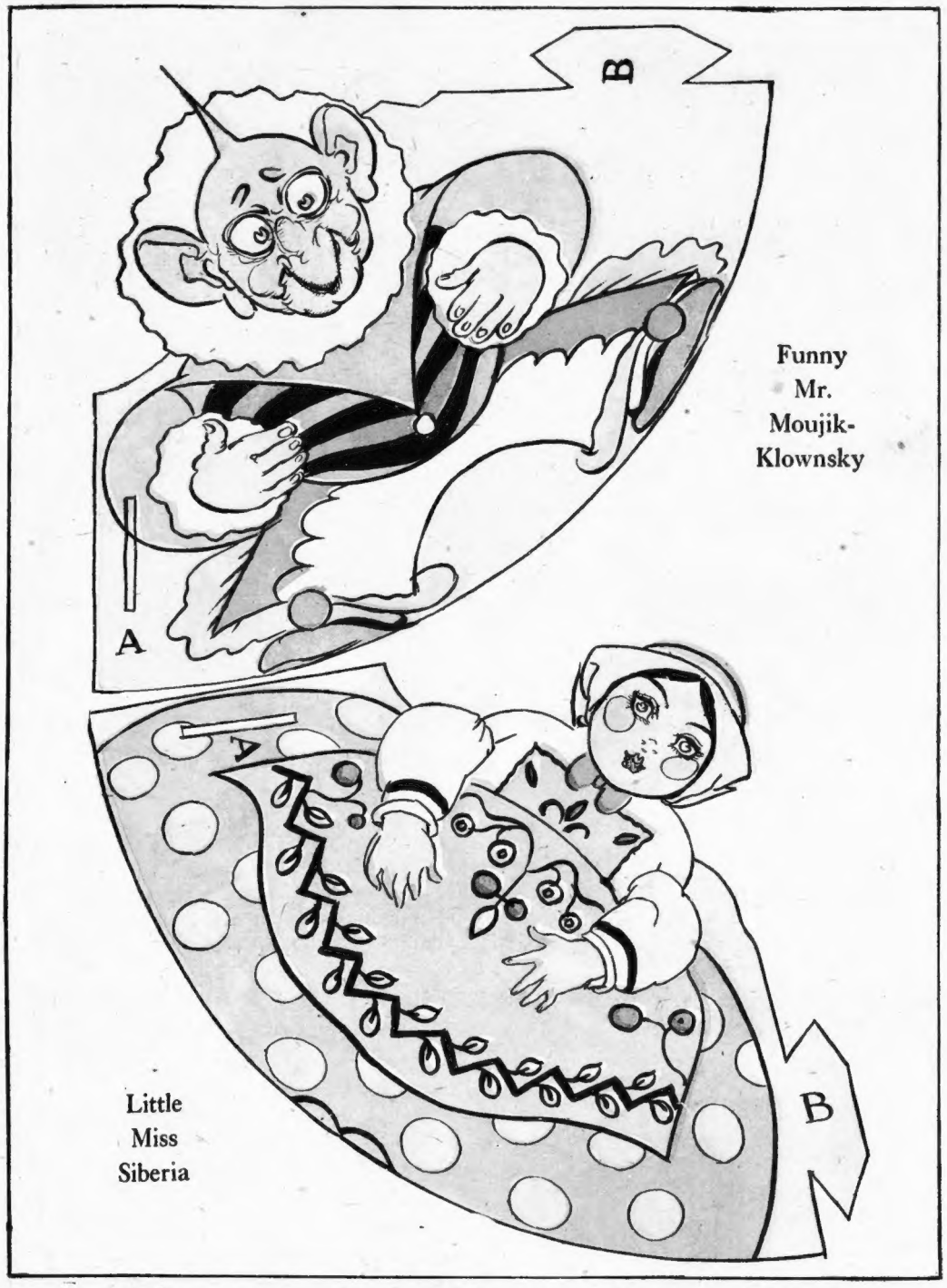
(To Be Continued Next Sunday)

MOISTEN WITH PLAIN WATER TO BRING OUT THE MAGIC INKS



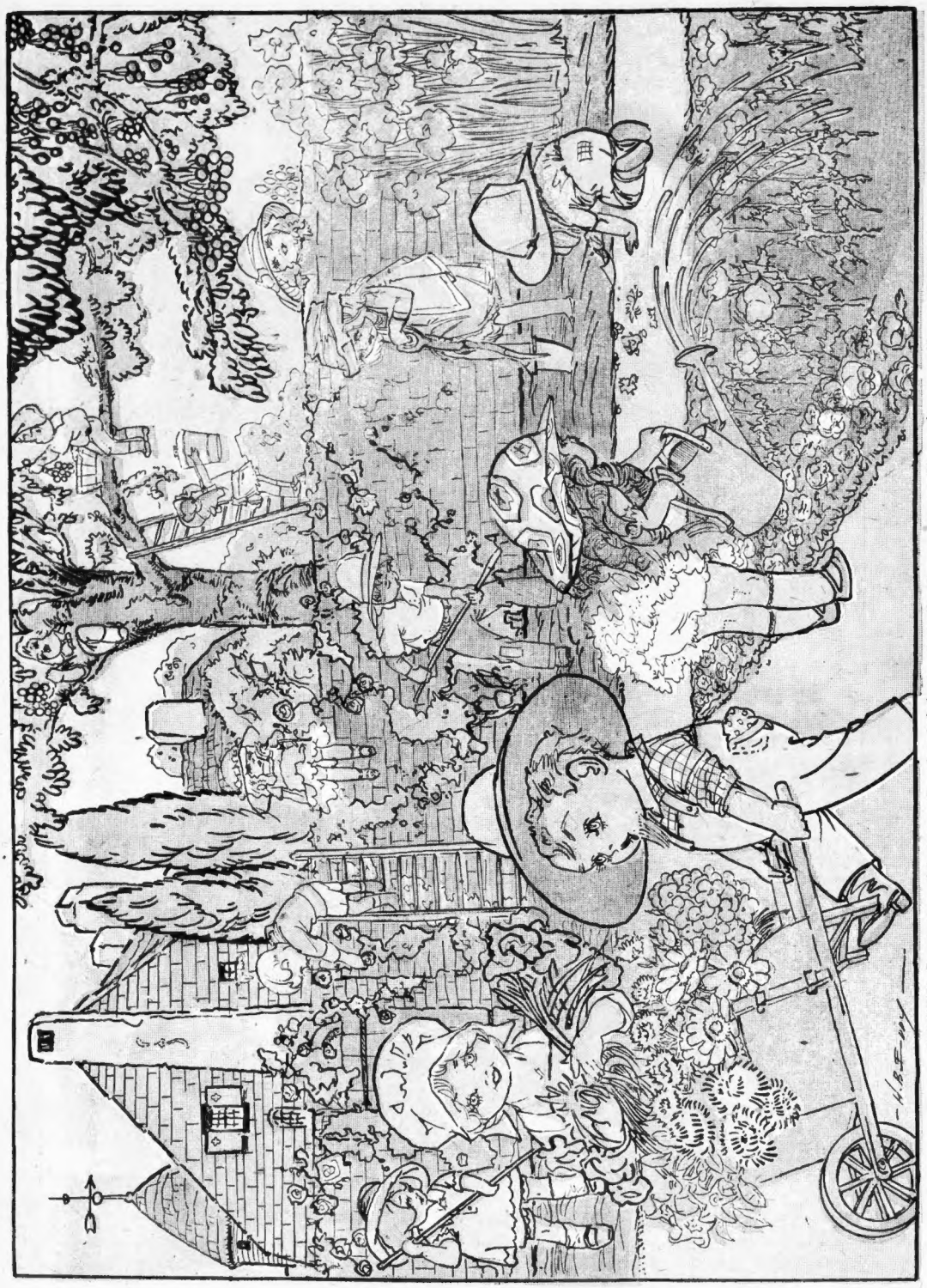
Some more of those funny mixed up animals. Cut their heads off and see if you can make the zoo look like itself again.

WARNING!—Do not paint or cut out pages until you have looked over the whole book. There may be something on the other side of a page you will like better.



Here are two Russian dolls for your nursery. Mr. Moujik-Klownsky is very popular at the fairs. Little Miss Siberia is one of his admirers. Cut out around outlines, bend the dolls, insert flaps B into the slits A and they will then stand.

WARNING!—Do not cut or paint any of these pages until you have looked through the entire book. There may be something on the reverse side you will like better.



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Here are all the Dollie family getting the garden in shape. Paint carefully between the outlines with plain water, being sure to wash out your brush, or piece of cotton on a toothpick, frequently.